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Tender stories from our MOTHER'S DAY CONTEST

OPAL DIGGING at Lightning Ridge

WOL THE OWL with the film-star eyes

Lift-out cook book PASTRY—PART TWO

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 17, 1967

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OUR COVER

● "Here's your new sister" — the loving centre of her family, a young mother shows off the new baby to her small son in our cover picture, chosen specially to mark Mother's Day on Sunday, May 14. For the results and the prizewinners' stories in our Mother's Day Contest, see pages 54-57.

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● "After seeing the wonders the teachers have already performed at North Rocks, I feel it is imperative that the facilities of this school become available to every deaf-blind child in Australia and New Guinea." — Mr. W. G. Walkley, President of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. Now there is a move in this direction.

Deaf-blind children in N.S.W. have the world's best-equipped special school...

By GLORIA NEWTON

LIKE most little girls of her age, seven-year-old Felicity loves to "dress up." Put her into a grown-up's dress that falls down around her ankles, give her some scarves to twine around her head, some high-heeled shoes to teeter around in, and she will amuse herself for hours.

Felicity, a serious-faced little girl, is shy with strangers but strongly affectionate with the people she knows, and they, in return, give her the love and affection she is constantly seeking.

At the moment her world is still a strange, uncertain place; but the intelligence, the quickness of her mind, and the insatiable urge to learn could one day make her Australia's Helen Keller —for Felicity is both blind and deaf.

She was born a perfectly normal, healthy baby. But when she was four months old meningitis attacked her and completely destroyed her hearing.

The attack was so severe that her doctor had to insert a shunt (a very small plastic tube) into Felicity's head to drain off the hydrocephalic fluid that accumulated there —which meant that her home, by necessity, became a hospital ward.

Heartbroken

Just over six months ago, the shunt became blocked. The ensuing pressure of fluid which built up inside her head crushed the little girl's optic nerves, destroying her sight and leaving her in a world of darkness as well as silence.

To her heartbroken parents, Felicity was locked away in an impenetrable world—she couldn't hear them, she couldn't see them, there was no way they could communicate with her young mind.

But suddenly a door was opened to them. The door of the specialised deaf-blind school, opened at North Rocks (Sydney) by the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children not long after Felicity's tragedy.

Admitted as one of the school's first five pupils, the little girl found her first few weeks there bewildering.

She had never been to school, had had no training, and all she could do was take the hand of a teacher or a school aide and show them what she wanted to do.

With patience, kindness, and immense understanding, the teachers taught her to place her tiny fingers against their throats and their lips, and so understand the sound vibrations and realise that speech had a meaning.

For Felicity it was the beginning of a long, slow path, but, after her years in hospital, she found the new world at North Rocks a very happy one.

She still needs lots of reassurance—a friendly hand on the slippery dip to make sure she doesn't fall; a teacher's hand on the crown of her head as, very seriously, she leads the school on the march to the swimming-pool.

But there are signs of independence. For instance, she is proud of the way she can brush her own teeth without any help. She knows that just a gentle squeeze on the tube will produce the right amount of toothpaste she needs.

And, she has friends. Michael, who is 14, and proud of the fact that he can tell the time by the wristwatch he wears, and that he can say and understand about 50 phrases; Joe, an 11-year-old Lebanese boy, friendly and eager to learn, who is quickly developing an understanding of the human language; five - year - old Campbell, who was born without eyes, with no hearing, and who, until he came to the school, was unable to walk; Cheryl, slim, energetic, who, when she joined the class, was barely able to communicate by gesture.

But the most important thing in Felicity's young life right now is the knowledge that she is not going to be left alone in her dark, silent world. And who knows, one day, as Helen Keller did, Felicity may "dress up" in an academic gown which reaches right down to the floor.

The North Rocks school, which has brought hope into the lives of the parents of these unfortunate children, has been classified as the best-equipped and best-appointed school of its kind in the world.

But, at the present time, it is open to deaf-blind children in N.S.W. only.

There are some 60 deaf-blind children in Australia—perhaps more. Twenty-seven are in N.S.W., the remainder in other States and in New Guinea.

Most of the deaf-blind children in Australia are of an age where, by patient, painstaking teaching and training, many can be rescued at least from their silent world and taught to communicate with the people around them.

But they can receive this teaching and training only in a specialised school, staffed by dedicated, specially trained teachers, and equipped with electronic hearing aids, braille, and other devices.

Sympathetic

Since the school, the only one of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere, opened, the Institution has received heart-breaking requests for help from parents in other States. Some have even offered to take up residence in N.S.W. if doing so would qualify their child for admittance.

Sympathetic with their plight, the Institution has submitted a proposal to the Commonwealth and State Governments seeking their support to enlarge and nationalise their school.

While the Institution is confident it can finance the school's expansion to its maximum capacity of 16 pupils on an N.S.W. [illegible] the question is whethe[illegible] sheer necessity, it a[illegible] close its doors to chi[illegible] from other States.

It feels that if the C[illegible] monwealth and all [illegible] Governments, and the [illegible] eral and State educa[illegible] authorities, accept the [illegible] lem of Australian deaf[illegible] children as a national [illegible] the only hurdle is th[illegible] finance.

So the Institution is [illegible] the Federal Governme[illegible] finance the building [illegible] sions and each State [illegible] for the education, incl[illegible] teachers' salaries and a[illegible] modation, of each child [illegible] that State.

Mr. W. G. Walkley, [illegible] dent of the Institution, [illegible] the proposal for a natio[illegible] school had already been p[illegible] forward to the authorities [illegible] South Australia and Wes[illegible] Australia, where it had be[illegible] very warmly received.

"If they accept our [illegible] mission, the Commonwe[illegible] and State Governme[illegible] would be holding out a hel[illegible] ing hand to probably [illegible] most deserving and most [illegible] prived members of the A[illegible] tralian community."

. . . When will children be able to go there from ALL States?

FELICITY, blind and deaf, learns about speech by understanding speech vibrations. Teacher is Miss Elizabeth Edmonds (pictured).

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● *Young Mr. Andrew Jones, MHR, was happy about his newly announced engagement when we took these pictures. Soon afterwards he made the critical speech which angered Parliament and led to his apology in the House. Our pictures show him on his regular Saturday "among the people" with his fiancee, Miss Dymphna Caines, in his caravan headquarters (at left) and at a local hotel (below).*

— Pictures by Vic Grimmett

"Meeting the people" is their Saturday date

By JOAN KENNETT

● Dymphna Caines doesn't have to be married to Andrew Jones, MHR, to know how busy life will be with the young politician. She knows it already.

IN the five days after their engagement was announced, they had seen each other for a total of one hour.

Not only that, but they were seeing each other then because, on a Saturday, it's become Dymphna's habit to keep Andrew company for "a day among the people."

Andrew has been stationing himself in a caravan marked "Andrew Jones — Member for Adelaide" at popular shopping centres in his electorate each Saturday morning.

Hotel tour

Here he talks to anyone who feels inclined to talk to him. ("So many people just won't come into an office, you have to go to them," he says.)

And when this is over, he and Dymphna do a hotel tour, visiting about nine hotels one after the other, getting to know people.

Andrew Jones, MHR at 22, sank down beside his fiancee in the bare, but clean caravan.

"I've nearly forgotten when Dee and I went out together last," he admitted with a tired grin.

"It must be five weeks at least. Heaven knows when we'll get round to celebrating our engagement officially."

Andrew had been flying back and forth from Canberra all week, and Dee, a sister at Adelaide's Queen Elizabeth Hospital, had been on night duty.

Their "times off" had not coincided.

"It's good to be engaged, though, and to be getting married," Andrew said.

Dee, 23 last November (Andrew will be 23 on May 26), is interested in politics and has been a Young Liberal since she was 15.

She loves being with Andrew when he's working.

"Quite often a woman Andrew is talking to on a day like this wants my opinion; it's great," Dee said.

"But I don't know how many times I've been asked, 'What's Zara Holt like?' Everyone asks, and I haven't even met her, yet."

Self-possesed

Dee, a charmingly self-possessed young woman, is looking forward to the life ahead of her, the luncheons and dinners, the meetings, the entertaining, and being with her husband-to-be, the guests-of-honor.

Andrew cut in. "There are 40 things I have to go to in the next three weeks. Now that we're engaged, Dee can go to half."

"But seriously," Dee said. "I'll enjoy it, I know. I just hope I can do it well."

They think they will be married in January, but plans are still in the air.

"We haven't been able to organise our engagement party yet, let alone sit down and organise a wedding," said Dee.

Dee is the youngest of four daughters, the only unmarried one. She has known Andrew for three and a half years.

She's been on a working holiday overseas for 15 months of that time. It's only since December, when she returned from her trip, that she and Andrew have been going out steadily.

"Even though we haven't seen much of each other, it's been the most exciting week of my life," Dee said.

"There have been so many interviews and phone calls from newspapers interstate. And so many people congratulating us — even people we don't know come up to us in the street."

But the congratulations Dee treasures most came in a letter from Andrew's young brother, Michael, aged 10.

"It was so sweet," Dee said. "He hasn't learned about in-laws yet and he wrote to say he wanted me to know he was awfully pleased to be getting a sister.

"He said all the boys at school hated their sisters, but he didn't. He loved his.

"I've had a letter from Sonia McMahon, the Federal Treasurer's wife, which was very nice, too," Dee continued.

"And Mr. Holt came up to Andrew in Canberra and gave him a good old handshake."

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● These pictures are from the 1958 and 1967 editions of "International Model," a comprehensive guide to the modelling business, published in London. They are faces that sold or will sell everything from ball gowns to gas stoves. And they not only emphasise how fashions in faces (and photography) have changed, but also contain the sort of social comment that you can't easily get from the history books.

FASHION'S CHANGING FACES

1958 MODEL: Heather Mackay wears a tight-fitting sheath dress with stiletto-toed shoes, an outfit totally at variance with the verdant setting so popular then. The photographer probably told her to cover her knees before he took the shot.

1967 MODEL: Robina Lake, a kooky-faced girl with a short, butch haircut, sensible shoes, and voluptuously warm coat — and a suitable enough background for the clothes. The photographer went to some trouble to emphasise her knees.

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SAME MODEL— DIFFERENT YEAR

LEFT: 1958. Sandra Paul, height 5ft. 7½in., bust 34in., waist 22in., hips 35½in., shoes 7C; eyes, brown; hair, blonde. Never a typical model, as she had none of the cool stately qualities of the salon mannequins who looked marvellous in clothes but like icebergs in pictures — the girls who had modelled themselves on that bony, exquisite clothes-hanger Barbara Goalen, the "golden girl" of the post-war fashion business. This girl was chosen specifically for the camera. She was admired as "an English rose."

RIGHT: 1967. The same girl except that she has grown half an inch in height, put on an inch around the bust, another half on her hips, and her shoes are now B not C. She doesn't look nine years older despite her aging hairstyle; her slightly menacing appearance, of course, makes her more interesting.

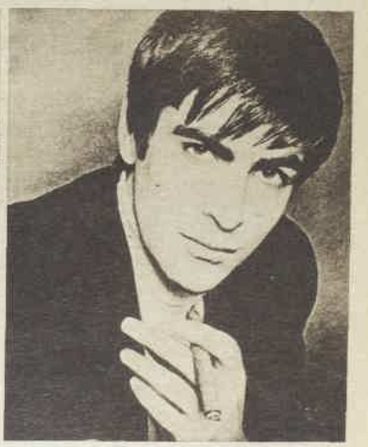
INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE

LEFT: 1958. Merrill Colebrook, height 5ft. 7½in., bust 34in., waist 22in., hips 35in., shoes 7½; eyes, blue; hair, blonde. This tall shy-looking model had what photographers once described as "a quality." She had the same innocent, deodorised good looks which in those days were starting to get fashionable.

RIGHT: 1967. It is still Merrill — and she has grown an inch, her eyes have mysteriously changed to grey/blue, she's lost an inch around her hips, and got herself a new agent. Her appearance has changed more dramatically than any of the others; by emphasising her eye make-up and growing her hair she looks just as contemporary a girl as she did nine years ago. And it's not just an unaffectedly graceful gesture that makes her place hand to face; hands sell soap, skin cream, and nailpolish.

EYES: CANDID, INVITING, CHALLENGING

LEFT: 1958. Shirley Worthington, once described by a leading London photographer as "The Fair Miss Frigidaire," radiated a kind of cool candor. RIGHT: 1967. Hazel-eyed Liz Duke. She isn't used for high fashion; her looks are popular rather than distinctive, but her face is widely used by advertisers who like to identify their goods with the sort of good looks that women don't find too hard to emulate.



LEFT: 1958. Peter Dobson, hair sleeked into place, counterbalances the sporty outdoor appearance with a bedroom look in the eyes. Many of the male models of this era were merely the shadowy figures in the background who opened car doors for beautifully dressed girls. RIGHT: 1967. Andrew Jackson's expression is more thoughtful, assertive, the eyes more challenging — not a face to be ignored.

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Gossamer: cares as it holds

Gossamer contains lanolin to condition your hair beautifully. Gossamer holds your hair naturally without stickiness or lacquer. Unlike other hairsprays which dull and dry, gentle Gossamer keeps your hair feeling clean, just washed. Trust only Gossamer to care for your hair as it holds.

Gossamer–the holding hair spray that gently cares for your hair

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As a major part of a massive American merchandising campaign planned for October

She'll promote U.S. fashions in Australia

● Fashion is art, fine art, ranking with painting, sculpture, music, and literature — and the missionary of this message, Miss Eleanor Lambert, arrives in Australia this month to spread the gospel of Rudy Gernreich, Norell, Galanos, and the rest.

● "High priestess of the American fashion establishment," Miss Eleanor Lambert, who is to visit Australia to promote U.S. designs.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

LIKE Miss Lambert, the fashion designers she will promote are Americans. That is no accident.

The U.S. Government is behind the Lambert mission, chief object of which is to convince Australian women that:

- American styles look just as good as St. Laurent and Givenchy.
- The clothes are made better, of better fabrics.
- In ready-to-wear styles, the U.S. is the great power, bar none.

Miss Lambert's fashion show is only one part, though a major one, of a massive U.S. merchandising promotion in Australia scheduled for October, first at George's, Melbourne, and then David Jones, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly will join with the stores in presenting these parades.

Some 60 garments from top U.S. fashion houses will be shown by two top American mannequins, who will be joined by several Australian models.

Apart from the 60 parade garments (not for sale), a smaller number of "for sale" goods will be shown — summer clothes chosen to appeal to Australian conditions.

Eleanor Lambert is a more important influence on the U.S. scene than a designer could ever be. The acknowledged high priestess of the fashion establishment, she is at once commentator, publicist, and parade impresario.

A former member of the Presidential Commission on the Arts, she fought for the inclusion of high fashion as a recognised art form.

She carried the day, thanks partly to the help of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, Mrs. "Lady Bird" Johnson, and others, and fashion's dainty foot remains implanted in the White House, elegible for government grants-in-aid, scholarships, promotion.

Thus it is that this couture "expeditionary force" will be just as official as a new satellite tracking-station — *plus*, as they say in New York, the garment centre of America, it might even make a buck.

Choose models

Miss Lambert's survey of Melbourne and Sydney will comprise four days and nights of organisation work for the October parades. She is bringing 20 to 30 of the garments with her, will choose and fit Australian models, and hopes to soak up enough Australiana on this—her first—visit to enable her to run the display by remote control.

Miss Lambert cannot be in Australia for the parades. They coincide with the opening of her "Art of Fashion" exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art — a historic first, where for two months couture will put the old masters in the background. She also must preside over the annual Coty awards.

The compere of the show has yet to be appointed. A remote possibility is that it may be famous Tasmanian emigre Merle Oberon, Miss Lambert's friend and neighbor at Acapulco, Mexico. At least, she promised to *ask* Miss Oberon.

During her brief visit, Miss Lambert hopes to squeeze in a reunion with Mrs. Holt, the Prime Minister's wife. They have been friends since Miss Lambert interviewed Australia's "first lady" for her syndicated newspaper column, "She."

"Mrs. Holt fired me with interest," she said. "This wise and charming lady has, in addition to all her other qualities (wit is not the least), a supreme sense of self-decoration. She knows how to dress for the mature figure, and she does so attractively with the sense of the bizarre that turns ordinary fashion into high fashion."

Mrs. Holt "sold" Miss Lambert on Australia. "I have travelled a good deal —Mongolia, Nepal, and other faraway places — but I always avoided Australia, thinking it arid, primitive, drab. Mrs. Holt made it come alive for me, and I can't wait to see for myself."

Eleanor Lambert's format for the Melbourne and Sydney parades will be that of the straight, conventional fashion show; necessary because they will be held in stores, with the usual limitations of space and theatrical facilities.

But her recent work, as on a tour of European capitals, represents a new departure in parade technique. She used dancers rather than mannequins and put the parades on at theatres.

The dancers do much more than prance up a runway and back. Choreography is written for them, and the show is appreciated for its ballet form as well as for the fashions shown.

The use of dancers also violates the conventional slump-and-stare attitude of mannequins.

"A mannequin traditionally has no bosom," Miss Lambert said. "She comes out, goes into a slump, drops whatever bosom she has, throws her hips forward, and strides forward.

"I have found it a revelation to watch dancers, wearing the same clothes, come out and use their trained grace. They immediately throw their shoulders back, their hips go back, their head up, and their arms out. They might even go up on their toes."

Working with dancers, Miss Lambert has begun to recognise the two distinct types. She thinks every woman might profitably examine herself to decide which type she is — then choose clothes appropriate to her posture style.

In Lambert shorthand these are classified loosely as "slump" and "high bosom." Even the "slumpies" would benefit, she believes, by pretending they are dancers — before a mirror, in private.

"Older women should try the new dances, alone, if necessary," she said. "A twist, a frug, or a Watusi is as good as a massage, maybe better.

"I keep limber by prancing round in the morning, reaching to touch the top of doorways, stretching like a cat. I'm definitely middle-aged, but I hate to settle down to be stodgy, sluggish, and dull."

Miss Lambert thinks the U.S. parades will make their big impact on Australian women by proving that America is far ahead of France in the ready-to-wear department.

"Our leading designers, Norell, Galanos, Tiffot, Gernreich, have an excellence of workmanship and choice of fabrics that far outshine the French," she said.

Eleanor Lambert came to the big-time from America's back-of-the-beyond, specifically Crawfordsville, Indiana. She wanted to be a sculptor, but when she arrived in New York on the eve of the Depression she found little demand for sculpture; somewhat more for public relations.

She began promoting little art galleries at the rate of ten dollars per week. She was a little uneasy when a fashion designer asked her to represent him. But the reconciliation came easily. "I believed then, as I do now, that fashion is an art form," she said.

Son is poet

Soon she became one of the most literate commentators on the fashion scene, and began writing for the Hearst newspaper chain.

She married Seymour Berkson, a Hearst executive, in 1936. Mr. Berkson died a few years ago. Their son, William Berkson, is a young poet, who recently started a second career as a TV producer.

Today, from her home base in New York and her other headquarters in Palm Springs, California, Acapulco, and other fashionable centres, Miss Lambert guides most of the important fashion events in America, including the international best-dressed women polls.

During the Kennedy administration, Miss Lambert had entree into the White House through Mrs. Kennedy. But her proposal to include fashion among the arts represented in the presidential commission then being established met with strong opposition.

"John Steinbeck bowled up to me and told me bluntly he thought it was ridiculous to include fashion in the arts," she said. "I just told him, 'We'll see.' "

Miss Lambert proceeded to make a speech in which she traced the history of couture. "The only difference between a painting and a dress is that the painting gets hung on a wall," she concluded.

Miss Lambert has not yet engaged the two U.S. mannequins for the Australian parades. She said one would probably be Christine Lee, an elegant, sophisticated blonde.

Depending on how Australian mannequins impress her, she may make the second American either another sophisticate or a "junior" type.

As for mini-skirt and mod fashions, my guess is that they will play a very small part in the parades — if any.

"We're at the tail end of a seven-year cycle," said the oracle of fashion. "Skirts are about to get longer and I won't be caught with mine up at this stage."

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MOOMBA FLOAT, "Anna and the King of Siam," designed by Mr. Asmussen for the Retail Traders' Association. It cost $5000, largely because of the gold-leaf, and won the contest.

● Float-designer, ballroom-decorator extraordinary, world-famous window-dresser, Melbourne's king of fantasy, Mr. Freddie Asmussen, will be getting a toehold in Sydney next Christmas with a series of animated "non-selling" shop windows. Through them he'll weave the same spell that draws people into Melbourne daily just to look at his windows.

THEY CALL HIM KING MIDAS

—the window-dresser who admits he's "mad on gold"

"SWAN LAKE" window at Myers, Melbourne. In the foreground the Queen of the Swans is telling the Prince about the wicked spell. Asmussen windows of this kind are animated by electric motors.

BELOW: Spaceland visit by Santa Claus (in golden spacesuit) and his child visitors. They're being greeted by the Sun God and courtiers, all bright with gold-leaf. The floor is lit from below.

FOR ten years big, smiling Mr. Freddie Asmussen has held a unique place in Melbourne as king of the spectacular by winning nine out of ten Governor's Prizes for the best Moomba floats, and by decorating numerous balls and charity galas, and staging private parties.

Year after year, Melbourne has gazed spellbound at his rich interpretation of Egyptian, Venetian, Renaissance, Roman, and 17th-century glories, and those of famous books, paintings, sculptures, and fairytales, life-size, miniature, and larger-than-life, all animated and never one the same as another.

Melbourne children have been brought up on festive standards practically laid down by Freddie Asmussen.

Four of his Christmas window displays will be set up in Sydney. Tasmania will see two. Brisbane had some from him ten years ago and has been showing them at the appropriate time ever since.

Everyday work for Mr. Asmussen is the changing of 100 windows at least once a week in Myers main Melbourne store, with a staff of 40.

The animated Christmas windows, always on a fairy-tale theme, with a still Nativity scene as well, stay lit up till midnight, when a row of amateur photographers can

By CAROL BERTIE

be seen among after-theatre crowds waiting for a clear space in front of the display to get their pictures.

Many of Mr. Asmussen's window-dressings are for big city occasions, such as a racing carnival or a notable civic event.

He has lost count of the big private and charity parties he has decorated in his own lavish style over the years, ranging downward from planning the royal box for the Queen's visit to set pieces with costumes for the annual Arts Ball.

For his charity efforts he has a sheaf of life governorships from Melbourne hospitals.

Especially memorable was the elaborate dressing he gave to a party for the anti-cancer campaign at Dame Merlyn Myer's house, with 2000 candles lighting up the driveway ("it was a windy evening and some of the ladies got wax on their dresses") and eight boys from his department on six-foot pedestals as blackamoors, posed with candelabra.

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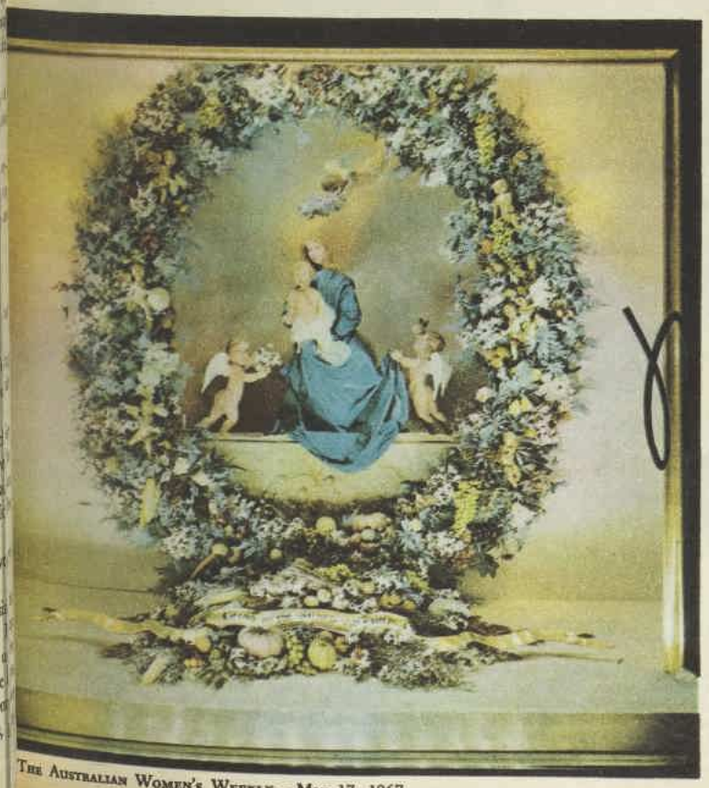

ABOVE: "Alice in Wonderland," a fine example of Mr. Asmussen's animated storybook window settings. Here Alice, at the end of her strange adventures, wakes in her drawing-room. Notice in the background her changing sizes, as in the story; they're done with mirrors in clever animation.

LEFT: Splendid detail work by Mr. Asmussen and his team of artists and dressers went into this reproduction of a Madonna and Child picture by Jan Breughel.

RIGHT: Moomba fun. This window celebrates Mum and Dad with the kids, all sheep dressed in the style of the early 1900s.

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BERKELEY
of Burwood

GENEROUS TRADE-INS AND FUR RENOVATIONS

10% discount off marked price for cash.

THIS WEEKS SPECIAL! Kangaroo Coats £39

Leo Berkeley announces
A SALE OF TREASURED FURS

Usually	Reduced to	Usually	Reduced to
~~£20~~ White Lucca Lamb Stole	£12	~~£198~~ Mink Cape Stoles and Semi-Straight Stoles in Azurine, Pastel, Tourmaline, Franch and Sapphire	£79
~~£39~~ Marmot Cape Stole	£15	~~£200~~ China Mink Jacket	£89
~~£39~~ Kangaroo Jackets	£19	~~£248~~ Pale Autumn Haze Mink Jacket	£124
~~£49~~ Fitch Cape Stole	£29	~~£300~~ Ranch Mink Jacket	£149
~~£69~~ Full Length Kangaroo Coats	£39	~~£249~~ Persian Lamb Full Length Coat	£149
~~£78~~ Autumn Haze Mink Stole	£39	~~£638~~ Azurine Mink Cape Stole (Top Quality Stranded)	£319
~~£89~~ Russian Squirrel Cape Stole	£49	~~£800~~ Mink Full Length Coat	£398
~~£129~~ Deep Back Kolinsky Cape Stole	£69		

BERKELEY of Burwood
146 Burwood Road, Burwood. 74-2973.

8B15

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

THE Robin Kings, of "Sherwood," Ando, in the Cooma district, were down in Sydney for a few days before flying to England on April 29 for a three-month holiday overseas. On the way they will visit Hong Kong, Singapore, Delhi, Agra, Athens, Rome, Venice, and Florence. While touring through Austria and Switzerland, Mrs. King (artist Nancy Bridgewater) and her husband plan to visit as many art galleries as possible. From London they will go to Rhode Island, in the United States, in time for the America's Cup and then to New York, where they will stay with Mrs. King's brother, Mr. Richard Taylor (the Consul-General for New Zealand), and Mrs. Taylor. On their return trip they will visit Mrs. King's family in New Zealand.

★ ★ ★

LEIS of frangipani and bells of Ireland will be carried by bridesmaids Sue McGilvray, of Palm Beach, and sisters of the bride Kay and Annette Fegan when Denise Fegan and Peter Whitehead marry at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, on May 13. Denise is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Fegan, who will hold a reception at their home at St. Ives after the ceremony. Peter is the elder son of Mrs. Joyce Whitehead, of Toorak, and of the late Mr. John Dixon Whitehead. Peter and Denise plan to live in Melbourne after a honeymoon at Hayman Island.

★ ★ ★

MAY 19 is the date set for the Hornblower dinner dance to be given by the Top Hat Committee of the Royal Institution for Deaf and Blind Children at Royal Naval House. The interesting decor will include flags draping the walls and colorful naval posters as well as souvenir sketches of Admiral Hornblower on the tables. The one hundred and sixty guests will be welcomed by the president of the committee, Mrs. Alan Bishop, and Mr. Bishop.

★ ★ ★

EXCITING news Robin Wilson had to tell when she returned from a three-week holiday in Western Australia was the announcement of her engagement to Chris Evans. She and her father, Sir Robert Wilson, were house-guests of Chris' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Evans, on Chris' property "Mooringa," at Boyup Brook, Western Australia. Robin, who is wearing a green sapphire engagement ring with diamond chip shoulders, and Chris will marry on September 1.

★ ★ ★

NEWS of their daughter Margaret and her husband, Colonel H. F. Burrows, in Brunei, was given to Archdeacon and Mrs. O. T. Cordell by His Highness the Sultan of Brunei, Fir Omar Ali Faifuddin, when he had afternoon tea at the Cordells' Roseville home during his recent visit to Sydney. The Sultan, who was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Major Sydney Buttrell, was delighted to be in Sydney again and brought first-hand news of Colonel Burrows, who commands the Royal Brunei Malay Regiment. Margaret's godmother, Miss Valerie Jackson, was also present at the tea.

NEWLYWEDS Roy and Penny Bonnell returned to New Zealand on April 26 to make their home at Hamilton. They were married on April 10 at St. James's Church, Sydney, and after a honeymoon in Hong Kong flew to Sydney to say farewell to Penny's parents, Captain and Mrs. A. R. H. Morris, of Pymble, before leaving for New Zealand. Penny met Roy in New Zealand, where she has been working for the past twelve months.

★ ★ ★

MARVELLOUS holiday ahead for Mrs. Adam [illegible] who will leave for her hometown, Trieste, in Italy, on June 17. She will stay with her parents for a short time before going to Grado for a family reunion, and her husband, Dr. Redler, who will leave Sydney at the end of July, will join her there. Later the Redlers will go to Vienna and then to the Italian Alps, where they will meet Dr. Redler's brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. [illegible] Redler, of New York. Before flying home, they will visit London and Paris.

★ ★ ★

FASHION honors this week go to Carol-Anne [illegible] who was spotted at the Coral Sea Victory Ball at the Trocadero wearing an elegant culotte ensemble of black silk-linen pants and matching strapless lace top. Long dangle earrings and black evening sandals completed her very chic outfit.

★ ★ ★

BABY news . . . a son, Nathaniel Wilton, born to Bob and Pattie Barnes, of Main Beach, Queensland. Pattie was formerly Sydney girl Pattie Matthews, of Manly.

★ ★ ★

DUNBAR HOUSE at Watson's Bay will be the venue for the reception which will follow the wedding of Margrit Burns and Charles Cazabon at Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley, on May 20. Margrit is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. F. Burns, of Waverley, and Charles is the son of actor Mr. John Cazabon, of London, and his [illegible] Lawrence Gillis, of Vaucluse. He is the grandson of musician Mr. Albert Cazabon, also of London. Charles and Margrit will make their home at Lae, New Guinea, where Charles is with the Department of Territories.

★ ★ ★

TWO happy events in the Tony McGrath household at Woollahra with the birth of a son, Anthony, at King George V Memorial Hospital on April 27, and the anticipated arrival of Mrs. McGrath's mother, Mrs. Hilma Lundbeck, from the United States, on May 10. Anthony has an older sister, Eugenia, who is five years old.

★ ★ ★

CHARMING visitor from Spain is Elizabeth Lady Clifford, who plans to spend several months in Australia. While in Sydney, she stayed with Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, of Point Piper, and later returned to Melbourne where she has taken a flat. Lady Clifford is the daughter of the late Sir Adrian Knox, a former Chief Justice of Australia.

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Blomfield at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel which followed their marriage at the Shore Chapel, North Sydney. The bride was Miss Sue Gowing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gowing, of Quirindi. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Blomfield, of "Colorado," Quirindi. After a honeymoon in Fiji, they will live at "Colorado."

THREE CEREMONIES—civil and religious—were conducted in Bangkok for the marriage of Australian businessman Mr. Keith Hyland and Miss Lisa Loomes, of New York, daughter of Colonel Richard Morris Loomes, below. The first ceremony was a Thai registration at the American Embassy. The next afternoon the official wedding took place at the residence of the Australian Ambassador to Thailand, Mr. Allen Loomes. This was followed by a simple religious ceremony at which the Rev. D. N. Bowers, Vicar of Christ Church, Bangkok, officiated and Mr. Allan Eastman, Australian High Commissioner to Malaysia, was best man. Mr. Hyland is a feather exporter in Bangkok and Saigon, is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hyland, of Sydney.

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INAUGURATION CEREMONY. President of the Australasian College of Dermatologists, Dr. J. C. Belisario (left), and Mrs. Belisario (second from left), with the president-elect, Dr. Rex Becke, and Mrs. Becke, at the official inauguration ceremony of the newly formed College, held in the presence of the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, at the Great Hall, University of Sydney, during the Inaugural Congress Week.

HIGHLIGHT of Coral Sea Week celebrations in Sydney was the Coral Sea Victory Ball, held at the Trocadero by the Ladies' Committee of the Australian-American Association. Among guests were, ABOVE, officers from the visiting U.S.S. Bennington, Lieutenant James Gildea (left) and Lieutenant-Commander Robert Holingsworth, with Miss Caroline Styles (second from left) and Miss Louise McMahon, and, AT LEFT, Mr. and Mrs. James Browning. The guests-of-honor at the ball were Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral David L. McDonald, U.S. Navy, and Mrs. McDonald.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. James McKeon (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mendelsohn at the Speakeasy A Go Go Night given by the Eternal Childhood Foundation at Whisky A Go Go. Mrs. McKeon is the president of the Foundation. Proceeds from the evening will go toward the New South Wales Council for the Mentally Handicapped.

AT THE RECEPTION which followed their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, are Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Ashton with attendants, from left, Miss Judy Lane, Mrs. Stephen Rountree, Mrs. Trevor Spry, and the bride's sister, Miss Prue Creighton. The reception was held at the St. Ives home of Mr. and Mrs. George Courtney-Smith. The bride was Miss Jane Creighton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Creighton, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ashton, of Vaucluse.

AT LEFT: A September wedding is planned by Mr. Robin Levy and Miss Leila Cohen, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Cohen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cohen, of Coogee. Mr. Levy, of Darling Point, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Levy, of Toorak, Melbourne.

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NEXT WEEK

● Our 16-page lift-out booklet is all about . . .

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Written by members of The Australian Veterinary Association

. . . to encourage correct care of family pets, with information on some serious and common animal diseases, and advice on how to prevent them.

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● A 17-year-old Melbourne schoolgirl is also a successful model who goes . . .

From classroom to catwalk

****

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. . . with beautiful cakes and table decorations, and party food that can be prepared well ahead.

****

● Rediscovered, in color: an Australian, after having been "lost" for 83 years

THE DIBBLER

****

● Here's a chic A-line shift: it's one of our

DRESSES TO KNIT

(there's a smart model for cocktail wear, too)

****

● In pictures: spring clothes by Paris couturier Andre Courreges — they're fresh **YOUNG FASHIONS**

THEY CALL HIM KING MIDAS

From page 9

"They volunteered, they didn't have to do it," he said, adding that the store spirit these days was a different feeling from that of former times, when to be caught whistling by Mr. Sidney Myer meant instant dismissal.

The boys, he recalled, stayed posed for a couple of hours, and ladies gossiping below forgot there were human ears above.

He used the idea again, it was so good, when Elizabeth Taylor and the late Mike Todd came to a ball at Menzies Hotel, which he decked out in Louis XIV style (the Sun King is his favorite monarch), with more of the boys on pedestals as French pages.

He had two relieving boys this time and their spirit wasn't so good. One he caught scratching his head with his wig half off, and another with a glass of champagne in one hand and a bit of chicken in the other, six feet up in the air.

"You're supposed to be a statue," thundered Freddie Asmussen.

"A lady gave them to me. She felt sorry for me," said the statue.

Mr. Asmussen has a dedicated staff of artists, carpenters, and engineers from maintenance who start with him to plan one Christmas display when the last is still showing, working out a floor plan like choreographers.

He was reading fairytales three weeks before last Christmas to get his next Christmas window idea — oriental fairytales this time. He doesn't fancy Grimm, and won't do animated Nativity scenes.

Therefore he was slightly chagrined when, for the first time in the ten years of the Moomba Festival, the float his group entered was beaten for the Governor's Prize by a float depicting a Bible theme.

Before settling down to be a window-dresser (at which he began training 39 years ago) Fred Asmussen tried out for opera, ballet, and orchestral work.

"My father," he recalls, "was a sailor in the Imperial German Navy — he came from the border of Denmark, a part taken over by the Germans. He came to Australia and worked as a roof tiler here, and my mother's only sign of artistic interest was in crochet and knitting, so it wasn't in the family.

"But always, from the age of three or four I had needles in my hand and used to sit on my foot. My grandmother said I was going to be a tailor.

"I made a red velvet evening dress for my mother when I was 12, with godets all round it, all by hand, because I never could use a machine."

Freddie himself was somewhat oddly dressed the day he turned up at Myers to be interviewed for a job at the age of 14, in 1928.

He was in the clothes he wore to go to the markets — a white hat turned up all round, a blue Sicilian coat, short pants, boots, and his mother's hand-knitted socks. "Good heavens, son!" yelped the man at Myers, "you can't start work like that."

Dummies of wax

Young Fred began as Wheeler Boy in ladies' underwear, but instead of keeping busy wheeling the big baskets of stock, he hung about the fashion dummies of the Better Salon, "wanting to do the 'dressing-out,' as it was called, that the girls did."

He said, "The manageress, a Scot named Jean Gunn, who recently died at 90, took such a fancy to me she wanted to adopt me, and she'd say, 'Come on, we've got an hour, come and we'll dress out a few figures.'

"The display manager, Mr. Bert Mulcahy, who was with the store for 50 years, heard about this and made me The Boy in windows — there was one boy then for nine or ten window-dressers. I cleaned up and did all the heavy work.

"And it *was* heavy. Before window figures were made of papiermache or plaster — and long before they were made of fibreglass — they were imported from France, made of wax to the waist down with wooden legs and rubber arms, real hair and glass eyes, and I looked after 40 of these girls, worth £150 each.

"I gave them all names, and they each had different shoes, with holes for pegs through the soles.

"Twice a year we cleaned them. One of the head dressers had the art of doing it with methylated spirit and pumice powder. I took them to the hairdressing salon and held the figure over the basin while a girl washed its hair and waved it with the good old tongs."

In those days Fred Asmussen still wasn't thinking of window-dressing as his career.

"I was mad about music," he said, "and had begun to learn the violin at ten. By 15 I was first violin in the Athenaeum Amateur Symphony

Mr. ASMUSSEN

Orchestra. Then I thought I could sing, so I went to Jascha Spivakovsky to be a great baritone. For ten lessons I sang 'Ah—ah,' and he'd be thumping the piano, a great big man with a mane of hair.

"That was the end of my career as an opera star, and next I tried ballet with Borovansky, but at 23 I was too old, and after a couple of years I did two grand-jetes and landed on the skirting and broke my ankle . . . the end of my ballet career, and back to window-dressing I went."

At the store he was supposed to dress windows the way Mr. Mulcahy told him to. "But I was a rebel. We had dreadful fights and I was always leaving. My first gimmick was a stable setting with models on straw. I refused to take it out, but the managing director came down and made me change it.

"I've been battling ever since. I'm quick-tempered but I get what I want one way or another, even if not at first."

The war came, and Fred Asmussen spent four years in the Army, two and a half of them at Alice Springs in a transport company. To make a penny in his spare time when he got back to barracks in Melbourne he ran up hats for all his mother's friends, and he was spotted buying hats and pieces for these in Myers by Sir Norman Myer after VE-Day.

He had an accelerated discharge from the Army by that evening, and was off to America for four months, where he did some work with Macy's window-dressers. "Sir Norman made quick decisions," he explains.

Back at Myers, he got picture windows put in to replace island windows (no place there to put the mechanisms, also store selling space wasted) after seeing animated displays in Lord and Taylor's, New York.

World's top ten

Lord and Taylor's itself dropped the idea — the movements cost too much to interest most window-dressers — which left Mr. Asmussen to go on to be a world leader in his field.

He has been named among the world's ten best window-dressers several times in the 17-year-old competition run by America's leading trade group in this field, the International Display Award.

Mr. Asmussen does not feel that English store window-dressing is notable, loves the little boutiques of Paris, but says America is the home (as was pre-war Germany) of the magical window display.

One of his most notable deeds at Myers was the buying, on a grand spree in the Paris Flea Market in 1951 (before he got a frantic cable "Stop Buying!"), of a Louis XIV suite of eight pieces which is less round town.

On one of the chairs every visiting royal personage to Melbourne has sat, including the Queen, and also eight Miss Australias. Now any Melbourne woman has a chance to sit in it (it's looking rather well-used) in the "best corner" of the shoe salon.

As Melbourne's own Sun King, Freddie Asmussen has his Australian side — see his favorite funny Moomba window on sheep, and hear his reply to a formal "How are you?" "As fresh as a dead hen."

But collecting Chinese snuff bottles (he's got 59) and constantly redecorating his home decor make him a fairly out-of-the-ordinary Australian.

"I'm mad on gold — they call me King Midas," he says. Asked, among other Melbourne personalities, to do "my favorite corner" at the Town Hall for charity, Mr. Asmussen chose the Louis XIV period, and says he built a house at Mt. Eliza (since sold) like "a small Versailles, with statues from a Roman villa, a swimming-pool, the lot."

He has retained the Louis XIV bedroom motif in his own home, but favors a Chinese decor in his living room.

"I'm changing things all the time," he says. "I find I get tired of a room after a week or so, but I've had this one for eight months.

"There's always been a lot of buying and selling. I used to change things about every fortnight in my mother's house — I must have driven her mad."

Mr. Asmussen's love of the theatre arts has blossomed each year with his presentation of a costumed set for the annual Arts Ball run by the National Theatre.

His greatest hit was not the year he went, with a retinue, as the Doge of Venice, or the time he was the Sun King, but the time he went along alone completely disguised as the Phantom of the Opera, without any group . . . because the best idea is always the one no one else has had.

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Former film star now a leader in world-wide faith

By KAY KEAVNEY

AROUND the year 1950, director Jean Renoir charmed the world with a beautiful film set in India. Its name was "The River."

One of the parts was played by a tiny Indian girl with huge, deep set, dark eyes.

She is now Mrs. Rhada Burnier, General Secretary of the Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, in Australia on a lecture tour of all the capital cities.

She told me in her faultless English, "I'd never acted before I played that part in 'The River.' But that didn't trouble Jean Renoir. One of his great pleasures was to draw something spontaneous out of a non-professional.

"I was a classical dancer, graduate of the Kalakshetra Dance and Art Academy in South India. (I understand a troupe from the Academy toured Australia last year.)

"I was dancing in Benares, when Renoir saw a performance. He asked me to come and see him.

"He told me he was making a film about the real India, not the romantic one of maharajahs and tigers. It was to be based on Rumer Godden's book.

"Renoir loved India. And I agreed to play the part. I was one of three girls whose story is told in the film.

"The first day I reported for work something alarming happened. The American producer told me to get all my teeth out. He said they could fix me up with a much better set than my own.

"Of course I refused indignantly. Actually, the producer and Renoir didn't see eye to eye, and luckily for me, Renoir had his way.

"He is a wonderful man — warm-hearted, imaginative, kindly, a marvellous director to work with. He abhors the stereotype, does only what interests him.

"The film did show the world, for the first time, the real India."

Rhada Burnier was born, as it were, into Theosophy. Her father, Mr. N. Sri Ram, is President of the world-wide Society. She grew up on the Adyar Estate, which incorporates its international headquarters.

(Adyar is the name of a locality near Madras, named for a tiny river.)

"It was a wonderful place for a child to grow up," she said. "Very free, lots of space, lots of trees, and the sea. I had two brothers, one now an engineer, one a surgeon. We had a very happy childhood. Our parents were liberal in their outlook."

So brilliant was this young Indian girl that she had finished her secondary schooling by the age of 14, much too young to go on to university.

So she enrolled at the famous dancing academy while she waited.

"By the end of the first year, I wanted nothing else," she told me. "It was like that for six years. Then I decided to take my B.A.

"The trouble was that if I enrolled at the university I should have to attend it, and give up my dancing. So I decided to study by myself.

"Some Indian universities permit private candidates, which is how I managed. I had no real guidance, though sometimes I would check with professors I knew to make sure I was proceeding correctly. I just worked at home, and continued with my dancing career, though a little less intensely."

She was duly awarded her B.A.

In 1949, Mrs. Burnier won an M.A. degree in Sanskrit from the Benares Hindu University, graduating at the top of the list.

Library is a scholars' mecca

Her husband is a Swiss of independent wealth, who spent a great deal of time in India. When she met him, he was attached to the Archaeological Department of India, and of course he first saw her dancing.

He is a man of wide interests.

"At present," she told me, "he is working in Berlin in an institute for the study of music. He is not at all interested in Theosophy, in fact we vary in many ways. For instance, I am a vegetarian, and he isn't. But these differences are not important."

Mrs. Burnier became Indian General Secretary in 1960. For some years now, too, she has been in charge of a remarkable library in Madras, the Adyar Library.

"We have more than 17,000 manuscripts, many of them inscribed on palm leaves," she said. "The library draws scholars from all over the world. The collection includes general works on Indology, and on the philosophies and religions and cultures of many countries, both Eastern and Western.

"Some of the manuscripts are priceless. We also publish, edit, and translate them.

"The library is more than 75 years old, and was established to bring Eastern thought to the Western world."

She talked about the role of women in a country where a woman is the Head of State.

"Indian women played a very big role in the fight for independence," she said. "Among the educated, today there is no sex prejudice. All jobs lie open to women.

"But in the villages, for instance, there has been little change. The great body of the people are still in a primitive state. So much depends on education, and this is percolating very slowly.

Australia has surprised her

"There are so many immense problems — lack of finance, lack of buildings, lack of teachers. In many of the classes that do exist there are 60 children, sometimes more.

"The number of people educated is increasing, but the quality of education is falling."

During her three months in Australia she will lecture on a multitude of subjects, from "The Culture of India" to "Man's Role in Evolution."

"Australia surprised me very much," she told me. "I'd seen many pictures and read many books about it, but I didn't realise what the land would look like. I think the vegetation is charming, and the people very friendly, with much fewer inhibitions than those of the older countries."

Australia is a new experience for a remarkable woman who has seen and done so much, as dancer, lecturer, librarian, philosopher, and film-star.

AS A GIRL Mrs. Rhada Burnier played a starring role in the famous film "The River," based on the book by Rumer Godden. Now she is General-Secretary of the Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, visiting Australia.

Theosophy had effect in India's history

PRESIDENT for 30 years of the Theosophical Society, Dr. Annie Besant had different ideas from Gandhi about gaining independence for India. She believed in constitutional means, not encouraging people to break the law.

Discussing the history and teaching of Theosophy, Mrs. Burnier said that she thought Annie Besant had been proved right.

"The establishment of human understanding and the breaking down of barriers is the key to the Theosophist's thinking," said Mrs. Burnier.

"There is a special need of these true values in India, where so much divides the people—caste, religion — so much.

"The Society was founded in New York — in 1875, by a Russian, Madame Blavatsky, and an American, Colonel Olcott — and has spread around the world, but it is strongest in India.

"The very essence of Hindu thought is that all life is one. Of course, unfortunately, this is not always lived up to by Hindus.

"The Society has done a great deal in a practical way in India — in social reform, for instance, and education reform. Many of its members worked for Indian Independence.

"Dr. Annie Besant, who was President for 30 years, made Home Rule a household word in the land long before Gandhi.

"Her tactics differed, though. She wanted to attain independence constitutionally, without breaking the law. She believed that if you encourage people to break the law, for whatever cause, you will find it hard to stop them.

"And I believe she has been proved right. There is much lawlessness and violence in India today."

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Crisp oven-baked chicken made saucy with Carnation...tasty? Try it!

Golden brown chicken pieces, sizzling and tender... served up gourmet style with a smooth, tasty sauce. It's another Carnation recipe. And it takes mere minutes to prepare! Dip chicken pieces in Carnation Evaporated Milk to coat and crumb. Use Carnation to cream the sauce. To the sauce, add the extra flavour of your choice . . . mushrooms; crunchy crumbled bacon; almonds or sweet corn kernels; you'll think of others! Carnation makes it easy and economical. Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'.

2½-3 lb roasting chicken; ⅔ cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; ½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs; 2 level tablespoons flour; ½ teaspoon garlic, onion or celery salt; ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; 2 oz melted shortening.

Cut chicken into serving portions. Wash and dry if necessary. Pour Carnation Milk over chicken pieces in a large bowl. Make up coating mixture with breadcrumbs, flour and seasonings. Dip chicken in, turning to coat evenly. Arrange on a well greased flat baking tray. Set remaining Carnation Milk aside. Bake uncovered in a hot oven 400° Regulo 6 Gas or 450° Electric for 30 minutes. Remove from oven, increase oven temperature 25°, brush chicken with melted shortening. Return for a further 15 minutes or until golden brown and tender. Remove onto a serving dish, pour one of the following sauces around chicken or serve separately. Serves 4.

THE SAUCE: 1 10½ oz can cream of mushroom soup; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Blend soup and remaining Carnation Evaporated Milk, stir until boiling over medium heat. Remove, beat in lemon juice and one of the following variations:

With mushrooms (illustrated)
Add either an 8 oz can mushrooms or 4 oz sliced sauteed fresh mushrooms and 2 tablespoons of finely chopped onion or spring onion to the sauce.

With almonds
Add ½ cup blanched sliced almonds to the sauce.

With sweet corn and bacon
Add an 8½ oz can drained sweet corn kernels and a rasher of bacon finely chopped and cooked till crisp to the sauce.

New! Easy-to-open can

Now the Carnation can has a raised rim. It's easy to open with any can opener.

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Bobby and Dawn turn down Hollywood offer

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television

● TV personalities Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake have just turned down an American offer to make a TV series together in Hollywood. The offer was made the week Bobby returned home from hospital after a successful operation.

BOBBY LIMB playing the didgeridoo and Don Burrows the flute during rehearsals in Sydney for "Pop Goes Australia," the variety show to be presented at Expo 67 in Montreal, Canada. Ron is one of the six instrumentalists who form the Australian group.

THE Limbs' refusal of the offer had nothing to do with Bobby's health. "I have been given a clean bill of health," Bobby told me.

"We had a similar offer in 1960-61 and turned it down for the same reason — Dawn and I want to work in Australia.

"Australia is our country and we want to work here and live here. We have lived and worked abroad for four years. We prefer to be here. Australia is the finest country in the world and we want to stay, not go away.

"Our desire to stay is particularly important now. For the first time the quality of Australian showbusiness has been recognised and performers sent abroad to represent their country.

"Australia has shown it has faith in its performers."

Bobby has proof of the truth of this. He was chosen by the Commissioner-General for Expo 67, Sir Valston Hancock, to present an Australian variety show at the giant world fair in Montreal.

He is taking a group of six musicians ("the cream of Australia's instrumentalists") and singer Kathy Lloyd to appear in the show, called "Pop Goes Australia."

Viewers will see half an hour of "Pop Goes Australia" telecast live by satellite. The remaining two hours of the performance will be shown later as TV specials by TCN9.

Famous Australian entertainers also appearing in the show are entertainer Rolf Harris, the Seekers, Normie Rowe, and boomerang thrower Frank Donnellan.

"To appear in 'Pop Goes Australia' is wonderful; to produce it and work with these internationally known artists is the greatest thrill," Bobby said.

"One of the reasons my health broke down is probably because I got so worried about 'thinking internationally' for the show.

"I'd have had to give up the Expo 67 job to accept the American offer and there's not a chance of that.

Mixed feelings

"Once I got over the tremendous thrill of being chosen I got worried about the Expo job, but now I feel we have something.

"My time in hospital and convalescing gave me the thinking time to put the final polish on the show."

I talked to Bobby at the Limbs' Killara home on Sydney's upper North Shore, one perfect autumn day soon after he was out of hospital.

He was taking the sun, on the sundeck that looks over the swimming-pool to the gum trees beyond. He looked as if he has just had a holiday in Surfers Paradise, not a spell in hospital.

He was his bouncy self, brown as a berry, clear-eyed. Nearby was a long table covered with folders.

There was "Down Under," the opening music for "Pop Goes Australia." Bobby sang it for me with that larrikiny lilt that is so typically Australian, and so typically him.

The folder held, too, the scoring for the new Australian sound he and his musicians will present.

The sound is way out — updated primitive — and includes Aboriginal didgeridoos, bullroarers, and tapping sticks played in a modern band combination.

"We have taken the ancient Aboriginal instruments and pitched them in different tones with minor alterations and are combining them in a modern band," Bobby said.

"It is a colossal sound. Henry Miller, who handles the Tijuana Brass, has shown tremendous interest in it, as has the leader of the band, Herb Alpert.

"It is primitive, ancient.

"This is a real Australian sound, a new combination of primitive and modern. It is entirely new, we are not copying anybody."

Bobby plays the first didgeridoo for the new sound, George Thompson the second didgeridoo, Ron Falson the bullroarer, Johnny Sangster the tapping sticks.

A special Aboriginal chant, written down in modern music for the first time, is also played on the ancient instruments.

Frank Donnellan, who holds the undisputed title of the best boomerang thrower in the world, will perform at Expo 67 with the Australian sound behind him in a new corroboree sound in modern-day rhythm.

The whole of the Expo 67 show was spread out in folders alongside Bobby, marked with things like, "Mr. Limb's Script Reference," "Rundown," "Music," "Clothes, sets, etc."

The clothes sound good. As a special tribute to Expo 67 the band has been dressed by Australian tailor Ernest Hiller. Matching the country they will make all their public appearances in browns, creams, and fawn.

Official on-stage wear is deep brown suits with cream shirts, brown suede kangaroo-hide ties, kangaroo-hide boots, and opal cufflinks. Off duty the band wears fawn pants, light brown jackets.

I went to one of the band's last rehearsals before leaving for Canada. The sound is terrific, and so is Bobby. He has a new lease of life, is full of energy and excitement over the trip.

While they are away the band will also appear for a week at the British Columbia Trade Fair in Vancouver and will fly to New York to appear on the "Ed Sullivan Show."

The band has also been invited to take part in an enormous jazz recital at Expo. Bobby believes some of the musicians are going to get a big surprise at the quality of the Australian jazzmen, classed by experts as Australia's six best.

I asked Bobby whether he would discuss his American offer while he is away.

He won't. But he did tell me that he, Dawn, and daughter Debbie will go to America at Christmas during the "Sound of Music" vacation.

"We are going to Tahiti first, across to Los Angeles to show Debbie Disneyland, then to stay in Hollywood with Burl Adams, president of MCA and Universal Pictures, and finally to Honolulu."

I had a big morning with Bobby. I met Dawn's father, Arthur Lake, who was learning to wear new glasses after cataract operations and shading them with Bobby's Vietnam bush hat.

I saw Dawn's paintings, a new hobby, had morning tea, had a preview of "Pop Goes Australia," and a short cabaret performance, and an interview.

It was fun, and it was good to see Bobby looking better in health than he has looked for years.

GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO, aged 46, renowned Italian tenor who arrived unexpectedly at Mascot recently. Stefano, kept late at La Scala, Milan, after a performance, raced on to the first plane at the Italian airport, arrived in Sydney instead of Auckland, New Zealand.

Due in Sydney for concerts at the Town Hall on June 4 and 8, Stefano will also make a TV special for TCN9. Stefano, a lively, worldly character, who enlivened the Mascot scene by bursting into "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen," to illustrate an anecdote, revealed that his unoperatic son, 18, is leader of one of Milan's top rock-'n-roll bands.

Janssen co-stars with Streisand

DAVID JANSSEN has written a further postscript to "The Fugitive."

He has signed for the most unlikely role anyone would expect haggard Dr. Kimble to be in line for — co-starring with Barbra Streisand in the movie version of "Funny Girl."

Janssen will sing opposite Streisand, or I should say appear to sing opposite Streisand.

Although his vocalising ability seems to be in doubt and weeks of miming appears to be ahead of him, Janssen can't stop smiling.

He will play the role of Nicky Arnstein, the charming but selfish gambler who marries and breaks the heart of Fanny Brice as portrayed by Streisand.

Full-time role

Janssen's signing for "Funny Girl" means that he won't be able to appear in the Japanese film in which he was to play a Portuguese explorer in Japan.

"I've got to spend all my time preparing for the part in 'Funny Girl' — it's a toughie," Janssen says.

It certainly is when you are in a musical and can't sing.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I once thought that there was nothing so helpless as the owner of a sick goldfish." But I've discovered a new sense of helplessness—that horrible feeling when your TV set breaks down. You and your family just sit there stunned. Let's face it, what can you do? We don't buy books anymore. We've forgotten how to converse. We've become a world of people hypnotised by that box in the corner. Finally, in walks the new hero of the nation—the TV repairman. He reaches into his case, pulls out a couple of valves, inserts them, and, voila, you have a picture. He has saved your life, once more all is well with the world. You go back to staring at the box in the corner . . .

MOMMA'S MORAL: "A TV set is an instrument with a picture in front, a speaker on the side, and an instalment behind."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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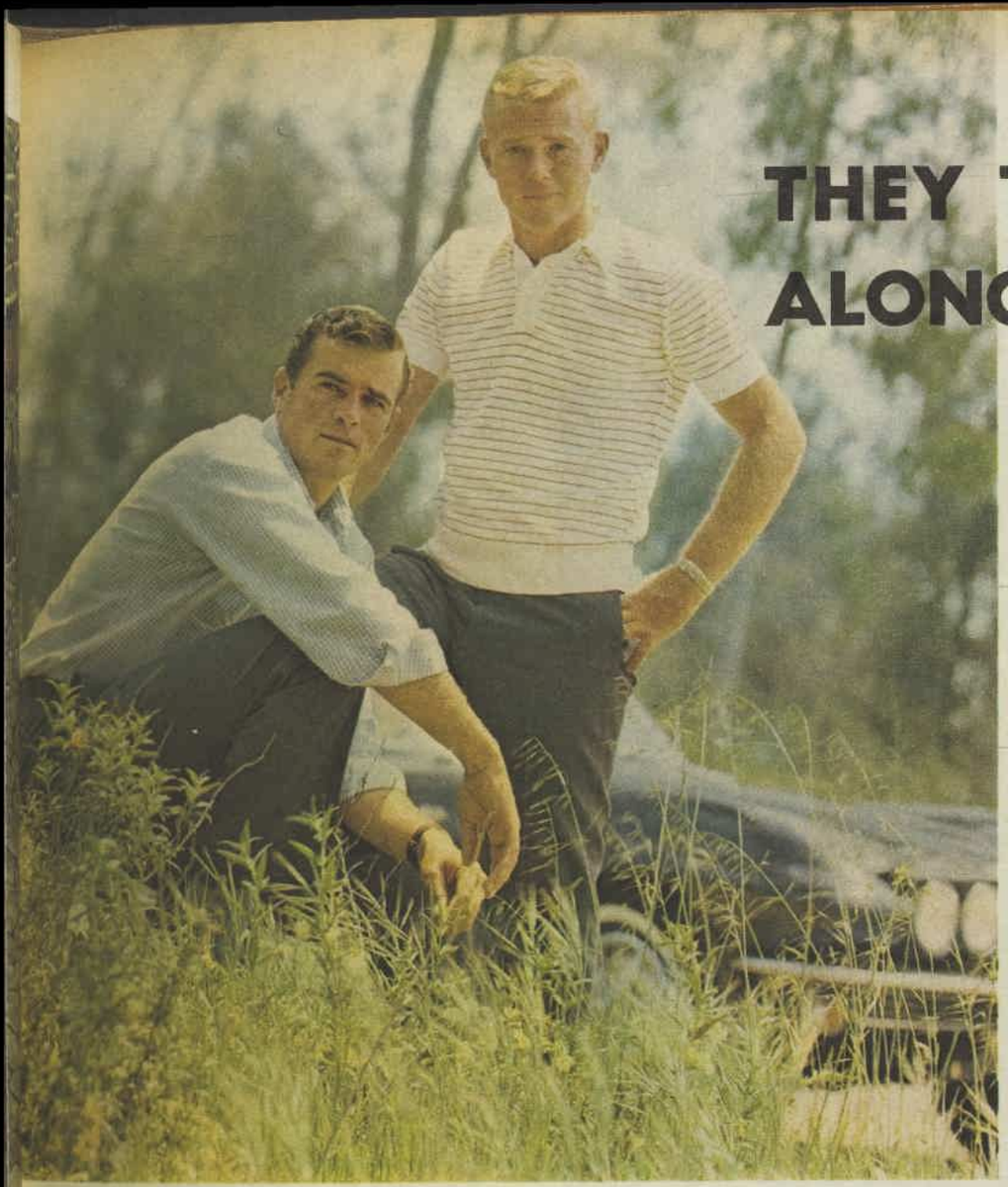
THEY TRAVEL FAR ALONG "ROUTE 66"



"ROUTE 66," a TV series as modern as the 'sixties, tells of the adventures of two young men as they travel Route 66—a transcontinental highway from Los Angeles to New York.

It is a clever idea, for it gives the producer the whole continent to choose for locations, gives viewers changes of scene and people.

Producer of "Route 66," Herbert Leonard, who made the series in the early 1960s, believes the location shooting was party responsible for the continuing interest in the show.

He also believed that if the highway was dull it was quite legitimate to detour to, say, Alaska or Hawaii.

"To hell with sound stages," Herbert Leonard said once, "I'll keep location shooting until somebody discovers that we could do it for half the money in Hollywood, even it it kills me or my actors."

His actors had less chance to survive than the producer. As often as not they were out in the rain, in the cold snow, and what have you.

Indeed so exposed were both actors and crews that, while it was being made, "Route 66" had a permanent doctor and nurse attached.

"Route 66" is being seen for the second time in Australia on the Channel 7 network. It's first run was on ABC-TV. Its popularity even on its second showing speaks well for its quality.

—NAN MUSGROVE

LEFT: Glen Corbett as Buzz and (standing) Martin Milner as Tod in a typical scene from "Route 66." Below, Lee Marvin, extreme right, and Martin Milner, with Whitney Blake, centre. Marvin has just presented Whitney with the orchid corsage she is holding after the two were guest stars in a segment of "Route 66."

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A very woolly poodle gets a new coiffure

• Where a lady's visit to her hairdresser may be for any reason from vanity to a cure for the blues, a poodle's stylish clip has very practical and traditional origins. It is not, as you may think, only pampered affectation or "putting on dog."

IT all began with Louis XIV of France. The breed originated in Russia, where poodles were used as hunting dogs. They are really bird dogs, and their name comes from the Russian "pudel," which means "splashing water." Their feet are webbed for swimming, and their long ears flow out in the water to keep the head up when the dog is swimming with a catch in his mouth.

King Louis took a liking to the chipper little breed and it was he who first ordered their coats to be neatly clipped. The Lion or Show clip is based on this original style, and there was good reason for the way it was done.

The mane was to protect the heart, liver, and lungs, and the short pants made movement in the water easier. The poms on the joints were to protect the animal from rheumatics, and the pom on the tail was so that the dog could be grabbed in the water.

Even the bow on the head, now merely decorative, had a practical beginning. It was used so that

BEFORE *READY TO START — and she really needs it! The first step is to let the dog relax by talking gently and stroking its coat. Clippers are electric.*

PAWS UP to have the hair removed from between each of the toes and under pads.

FIRM HOLD on the nose so that the tongue doesn't get in the way when the face is being clipped.

TRIMMING back the worst of the long fur with scissors before beginning the shaping for the Dutch clip.

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Pictures by KEITH BARLOW

the owner could quickly recognise his dog on a hunt.

The poodle's feet were clipped for speed on land, and the nose was clipped so that he could easily grab his quarry.

Another very practical reason for clipping a poodle regularly is that his fur, or wool as it is called, is not shed naturally like that of other canine creatures, and quickly becomes very long and shaggy.

Though he is still used as a hunting dog in Canada, the poodle nowadays usually has an easier, more sophisticated life as a cherished pet, a status symbol, or as a valuable and aristocratic show dog.

More varieties of clips have evolved, including Lamb, Kennel, English Saddle, and the Dutch.

On these pages Australian champion Toy poodle Faranette Snow Queen, who is owned by Mrs. Jean Rabone, of Strathfield, is shown being given a Dutch clip by Mrs. Alix Miller, of Rose Bay, Sydney.

AFTER *TRANSFORMED into a stylish dog once more, "Suzett," as Faranette Snow Queen is called out of the show ring, poses proudly, ready to go.*

CLIPPED LINE down the backbone and down between ribs and pelvis is basis of the style.

MORE SHAPING with scissors, and the traditional pants become recognisable. Head fur has been rounded.

PILE of clipped "wool" grows as intuitive touches with comb, scissors, and clippers shape style.

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THE HOT VITA-WEAT SEASON IS BACK!

1 / SALAMI & CHEDDAR: Polish Salami, topped with cheddar cheese, sprinkled with Paprika.
2 / CHICKEN LIVERS: Fry chicken livers in a little butter, chop very finely when cooked, add an anchovy fillet, top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs.
3 / LIVERWURST & TOMATO: Spread Liverwurst on Vita-Weat, sliced tomato and onion ring, sprig of parsley.
4 / CURRIED CHICKEN: Hot curried chicken, sprinkled with Paprika.
5 / CHEESE & SPRING ONIONS: Finely chopped spring onions with grated cheese.
6 / GRILLED MUSHROOMS: Grill whole mushrooms. Mix with your favourite white sauce.
7 / CONTINENTAL PORK SAUSAGES: Split and grill sausages, top with mashed potato, sprig of parsley.
8 / ASPARAGUS AND BACON: Roll asparagus spears in bacon rashers. Grill 'til golden brown.
9 / PRUNES & BACON: Spread Vita-Weat with chopped, stoned prunes, cover generously with diced bacon.
10 / OLIVES & BACON: Spread Vita-Weat with halved stuffed olives, cover generously with diced bacon.
11 / CORNED BEEF & GRUYERE: Place slices of corned beef on Vita-Weat, top with slice of Gruyere cheese.
12 / CURRIED SALMON: Prepare your favourite curried salmon recipe. Pile on Vita-Weat for a delicious snack.
13 / GRILLED FRANKFURTS: Split and grill cocktail frankfurts. Serve on Vita-Weat.
14 / EGG AND ONION TOPING: Chop hard-boiled egg, combine with grated onion, finely diced celery, salt and a little mayonnaise. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.
15 / TUNA: Combine tuna with savoury parsley sauce. Serve piping hot on Vita-Weat.

Here are 20 delicious new ways to serve Vita-Weat hot. When you've tried them all, let your imagination run wild for all the other days left of winter. Then on the first day of spring go and buy yourself something wonderful to wear. You'll have to. You'll be slimmer. There are only 23 calories in a Vita-Weat. Remember?

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AN ARTIST — IN BROKEN GLASS

● Entertaining bottle-o's to tea and scouring junkyards and abandoned car lots have become a part of life for Mrs. Eunice Lloyd-O'Neil since she began to "paint" with pieces of colored glass.

By BARBARA MARTYN

A FORMER professional pianist (Eunice Lloyd), Mrs. O'Neil, of Castle Hill, N.S.W., is slim and youthful with a volatile personality.

Used to a full, public life in her profession, she felt very lost after giving up her playing, but her new activities are now filling her life.

The idea to "paint" with colored glass evolved from a housewife's guilty secret, she told me.

"I'm not the most careful housewife, and for years I have been guiltily hoarding my broken china and glass in a trunk under the house."

When she built a music studio in the large grounds of her Castle Hill home, she finally decided to use the broken pieces to form a mosaic for the outside of the studio, thinking the colors would look pretty glinting in the sunlight.

"But then I had a dream, and a voice said 'Don't do that mosaic!' It told me instead to do a self-portrait, based on a charcoal sketch an artist friend had done.

"The next day, very excitedly, I started on this."

The result was a compelling, primitive-style portrait in glass of a white face with large, green eyes (an outstanding feature of Mrs. O'Neil's face) and a firm, red mouth, starkly contrasted with an encircling blue-and-green background.

Mrs. O'Neil said the vivid blue glass of the portrait was formerly two castor-oil bottles.

Pleased with the effect of the glass, Mrs. O'Neil went on to studies of flowers and animals and abstracts.

Her search for unusual colored glass — "red is the hardest to find" — has led to her unusual activities.

"I am collecting what people have thrown away and making it into something beautiful," she said.

She spends six to eight hours a day on her hobby, on which she embarked some ten months ago.

When asked about her "technique," Mrs. O'Neil laughed and said she "just bashed away at the glass with a hammer" and then used various glues to stick the pieces of glass to the boards. She doesn't sketch beforehand, but just forms her ideas with the different pieces of glass.

Her palette is a collection of glass jars containing broken pieces of all hues.

Mrs. O'Neil said she was able to pursue her hobby so enthusiastically because she was not domestically tied down.

"We are all individuals in my family and respect each other's rights to pursue separate interests."

Her husband is a club manager, her elder son a publisher who has formed his own company, and her younger son is a journalist.

Mrs. O'Neil's individuality is expressed in her studio. Here she entertains friends by lamp and candlelight ("There is no electricity, no radio, no television," she said), and the cosy, red-carpeted studio is filled with mementoes of friends and happy gatherings.

Above her piano is an autographed photograph of Joan Sutherland, for whom she played before Miss Sutherland left Australia in 1952.

"She sent me that on her last visit to Australia," she said.

Mrs. O'Neil, originally from Ballarat, Vic., worked as a pianist in Melbourne for some years and then with 2UW in Sydney.

Her work brought her a large circle of acquaintances. Peter Dawson was one, and he visited her studio and sang there one evening shortly before he died.

The walls of the studio are covered with paintings and sketches by her artist friends.

Mrs. O'Neil's interest in art was extended further recently when, with neighbor Mrs. Patricia Symes, also an amateur artist, she opened an art gallery near her home.

Only local artists are displayed there, but they were able to collect more than 60 art works from local residents.

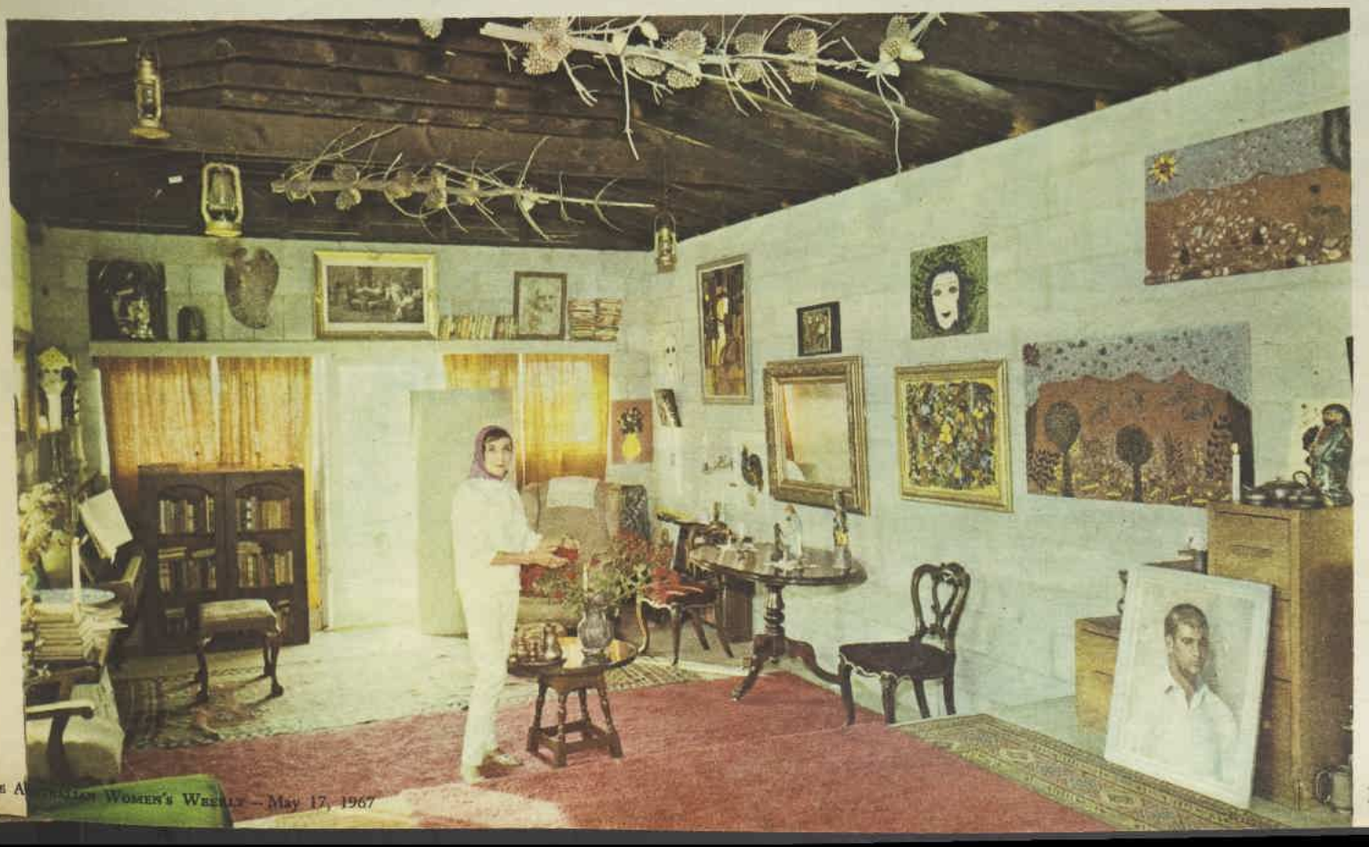
Mrs. O'Neil also put a piano in the gallery, and young people are now gathering there not only for art but also music — folk music — and are bringing their instruments with them.

"Luckily, we are in an open area, so don't have to worry about the noise," Mrs. O'Neil said. "We share the building with a fruit shop, so it is like Kings Cross next to Paddy's Market."

—Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

● Striking self-portrait in glass was the first piece Mrs. Eunice Lloyd-O'Neil made. It is based on a charcoal sketch done by an artist friend.

● Brilliantly colored rooster (above), another of Mrs. O'Neil's pieces, and (below) the artist in the studio at her home.



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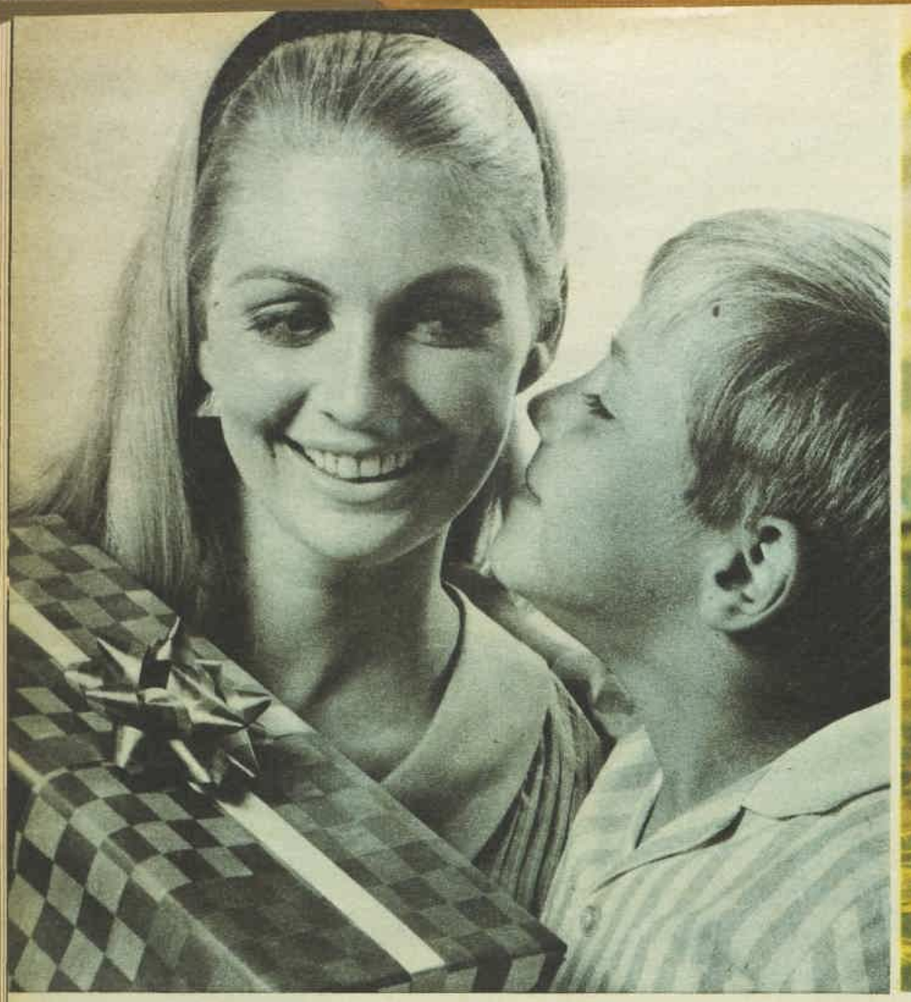

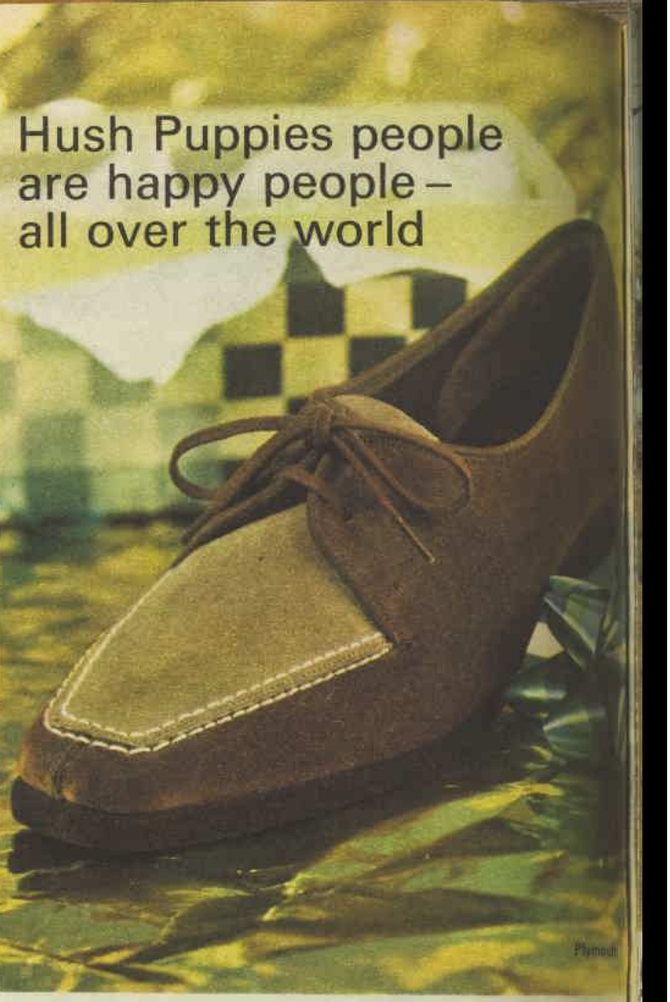

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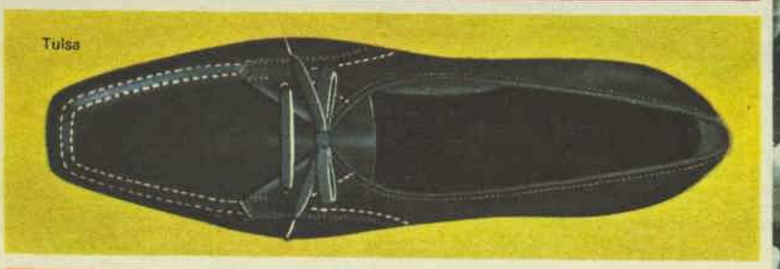

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GIBSON DESERT scene, on the 800-mile journey from Ayers Rock to Carnegie Station in Western Australia. Picture by Miss B. A. Griffin, Sydney.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series by Bill Beatty

MAY 17

1770 Captain Cook entered Moreton Bay, sailing past Stradbroke Island.

1824 Francis Forbes became the first Chief Justice of New South Wales, and on the same day took his seat on the Bench and opened the new Supreme Court.

Forbes favorably impressed the Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, but he was in constant conflict with the succeeding Governor, Sir Ralph Darling, until 1831, when Governor Bourke took office. Bourke, recommending Forbes for his knighthood, wrote of his "integrity and ability, legal knowledge, and devotion to His Majesty's Service."

Forbes' name is inseparably connected with the introduction into New South Wales of trial by jury. Governor Darling had opposed vehemently the admittance to court of emancipists, advocated by Forbes, but with the advent of Governor Bourke it was ruled that all free persons, whatever their former status, were entitled to all the privileges of free men.

MAY 18

1854 The first horse-operated railway opened for public traffic in Australia, between Adelaide and its port.

1905 Women in Queensland voted at State elections for the first time. Women acquired the right to vote, and to sit in parliament and occupy ministerial office earlier than in the United Kingdom, with less struggle than their sisters overseas, and with much less opposition from the men.

As far back as 1894, South Australia led the way, giving women both the franchise and the right to sit in parliament. In other States the years for franchise were New South Wales, 1902; Victoria, 1908; Queensland, 1905; Western Australia, 1899; Tasmania, 1903.

MAY 19

1826 First issue of the newspaper "Monitor," with Edward Smith Hall the proprietor, editor, printer, and publisher. It sold at one shilling a copy. Its motto was "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." In dealing with Governor Darling it lived up to the first two words, and the "Monitor" came into sharp conflict with the Governor, who tried to gag it (and also Wentworth's newspaper, the "Australian") by means of a licence to be renewed each year and an imposition of fourpence stamp duty on each copy. Chief Justice Forbes blocked the Governor's measures by refusing to certify that they were "not repugnant to the laws of England." Darling retaliated by engineering libel actions. Hall was tried no fewer than seven times, fined heavily, and sentenced to a total of three and a half years.

The "Monitor" was killed by a depression. Its last issue was in December, 1841.

1861 Birth of Dame Nellie Melba.

MAY 20

1814 The Three Bees explosion. Following a voyage with convicts among whom there had been much sickness, the vessel caught fire in Sydney Cove. Some of her cannon fired and landed shot in Bridge Street. The Three Bees drifted over to the north side of the harbor, and when the fire reached her magazine she blew up. (Some 30 casks of gunpowder and 14 pieces of cannon were aboard.) The sound of the guns and the explosion caused terror among many of the inhabitants, who were firmly convinced that an invasion by Bonaparte was taking place.

1832 Formation of Bond Street, Sydney. Bond Street was never intended to be a street; it was designed to be the first bazaar in Australia. The owner of this property, when subdividing the allotments for his intended bazaar, advertised as follows: "It may not be improper to point out the comforts, convenience, dispatch, and other advantages connected with such an establishment. Ladies during the summer months complain of the heat, dust, fatigue, and danger of passing through the streets of Sydney to make their various purchases. Now they can do so within this retired, cool, and agreeable bazaar. They may obtain all the articles they want for their families without risk of annoyance from horses, cattle, or dissolute persons." The "cool and agreeable bazaar," unfortunately, never materialised, but evolved into another of Sydney's numerous narrow streets.

1884 First cargo of frozen meat sent from Brisbane to London.

MAY 14

1855 Opening of the Sydney mint. The history of mints in Australia is closely associated with the discovery of gold in large quantities and the coinage difficulties of early colonial days.

In the first five years after the opening of the Sydney mint its output of coin averaged $2,000,000 annually. Only sovereigns and half-sovereigns were coined. Melbourne rightly protested strongly against the decision to give Sydney the sole Australian mint, since Victoria was rapidly developing into a greater gold-producer than New South Wales at that period. It was not until 1872 that a Melbourne mint was opened.

1876 Naming of Buzoe's Grave, Western Australia. Official maps in Western Australia show the name Buzoe's Grave in the Gibson Desert. In 1876 a survey party was engaged in mapping this territory. They had a pet cow called Buzoe who had accompanied the party in her official capacity as mobile dairy on many trips, and on this one she died of old age. The surveyors buried her near the camp site, marking the grave on the charts they were compiling. The animal is believed to have been the first to have the site of its grave marked on the maps of its own country.

MAY 15

1803 Celebration of the first Mass to be officially allowed in Australia. The priest was Father James Dixon, deported to New South Wales for aiding the Irish rebellion of 1798.

1815 Naming of Blackheath, Blue Mountains, N.S.W. "This place having a black, wild appearance, I have this day named it Black-Heath. It affords, however, plenty of good water for man and beast and tolerable good feed for the latter." So wrote Governor Macquarie in his journal under this date. The Governor was on his way back to Sydney after visiting Bathurst.

1841 The first Australian photograph. "An astonishingly minute and beautiful picture of Bridge Street and George Street as it appeared from the fountain in Macquarie Place," said the "Australian" newspaper in a full report of the taking of the daguerreotype. This type of photography had been invented in 1837. In 1842 George Goodman opened a studio in George Street, Sydney, and became Australia's first professional photographer. He photographed an average of 20 sitters a day.

MAY 16

1782 Death of the naturalist Daniel Solander. Swedish-born, Solander was a pupil of the famous botanist Linnaeus. When he went to London he was appointed to the British Museum, where he made English botanists familiar with the Linnean system of classification. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1764, he was engaged by Sir Joseph Banks two years later as a scientific assistant on the first voyage of Captain Cook in the Endeavour. While on the historic voyage, Solander made extensive collections of plants in Australia and in the South Seas.

1826 Death of Joseph Holt, Irish pioneer. Holt was sentenced to transportation to New South Wales as an Irish rebel. However, because of information he supplied to the Dublin authorities, he was merely banished and allowed to take his wife and family with him. Soon after his arrival he became manager of William Cox's farm in Sydney, but was arrested soon afterwards on suspicion of being implicated in a conspiracy of Irish prisoners. Holt was released, but wrongly imprisoned again in 1804 and exiled to Norfolk Island for alleged complicity in what became known as the Castle Hill Rising. Given a conditional pardon, he was entrusted with important work in Hobart and Sydney, and when he was granted a full pardon in 1811 he returned to Ireland the following year. Holt's "Memoirs" were published 12 years after his death.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF STRIPES

● *Narrowly belted, diagonally striped coat (right) is from the Nina Ricci autumn collection. The stripes are a mixed bag of deep colors. The coat has a turtle - type collar.*

● *Lanvin's Roman-striped floor-length evening skirt (left) is worn with a navy velvet top, which is banded in strips of the skirt fabric.*

● *Yves St. Laurent's straight - cut, long-sleeved, after - five glamor shift (right). The design is striped in blue, yellow, and green sequins and glows like a stained-glass window.*

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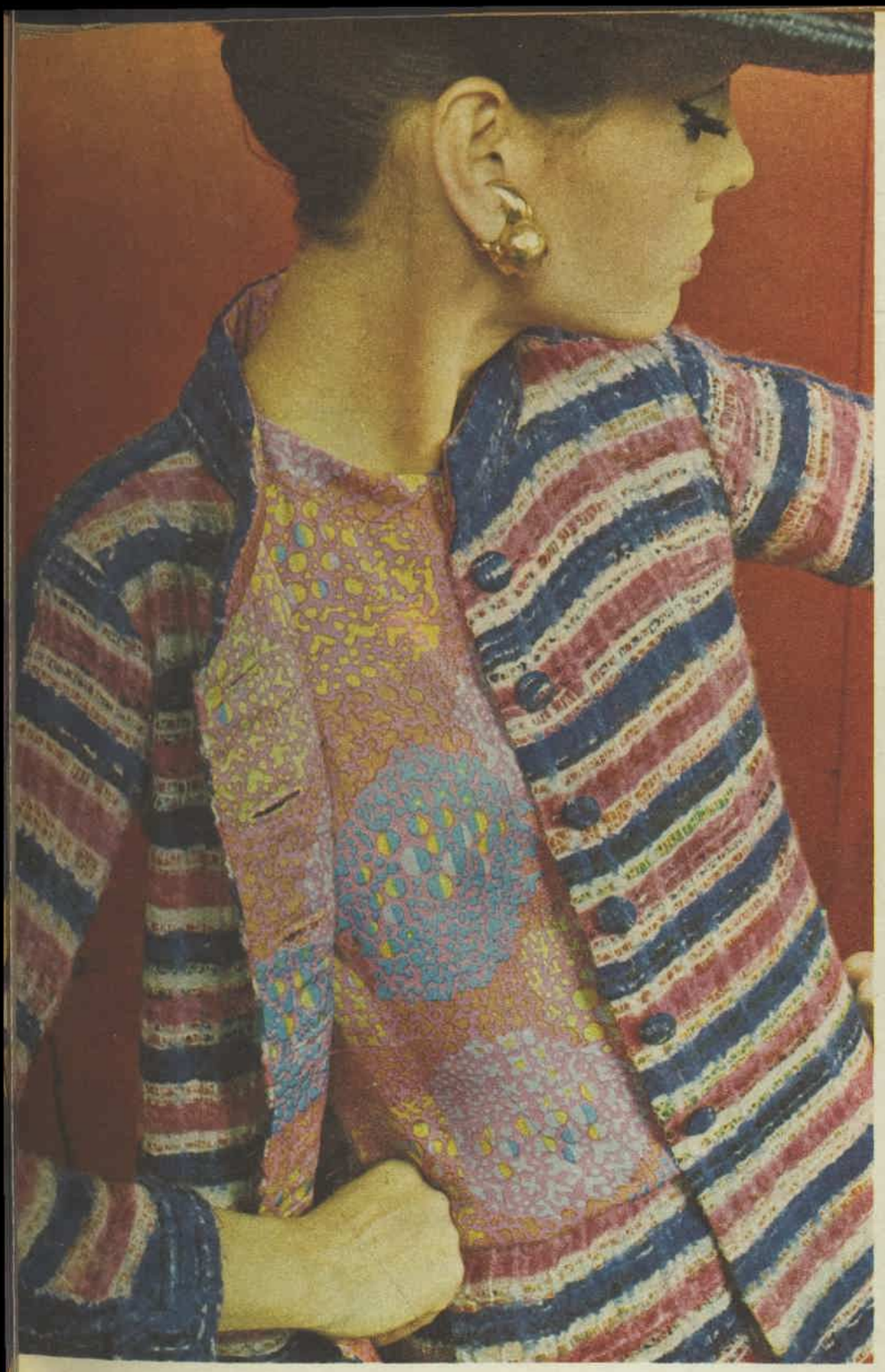
From glamorous evening gowns to coats and suits, racy stripes weave their way into current fashion.



● *Superb cardigan suit (left) from the Chanel spring collection is woven in stripes of red, white, and blue. The jacket is lined in print to match the collarless overblouse.*

● *Dior's superb floating evening dress (right) with butterfly sleeves is made in yellow chiffon and striped in varying widths of purple, pink, and white.*

● Stripes, fresh again on the 1967 fashion scene, are blazing a new trail in day and evening fashions. Stripes are highly modern and ultra-feminine — and watch them turn up again for spring.

Italian designer Fabiani styles a gala evening dress in shimmery gold, and stripes it with white and green. Chanel's red, white, and blue cardigan suit is elegant in every sense of the word. Dior put stripes in varying colors and widths on fabulous loose, flowing evening dresses. Nina Ricci uses diagonal stripes for belted coats.

Stripes are for the jet age and for people who know what's what in fashion.

— *BETTY KEEP*

● *Gala evening dress (right) alternates broad and narrow stripes of gold, white, and green. The flaring back panel is attached at the waist and finished with a fabric belt.*

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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This suit-and-blouse ensemble was chosen for a Melbourne reader who asks for a design for a going-away suit to be made in green tweed.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I have 3 yards of 54-inch green tweed for a going-away ensemble. Could you help me with a soft style and a blouse? What color blouse would be best? I also should like to know the correct color for hat and gloves."

Illustrated at right is the design you asked about. The soft, semi-fitted jacket has above-wrist-length sleeves; the standing band collar is side-buttoned. The skirt is slightly A-line. My color choice for the blouse, hat, and gloves is white. By the way, the blouse is sleeveless and has a bias standing band collar. Under the illustration are further details.

"The climate here is bitterly cold during four months of the year and I intend making a wool evening dress. I don't need a pattern, but would like to know if red wool would be suitable and what color for accessories? I am an SSW fitting."

Red wool would be perfect and very "in" worn with silver shoes. Have the dress A-line and bell-less, with short sleeves and a soft, polo-neck collar.

1643.—Suit and blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1643 Vogue Paris original. Price $1.40 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

HERE are other queries in my fashion mail:

"Is it correct to wear boots with a pants suit?"

Not high boots, because they spoil the hang of the pants leg. Little boots finished at the ankle bone look chic.

"What is the fashion rule concerning a dinner dress? I have been asked out to a formal dinner party and cannot decide what to wear."

The choice of attire is up to the hostess. If she wishes you to wear a long dress, she generally says so. Actually the term "dinner dress" can mean long or short. The most definite hallmark is the material, which should be dressy. Chiffon, brocade, or jersey crepe would all be correct.

"Are hipster pants with wide legs correct for a trouser suit?"

The best pants suits are classic in design, having a double-breasted, slightly shaped jacket and trousers that widen just slightly toward the cuffs.

"I want to buy a new dress for an informal winter party and don't know what to look for. Is the shift a dead fashion?"

No, it's very much alive. The newest shape broadens on the way down and is often finished with a little rim of collar. Scarlet velvet worn with black or red stockings and red shoes would be very new.

"Could you please let me have a pattern for a man's business shirt?"

Our pattern department includes a design for a man's shirt in neck sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, and 16½ inches. If ordering, please quote Vogue pattern 8710 and mention size. Pattern price 60 cents includes postage. It is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W.

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NEW from Campbell's!

2 deliciously different soups

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN & STARS SOUP
Makes a kid starry-eyed over soup!

Juicy chunks of chicken and tiny macaroni stars in a golden chicken broth. Kids love the look of it as well as its true chicken taste.

CAMPBELL'S OLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE SOUP
Tastes like you spent hours making it!

A real old-fashioned soup, thick with kitchen-cut vegetables simmered in a rich beef broth. So it's the heartiest home-style vegetable soup you've ever served!

Campbell's Soups

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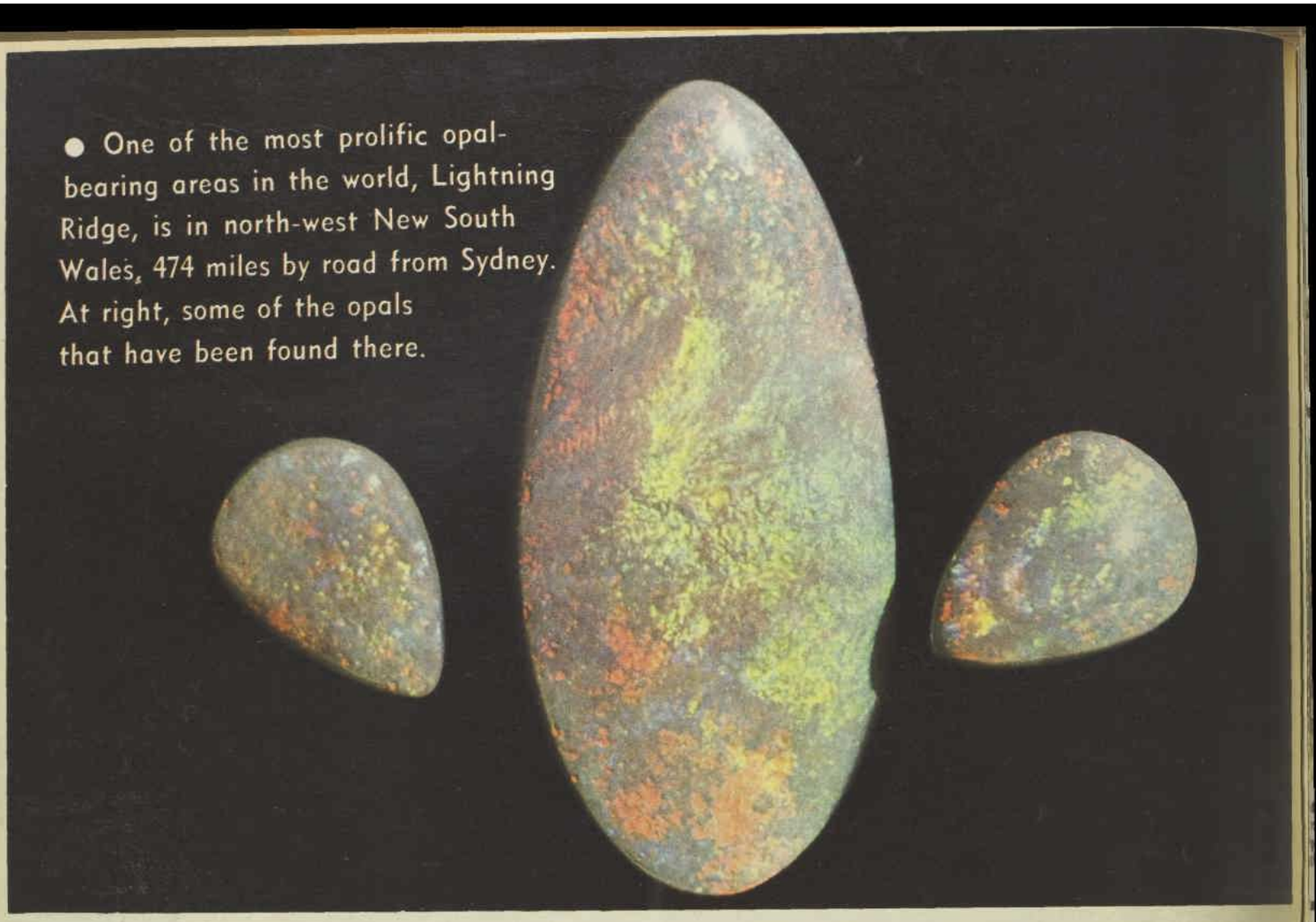

● One of the most prolific opal-bearing areas in the world, Lightning Ridge, is in north-west New South Wales, 474 miles by road from Sydney. At right, some of the opals that have been found there.

LIGHTNING RIDGE:

By IAN D. THOMSON

Mecca for the opal seeker

NOT so long ago only a comparative handful of "outsiders" knew of the existence of Lightning Ridge.

Today tourists go there from all parts of Australia by car and caravan, by train, bus, and aircraft to swell the permanent population of about 350 to something like 3000 a week during holiday periods.

The awakening interest in "the Ridge," as the locals call it, is because of the remarkable increase in the price of opals in the past few years. It sells on the field from $10 to $300 a carat, with about 154 carats to the ounce.

With this renewal of interest in opals, dozens of opal buyers from Australia and overseas head for the Ridge to urge the miners to greater effort, and swarms of lapidary and gemmological clubs make it their hunting ground for holidays.

At present-day prices, the average miner (known as a "gouger") can earn in the vicinity of $2000 a year. Some earn much more, others less.

The main activity of the tourists, particularly of the hordes of schoolchildren, is scouring the thousands of mullock heaps, which contain the residue of former mine shafts.

Their aim is to find opal-bearing "nobbies," which sometimes contain true opal, although in most cases they comprise only potch or common opal, which has no colors and is worthless.

The nearest township is Walgett, 47 miles southward across a stretch of black-soil country, covered only by myriads of stunted trees.

Although isolated, except for the dirt roads leading into it from Walgett and a couple of smaller settlements to the north, Lightning Ridge is the last centre of habitation between the north-west of New South Wales and the centre of the continent, with its township of Alice Springs.

The long track from the Ridge to Alice Springs is navigable for vehicles only in good seasons and even then there are few who venture to make the trip.

Lightning Ridge is, as its name implies, a ridge rising out oft he black-soil plains to a height of almost 100ft. stretching about nine miles by five miles, and some 24,000 acres in all.

Within that area, it is conservatively estimated that 100,000 opal shafts have been sunk by pick and shovel since the field was discovered in 1903.

The majority of the Ridge's mining population live in tin and bark humpies; a few in caravans.

At the Ridge itself there is a small village with its own community of policeman, storekeeper, hotel proprietor, cafe proprietor, garage man, bush nursing sister, and a few opal buyers.

They live in the dozen or so modern buildings in the settlement's two streets. Their houses are not as isolated as the miners' and they have electricity from the Statewide grid system.

In the village, too, is a swimming-pool, which provides a welcome respite from the area's heat and dust.

The pool's bore water comes from 3000ft. underground. By the time it reaches the surface it is boiling and has to be cooled off before being pumped into the pool.

One of the most intriguing sights in the village area is the Tram-O-Tel, a number of old tram cars which an enterprising businessman brought to the Ridge on the back of freighter lorries some years ago. Each tram compartment now serves as a motel room for visitors who do not have caravan or tent accommodation.

Another of the settlement's attractions is the racecourse, which was carved by bulldozer out of scrubland. Lightning Ridge's annual race day is held on Easter Saturday.

For most of the year the race track becomes a corroboree ground for the hundreds of emus which come from the surrounding plains in search of food. They are quite tame, but when frightened they can outrun a horse.

Generally, the miners come into the village only as a weekend excursion when food supplies need replenishing and latest "finds" are discussed with mates at the pub.

For the rest of the week, the main business at the Ridge goes on beneath the surface in the many hundreds of shafts which are being worked by the gougers. Some work up to an eight-hour day, five days a week.

For those who strike lean times in the fields there is seasonal work to be found on sheep and cattle properties scattered about the area.

In fact, in the early days when the opal price was low, seasonal work in shearing sheds was a normal part of the miner's working life.

During the hot summer months a mine shaft is an ideal place to be. In the shaft the temperature is a pleasant 70 degrees compared with the temperatures above that can top 110 degrees for weeks at a time.

By contrast, winter days at the Ridge are delightful—cool in the mornings, and warming to sunny days under clear blue skies for months on end.

Life at the Ridge to many outsiders may sound monotonous, but to anyone who has the opal "bug" it is always interesting. In fact, many miners have spent their lives there and even in old age would not consider leaving.

What keeps their interest is the hope that they may be lucky enough to find an opal that will be worth a fortune. Some do, but not many.

In 1935 two of the largest pieces of opal in existence were owned by Mr. Percy Marks, of Sydney. One piece weighed 9512 carats, the other 6805 carats. It was also reported that Percy Marks owned a black opal, "Pride of Australia," weighing 22 carats and valued then at £2000.

The cutting and grinding of opals to make the finished gems is a delicate process and can be done only by an expert. The rough opal stone is gummed to the end of a stick while being ground and cut. This protects the fingers of the operator when using the grinding and cutting wheels.

Not all miners make a lot of money at the Ridge, but there are some who apparently have been successful. One old-timer at a field near the Ridge last year asked

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LEFT: The main street in Lightning Ridge has a hotel, cafe, two petrol stations, police station, bush nursing centre, and a few private homes. In the only other street are the post office, two churches, and Tram-O-Tel "motel."

RIGHT: Young tourists in the Walk-In mine owned and operated by "Sandy" Randall. The mine has been dug into the side of a hill and can be entered by walking down a flight of steps.

● *This house at Lightning Ridge with its stone walls and tin roof is typical of some of the houses lived in by the older generation of gougers. Many of these houses were built early in the century. Most of the miners live outside the village.*

● *Tourists looking through mullock heaps for opals, or potch with opal traces. During holiday periods more than 3000 tourists come to the Ridge in search of opals, although not many are successful. Often they buy opals from miners.*

● *At the Three-Mile area, opal gougers Mike Tomasich and Rex Preston operating a windlass to bring up earth from the bottom. The two men have mined six shafts. The average miner is said to earn about $2000 a year.*

another local identity to witness his will, in which he left $80,000 to a charity; other money elsewhere.

Yet this miner lives in an old humpy with rusted tin walls and roof and an earthen floor. His main food is said to be wild pigs which he catches in the scrub.

Many old identities have spent a lifetime at the Ridge. One, Norman Kirby MacMillan, born in the United States of English parentage, first went to the area in 1909.

During World War I he joined the AIF as an infantryman and later transferred to the Flying Corps as a pilot. After the war he spent some years digging opal at the Ridge, and when World War II came he joined the RAF in England, later flying with the RAAF.

"Pretty stones"

Another gouger still working is Douglas McCracken, aged 77, who went to the area in 1906.

"In the early days, the 'cockies' (local graziers) used to bring their wives to the Ridge to look for 'pretty stones.' They didn't know what they were then," he said.

George Lowe, a German who was once a member of Kaiser Wilhelm's German Army, arrived at the Ridge in 1906.

"I arrived on a bicycle that I rode from Sydney," he said.

Food then, as now, was brought out from Walgett, except that in the early days it was transported by bullock team. A ride from Walgett on horseback took a full day.

Probably the doyen among the opal miners at the Ridge is Fred Bodel, who first went there in 1902 and has been there ever since with the exception of an occasional visit to the world outside.

Bodel's house is one of the highlights of the Ridge's unusual dwellings. Its walls are built almost entirely of huge stones, piled on top of one another, its roof is made of tin and bark.

In recent years Fred Bodel's relatives have tried to persuade him to return to "civilisation," but he prefers to remain at the Ridge.

Although there are many miners who have been prospecting in the area for up to 50 years, there are also newcomers who have settled there in recent years.

One of these is a former sailor ("don't mention my name") who served his time in the Navy travelling the world after World War I.

He and his wife are now at the Ridge and say they will remain there because of "the peace and quiet."

The locals, who enjoy nothing better than a yarn when they're not digging for opals, tell many tales about Lightning Ridge.

There are as many hard-luck stories as success ones. One unlucky New Australian who got the opal "bug" while visiting the Ridge, returned to the city, sold all his possessions, and bought mining equipment.

He spent the next 12 months at the Ridge without even sighting an opal and lost every cent he had.

Then there is the story about the shotgun incident at Three-Mile workings. Two brothers working the claim had not found opal, so they gave the claim to two others and went shearing at nearby properties.

The newcomers found opal at the site, and when the brothers heard this they returned and demanded their claim back. Their demand was refused, so the mother of the brothers got a shotgun and fired at the two newcomers to frighten them.

A committee of miners which had been formed on the field to handle difficult situations heard about the dispute and gave a decision against the original owners, pointing out they had given away their claim. The brothers were told if they interfered they would be driven off the field.

This was typical of the justice meted out among miners by the men themselves in the early days at the Ridge.

While most of the opal being dug today is by pick and shovel, there is a bulldozer operating at one claim. But many of the miners say that this method is not only too costly but that the 'dozer breaks the gems.

Many miners today, instead of sinking shafts of their own, are going around the mullock heaps on top of old mines with mechanically operated sieves known as "puddlers," which reveal opal stones after the dirt has passed through the wire mesh.

A newcomer to the Ridge who is operating the latest mechanical and electrical equipment is "Sandy" Randall, 50, who comes from the small settlement of Collarenebri, some 40 miles away.

Modern methods

Randall's Walk-In mine is cut into the side of a hill, and visitors can literally walk in. The mine is lit by electricity, and a power plant inside takes opal dirt back to the surface.

Randall, who has been at the Ridge for four years, charges visitors a small fee to inspect the workings, and last Easter a record number of 500 inspected the mine.

Another newcomer who is said to be planning the use of modern equipment is American Arthur Carter, a businessman from Honolulu. Carter was also said to have got the opal "bug" during a visit some time ago.

And what of the future for Lightning Ridge? The future for opals seems assured, and this is reflected in the plans being made to improve the village itself.

Plans have been made for an air-conditioned cafe catering for 70 people and for a large co-operative store. The local hotel also plans renovations, and later a modern motel will be built.

New Bowling Club

With the opening of the airstrip last March, fast travel to the Ridge is no longer a problem, and the recently built Bowling Club provides popular recreation.

But in spite of the growing feeling of progress in the area, the locals are not impressed, and have no intention of giving up their old way of life.

Said one: "This place will do me. I'd never go back to the city again."

The majority of Lightning Ridge's residents agree with him.

● *Hughie Collumb, one of the early settlers, outside his shack. He came from Ireland more than 50 years ago. Although his brother in Ireland offered to pay his fare home, Hughie said he would never live anywhere else.*

Pictures by ALBERT PICKNELL

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Hate that grey? wash it away!*

Grey hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that grey, wash it away with new Loving Care Hair Colour Lotion by Clairol.

It's easy to do! There's nothing to mix or add. Just choose the tone most like your own . . . and pour it on, right out of the bottle! Gently, so skilfully does Loving Care wash in the young colour that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of grey! And all that anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking.

Loving Care comes in eleven colours . . . from deep natural black to pale shining blonde. Won't rub off, won't brush off even in the darkest shades. Contains no peroxide, no developer. Leaves hair shiny, vital, in better condition than ever. Even the fragrance is mild, delightful! Best of all—just washed in about once a month, Loving Care keeps grey away so you can forget you ever had any!

Not a tint, better than a rinse . . . Loving Care is a unique new hair colour formula from Clairol. So try it! Have a few weeks of being a younger and prettier you. Ask your chemist for Loving Care. Then choose the tone most like your own . . . you'll want to use it forever!

Loving Care* by Clairol

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Now! Colour only the grey
without changing your natural hair colour!*

Makes your husband feel younger too, just to look at you!

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Bushells Instant Coffee puts a lot more flavor in your cup

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They had searched so long for the home they had visualised and now it seemed certain their dream had come true

The House on Wisteria Street

BY H. M. TOLCHER

IT was some measure of our desperation that we went into the Newly Real Estate Office at all.

We had been house-hunting for almost a year. It wasn't as if we wanted the impossible; just something small, but not cramped, with a garden for me and a shed for Reuben's carpentry; something old enough to have a little atmosphere, but still sound, in a strictly residential area not too far from normal amenities.

The Newly window was crammed with glossy photographs of home units and modern mansions and towers of flats; the inside was oiled teak and abstracts and modern glass ashtrays and a shiny, blonde typist. The man who talked to us was young, charcoal-suited, and would have carried a briefcase just to put his lunch in.

"I'm sure we have just the thing for you — we have a very extensive listing," he said, rubbing his well-manicured hands together. Reuben snorted; he was always edgy when he wanted his lunch.

"Something suitable for two," I began, no longer needing to think. He nodded at each requirement, on his toes, eager as a puppy.

As I finished he glanced toward one of his photos.

"What you really want—" he began, but Reuben cut in. "None of your infernal home units!" he snarled. There was an audible gulp. The young man was obviously not used to being interrupted, especially not in that tone of voice.

"Definitely something standing in its own grounds," I said hastily. Sooner or later they all suggested the same thing; we'd seen enough Denes and Courts and Closes to last a lifetime.

There was a depressed silence; the salesman shook his head. Somehow we didn't fit into his pre-carved round hole.

"I really can't think of anything," he said at last.

"In that case—" I reached for my bag.

"Oh, Mr. Matthews?" The blonde half rose. "What about the house on Wisteria Street?"

He glanced at her. "Is that vacant?"

"Yesterday." She handed him a card. When he turned back he was smiling broadly again.

"Now here is just the thing." He waved the card proudly. "Only a few minutes from here, close to shops — a charming little residence."

I glanced out at the orderly rows of little brick look-alikes and shook my head. I couldn't imagine anything remotely resembling our dream cottage within miles of this street. But Reuben got up, his good humor restored.

"If it's that close we may as well see it, Jane.

To page 38

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make them all in next to no time

you make them in minutes, in fact. And you make them all with Edgell pie fillings. Pineapple Cheesecake. Strawberry Chiffon Pie. Fruit Mince Balls. Multi-leaved Apple Torte. Caramel Cream Puffs. All as easy as pie.

Edgell Pie Fillings

PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE

1 can Edgell Pineapple Pie Filling.
1 x 9" baked pastry shell
or shell made from ½ lb. plain chocolate biscuits.
4 ozs. butter. 4 ozs. cream cheese.
2 ozs. milk. ½ can condensed milk.
½ cup lemon juice. 1 teaspoon vanilla.
3 tablespoons whipped cream.
or 1 small can cream (chilled).

To make biscuit shell, crush biscuits finely with rolling pin, add melted butter and mix well. Press mixture into bottom and halfway up sides of 9" pie plate or spring form tin. Refrigerate till set. Beat cream cheese and milk till smooth, add condensed milk and mix well. Stir in lemon juice and vanilla and lastly cream. Spoon mixture into pie case and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Before serving, spoon Pineapple Pie Filling over top of pie.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

1 can Edgell Strawberry Pie Filling.
½ can (6-7 ozs.) chilled evaporated milk.
2 ozs. cream whipped, for decoration.
Juice of 1 lemon.
1 x 9" baked pie shell or crushed biscuit crumb shell.

Beat cold evaporated milk until stiff, add lemon juice and beat again. Gently fold in half can of Strawberry Pie Filling and whipped cream. Mix thoroughly, spoon mixture into pie shell and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Before serving, gently spoon remaining half can of Strawberry Pie Filling over top, and decorate with whipped cream.

FRUIT MINCE BALLS

1 can Edgell Fruit Mince Pie Filling.
2 ozs. butter. ½ lb. milk arrowroot biscuits.
Chocolate sprinkles or coconut.
2 tablespoons cocoa.

Crush biscuits finely with rolling pin. Melt butter, add cocoa and cool slightly. Combine biscuit crumbs with Mince Pie Filling and stir in butter and cocoa mixture. Take teaspoons of mixture, mould into balls and roll in chocolate sprinkles or coconut. Place on plate and refrigerate till set. Serve as a sweetmeat or with coffee.

MULTI-LEAVED APPLE TORTE

1 can Edgell Apple Pie Filling. 8 ozs. flour.
8 ozs. butter. 2-3 tablespoons cold water.
Whipped cream. Icing.
Glace cherries and / or browned almonds.

Place flour and butter on a board and, using two knives, chop fat until very fine. Put into basin, add water and mix to a stiff dough. Refrigerate for 20 to 30 minutes. Divide mixture into about 8 portions and gently mould each piece into a ball. Roll out into circle about 8 inches in diameter, place on greaseproof paper or an oven slide and bake 10-15 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 F) until lightly browned. Continue until all layers are cooked. (They are very short and need careful handling). When cold place one layer of pastry on a plate and spread carefully with Apple Pie Filling, place layer of pastry on top and spread with whipped cream. Keep alternating layers till all are used, leaving top plain. Ice with thin layer of icing and decorate with cherries and/or nuts. Refrigerate till ready to serve.

CARAMEL CREAM PUFFS

1 can Edgell Caramel Pie Filling.
½ cup butter. 1 cup boiling water.
1 cup sifted flour. 3 eggs. pinch of salt.
ice cream.

Add butter and salt to boiling water and heat till butter melts. Reduce heat and add flour all at once and stir vigorously till mixture forms a ball around spoon. Remove from heat and add eggs one at a time beating thoroughly after each addition. Continue beating till mixture is thick and shiny and breaks from spoon. Shape onto greased oven sheet using teaspoon or tablespoon quantities, depending on size of puffs required. Bake in hot oven (450 F) for 20 minutes then reduce heat to 350 F and bake about 20 minutes more. Cool. For serving, make slit in side, fill each puff with ice cream and cover generously with Caramel Pie Filling.

Edgell Pie Fillings

A Petersville COMPANY

PETERSVILLE AUSTRALIA LIMITED SHARES ARE LISTED ON ALL AUSTRALIAN STOCK EXCHANGES

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Watch costs of caravan living

LIVING in a caravan to save money for a house is certainly a good idea, "Wondering." A couple I know brought their third baby home to a caravan. The older children were aged four and two years, yet she managed beautifully. With a built-in cot, a caravan can be as safe for a toddler as a house.

$2 to Mrs. G. V. Newman, Geraldton, W.A.

★ ★ ★

HIRE a caravan for a month to see if you can adjust to this way of living. We have had a van for four years and have two young children. Though wonderful for a holiday, living cooped up with growing children (and sick ones, at times) can be very trying. If you decide to go ahead, I suggest an aluminium van — no upkeep.

$2 to Mrs. G. Hucker, Lugarno, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

FOR nearly three years I lived in a caravan with my husband and small son. Provided the caravan is reasonably large, with an annex, it can be fun. There is little housework and more time for hobbies, etc. Selling the van later is a problem, as there are so many around and the resale prices are low. Unless you have your own land to park on, living in caravans can be expensive.

$2 to Mrs. L. Price, Proserpine, Qld.

★ ★ ★

IN our six-berth van and annex there is more than ample room for my husband, myself, and our two small sons. You could live in your van after it's paid off long enough to save the deposit for your house, and then have added income by renting out the caravan, and using it for your own holidays.

$2 to Mrs. J. Byles, Stockton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a caravan holiday with three small children, there is nothing that appeals to me more than the sight of my 14ft.-wide living-room.

$2 to Mrs. B. Jeffries, Mayfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MODERN caravans are very comfortable and have every convenience, but by the time you have fully paid for it, wear-and-tear will have caused considerable depreciation on the resale value. You might finish up with only half of what you gave for it.

$2 to Mrs. F. Tooma, South Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

WE began caravan life with a young baby, later adding two others. Although cramped and inconvenient at times, we stuck it out until the van was paid for, sold it, and bought our first house. We know without doubt that none of what we have today would have been achieved if we had started out in rented accommodation.

$2 to Mrs. J. R. Cox, Engadine, N.S.W.

Tennis club's summer

AS our tennis ladies wanted to keep in touch during the summer recess, it was decided to meet as usual — but with picnic baskets, not tennis racquets. We had a swimming party (with a competition for the best-decorated cap) at a secluded pool (our figures are not what they used to be), several beach picnics, and a day at Nell's lovely new home among the pineapples and ginger. News items were discussed, but malicious gossip was definitely out. Next, a dress-up day at a dahlia show, a scenic mountain drive, and a bush barbecue where the bellbirds sing. After that — tennis again.

$2 to Mrs. S. Hingston, Nambour, Qld.

Poverty is a state of mind

WHENEVER you feel sorry for yourself, think of this: "No man is poor who does not think of himself so; but if in a full fortune he with impatience desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition." The lady who told me this did not have many possessions, but no one noticed this, and she was very well liked.

$2 to Mrs. Petra Thurkettle, Camden, N.S.W.

Not really chivalry!

LOADED with parcels, I was heading back to my car, parked a few blocks away, when a car pulled up and the driver offered me a lift. Climbing in, I thanked him. "Don't thank me," he said. "With all that stuff you've got there, I was sure you must be heading for your car. And I've been looking for a parking space for the last half-hour."

$2 to "Mrs. L." (name supplied), Torrens Park, S.A.

Sweet disagreement

TO avoid useless arguments some people pretend to agree. I use the opposite tactics. I say sweetly, "I'm afraid I don't agree with you." When the person recovers from the shock, I say, still sweetly, "Of course, we're all entitled to our opinion." Apparently no one minds, and it certainly saves wear and tear.

$2 to "Francesca" (name supplied), Firle, S.A.

The proof of the recipe . . .

BUTTER, sugar, spice, water, chocolate, and desiccated coconut. Boil all together until ready. This is my nine-year-old daughter's new recipe. But when I asked what she was making, she replied, "Don't be so silly, Mummy. How can I know what it will be until it's cooked?"

$2 to "How True" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

HALF THEIR LUCK

● Police officers of the West Midlands in England don't ask women drivers their age. They guess it. A police spokesman said, "This saves a woman embarrassment. Many don't like to be asked their age."

My licence tells the year that I was born,
I keep it folded neatly out of sight,
Should a policeman ask to see it (I devoutly hope he won't)
I would bring it rather shiftily to light.

A courtly cop might mutter, "Fancy that!"
But I rather think he wouldn't (No such fun),
So I'd ask him very nicely did I have the legal right
To be booked as "Somewhat over twenty-one."

— Dorothy Drain

Paper work clothes no solution

REPORTS of clothing made from paper had me goggle-eyed with interest. Just think! Paper shirts and trousers for the man-of-the-house when he is about to start on a session of car repairs. But I suppose I am over-optimistic. When he finished the job they would still be hanging on a nail with the unused overalls.

$2 to "Hopeful" (name supplied), Upper Beaconsfield, Vic.

All too much for him

ARRIVING at the maternity hospital, my sister-in-law's husband was greeted by a nurse who said, "Guess what it is?" Badly wanting a daughter, he answered, "A boy, I suppose." "No," said the nurse. "Well, what IS it?" asked the nervous new father.

$2 to "A Mother" (name supplied), Sorell, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

KNITTING ON

I HAVE known many knitters, of varying degrees of skill.

The most elementary ones were small girls who went in for what is called French knitting.

This is limited in its range. It produces a long, narrow, woollen tube of little practical use.

(I wonder what the French do when they want to knit something more elaborate than a tube — say a pullover. Go to night classes, I suppose.)

The most expert knitter I have known was a Mrs. Perlmutter. She flourished in the great days of picture-show knitting, before television.

The test of skill then was to be able to knit in the dark while watching a feature film. Mrs. Perlmutter once turned the heel of a sock during a Garbo picture — I think it was "Camille."

Moving-picture knitting was good for the nerves at an emotional film. Though some rather queer garments were produced — jumpers with no armholes, and so on.

Television knitters generally lack the skill and stamina of the old-time movie knitters. They don't

have to work in the dark. But lately a new breed is coming to the fore — the travel knitters.

I have been hearing about a remarkable performer named Mrs. Numble.

A friend of mine went on a conducted tour of the Snowy Mountains Scheme, and this lady was in the same party.

She was seen sitting in the tourist bus, busily knitting a green sweater.

After being shown the Tumut Underground Power Station, Mrs. Numble spoke for the first time. "I think I'll have this sleeve finished today," she said.

At Scammell's Spur Lookout she seemed worried. She muttered: "I've dropped a needle somewhere."

But Mrs. Numble was in better spirits when they came to Eucumbene Dam. "The polo neck is turning out nicely," she said.

She did not see anything of Thredbo Alpine Village, being engaged in a tricky piece of cable-stitch at the time. But she enjoyed the visit to Happy Jack's Pond. "Two inches done already today," she was heard to remark.

When they caught the train for home, Mrs. Numble was one of the most satisfied of the Snowy Mountains party. "I think Jim will be really pleased with this sweater," she said.

Knitting helps to ease the strain of travel for a tourist of the right type.

Mrs. Numble has knitted her way successfully round the Snowy Mountains. She could go on to knit her way round the world.

I like to think of her making bed socks at the Pyramids and doing fisherman's rib at the Eiffel Tower. And perhaps casting off a few stitches at Cleopatra's Needle.

Knitwear from Scotland

So popular has our high quality Knitwear been in Australia that we have decided to offer you another chance to obtain a fabulous garment from the heart of the Scottish Border country.

The beautiful ADEN cardigan (illustrated above) with notched collar and long sleeves, is in Spindrift lambswool and has been specially selected by the craftsmen of W. S. Robertson for your lasting pleasure.

The colours are a dream: Bluebell Melange, Mink, Red Camella, Sandringham Blue, Pineapple, Redcoat Melange, Linden Green, Blue Melange and Spruce Melange.

And the cost, for a classical garment, of this quality, is temptingly low. Sizes 34" to 42": £5 Sterling. Size 44": £5/4/- Sterling.

To complete an eye-catching ensemble are skirts, in colours to match these listed above. The style BRECON: a fully lined and tailored skirt, gently flared. Hip sizes 36" to 42": £5/9/9 Sterling. Size 44": £5/14/6 Sterling.

Or the fashionable Balmoral. A fully lined tailored skirt straight shape, Dior pleat at centre back. Hip Sizes 36" to 42": £5/13/6 Sterling. Size 44": £6 Sterling.

Surface mail 7/-. Air Mail 14/-.

Don't let distance deter you. Many Australian women have taken happy advantage of our previous offer (to the envy of their friends). If you are not completely satisfied your money will be returned immediately.

Write to Mr. W. D. Fairgrieve, Director, Mail Order Dept., and your letter will receive personal and prompt attention.

Free brochure of full range of garments on request.

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Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell **Vaculoid.**

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It's a fact. Scholl Elastic Hosiery relieves leg pain, improves leg appearance. Medically-correct, two way control ensures proper support. Fine, seamless styling defies detection. Hides unsightly veins, smooths leg contours. No constriction at top and instep thanks to exclusive Scholl 'Soft-Grip' ribbing. Nothing equals Scholl. All fittings available in either nylon or elastic yarn.

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FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND SCHOLL BRANCHES

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End Wrinkle Dryness

Wrinkles are really "river-beds" of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (the water carriers of the skin) drying out through the passage of time and the drying effect of exposure to wind and weather. To bring new life and loveliness to your skin and stop wrinkle-dryness, smooth on a film of beautifying oil of Ulan before making-up. This will beautify your skin at depth and give your complexion a delightful dewy bloom.

. . . *Margaret Merril*

SITTERS, Pearl Ida (wife of Clive Sitters), mother deceased. Would she or any person knowing her whereabouts contact family or E. J. McDonald, 9 Belmore Street, Adamstown, N.S.W.

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RATES	½ YEAR	1 YEAR
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THE HOUSE ON WISTERIA STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Little traffic came into Wisteria Street, and sleep came easily in the soft ruby glow of a banked-down fire in the tiny bedroom grate. We felt that we could spend the rest of our lives there in complete content.

With the first signs of spring I began to make plans for the garden. Those great clumps of jonquils, first of all; they needed moving away from the house to keep their heavy scent out of the kitchen. The roses needed pruning — better late than never —and I wanted to clear space for summer annuals.

The sunny daffodils came, and the snowdrops; the flowering plums spread their white veil over half the garden. Spicy geraniums, frail-petalled iris, and a snowdrift of may — I made a mental note of which to trim and which to move while the blackbirds hopped across the lawn and the doves cooed from the roof of Reuben's shed, ignoring the brisk song of the saw and the cheerful tap of his hammer.

We made plans for the house, too — the last few touches to make it perfection. My fingers itched to be working.

We were very busy that spring. I chose the wallpapers carefully; sprigs of pink blossom for the bedroom, a cream-and-silver stripe for the rest of the house, with the exception of the kitchen. Reuben found some old crimson tiles in a secondhand dealer's, and put a band of them around the sink and stove; it was bright enough then with copper saucepans and a shelf of ruby glass.

When the paper was up, I hung some of my grandmother's pictures — a pair of rich-looking still-lifes, some gilt-framed miniatures. Then we sat back to enjoy our house.

The visual effect was charming, there was no doubt of that. But suddenly the house developed some annoying idiosyncrasies. The front door stuck stubbornly when you tried to open it from outside, and the hall floor began to squeak querulously. The wisteria filled the house with lavender gloom and bad-tempered bees. The first north wind of the summer brought an irritable rattle to the front windows, and when an unexpected chilly night called for a fire, the chimney smoked and the fire sulked.

"If it wasn't so silly, I'd say the whole house was sulking," I said at last, throwing the tongs down despairingly.

"Houses don't sulk — houses just are," Reuben replied placidly. "It's probably just its normal condition for the time of year."

"But it's been so — so perfect — all this time. Why is it suddenly so frustrating?" I wrenched at the window; stuck again, just when I wanted to let the smoke out. For a fleeting moment I found myself scratchy with resentment and opposition, as if the house was the interfering mother-in-law I'd never had.

"I'm just disappointed, I suppose. I thought we had a dream home."

"Most of the time it is."

Reuben was right; I'd been expecting too much. We sat for a few minutes, eyes watering in the blue smoke. Then something else occurred to me.

"It's not only the house that's the trouble. The garden is a bigger proposition than I thought; all the seedlings I put in died in spite of everything I did. And none of the new roses grew, while those huge old things get bigger no matter how I prune them."

And the irises I'd moved had died, the geranium cuttings had withered in the soil — I might just as well have saved my time.

"It's an old garden. It probably needs manure. Let's face it — Jane — the whole place is old. Bound to have odd little things wrong with it. Probably that's why the others left."

"Others? What others?"

"No, I didn't tell you, did I? I checked the title a while back. The place has changed hands eight times in the past ten years. The longest anyone stayed was three years, and that was an old couple, according to the neighbors, and the woman died."

It struck me as odd, but only for a minute.

"Some people are hard to please. Fancy leaving this — they would barely have had time to get used to it."

"A matter of taste, I imagine. We're comfortably settled, at least."

But whether it was the time of year or the house's new appearance or simply a mental let-down on my part after working so hard on the redecoration, the atmosphere was subtly altered.

It felt wrong — off-key, out of force, off balance — and the wrongness was underlined by the crooked pictures. Every morning I had to straighten them. Had we lived on a main road I'd have blamed traffic vibration—as it was, we fell back on "soil movement."

We went away for Christmas to stay with friends, and for the first time I felt no wish to go home. When we turned into Wisteria Street the house looked remote and secretive; in the white glare of the summer day it was flat, two-dimensional like a photograph. As we approached, it seemed to withdraw, the dusty green of the wisteria dropping like a curtain over the blank, black windows.

We wrestled with the stubborn front door, stepped into the musty, hot, little hall, dropped our things and went to open the windows. In the sitting-room every one of the pictures had fallen down; we found that the picture hooks had worked loose in the plaster and finally come away completely.

I thought back with unexpected nostalgia to our stark, efficient flat, devoid of both atmosphere and moods.

The pictures were the first of many things. Doors stuck, gutters rattled, and hordes of creeping things came in out of the tangled garden. All night the house creaked restlessly, keeping us in an unsatisfactory half-sleep. Reuben's little workshop let the hot winds in, and the honeysuckle grew down over the window with a demoniacal persistence, shutting out the light.

After a while I evolved a ridiculous theory. We had been accepted as welcome guests in the beginning, but now, after due reflection, the house had decided we weren't what it had expected. The house didn't like us.

I know it sounds silly. But after a time even Reuben looked a little thoughtful.

We gave up trying to make the picture hooks stay in. The lovely cream-and-silver paper would have been full of patches except that it, too, started to come away from the plaster, peeling off, blistering, sprouting pale, bluish mould. It was the same in the other rooms — bedroom, hall, tiny attic, guest-room. After three months the papering looked a century old.

Reuben's precious old tiles came off, one by one, and no glue or cement he could find would make them stick. At last he stacked the few that remained unbroken in the shed, where a length of timber fell on them one night and shattered them.

I could feel myself getting tense, snapping at people — even at kind, patient Reuben, who tried so hard to find logical explanations for illogical happenings. Every day became a battle, pushing at rebellious doors, tugging at cross-grained windows, struggling to stay upright on the polished floors that overnight seemed to have become slick as ice. We skinned our fingers, bruised our shins, grazed our elbows.

When the shelves in the sitting-room collapsed, spilling my precious Staffordshire figurines on to the floor, I stood in the middle of the china fragments and let hysteria sweep over me. I laughed till I screamed, the tears pouring down my cheeks in two hot rivers. At last Reuben slapped me, and I choked into silence.

"I don't know whether it's the heat or the house, but something has certainly set your nerves on edge. For goodness' sake snap out of it!"

"It's the house — this horrible house! It hates me. All the time, I can feel it hating me, fighting me — even getting between us and setting us at odds. We must do something —"

I sagged on to the sofa, slow tears of exhaustion oozing past my nose.

"The first thing is to see a doctor. This just isn't like you."

The doctor mumbled something about depression, probably overwork, prescribed some tablets and a month's holiday.

A week was enough to calm my nerves and restore my good humor. But I stayed away the month, sitting on the balcony of the guest home, watching the dancing sea and the carefree crowds, and I had plenty of time to think.

It was quite obvious what had happened. The house had been a joy to live in — until we started to make alterations. It was only then that things changed. The more we did, the more the house rebelled, and finally had methodically sloughed off all the things we had added, like a snake discarding an unwanted skin.

Inside and outside, it had restored itself to its original condition, and now it was driving us out. The shelves of china had been a warning; what would be next?

Even down-to-earth Reuben had to admit that life in the house on Wisteria Street had become barely worth living, whatever the reason.

As soon as I got back we set to work to remove every trace of our redecoration, patiently stripping away the remaining paper, filling holes in the plaster, putting everything back, straining to recall exactly how the house had looked the first time we saw it.

For a time the house left us alone; I began to think we were forgiven. But it was only a truce.

The first rains of autumn came. One bleak afternoon, hurrying down the front steps to collect the mail, I trod on a patch of slimy dead leaves and crashed head-first on to the path below.

I broke two bones in my wrist. I remember lying there, a fine mist of rain putting a sheen of tiny droplets on my pullover and tweed skirt, waiting for the pain to begin.

I looked up at the chimney, dark and shiny with rain, looming against a grey sky. It had lost most of its mortar, and the big stones clung together insecurely. I wondered if that would be the next weapon.

We moved the next week. I checked the dates; we'd lived there exactly fifteen months and five days, which was about the average for the last eight tenancies. The cheerful young man at the Newly office was unconcerned at having the place back on his books.

"Never any bother — it's a house that sells itself," he said breezily. He was right, for anyone wanting that kind of cottage it was quite irresistible once you got inside. It worked hard to find suitable tenants.

Before I went out the front door for the last time, I stood for a moment, listening to the small creeks and sighs of the house settling down in its emptiness. The scent of roses filled the little rooms, the windowpanes sparkled, the timber glowed.

"All right — you've won, and we're going," I said aloud. "I hope the next tenant sets fire to you."

The silence was unbroken, and I felt a little foolish. But as I stepped outside — perhaps it was a sudden draught — the door slammed behind me so swiftly that it caught my heel and I almost overbalanced.

We talk sometimes about the house on Wisteria Street. Reuben insists that we were just unlucky, that we struck a summer that revealed all the bad points of the house, that coincidences and accidents accounted for the rest.

I'm not so sure. Everyone has felt the difference in the atmosphere of old homes — do they, in fact, develop a life of their own, some kind of sentient force drawn from the successive generations that live in them? If that is possible, then the house on Wisteria Street had developed it to an unusual degree.

We've never been back to see it. Perhaps it has been demolished, to make room for flats or home units. If so, I bet it gave the wreckers a bad time.

(Copyright)

Now "DEEP HEAT" treatment warms away rheumatism

Since the earliest days of medicine, warmth has played a major role in treatment of rheumatism, lumbago and fibrositis. Even before these afflictions got their names, people knew warmth was the most effective treatment for a stiff neck, an aching back, strains, sprains, or any other muscular ache or pain.

Deep down penetrating warmth is the secret of Mentholatum **DEEP HEAT** rub. **DEEP HEAT** contains one of the most powerful warming agents ever discovered. Rubbed gently into your skin over the painful area, **DEEP HEAT** rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those painlocked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to normal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of **DEEP HEAT** rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of non-greasy, non-staining **DEEP HEAT** rub on hand to avert those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size $1.55 from Chemists everywhere.

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COMPACT

COOKS' TOUR OF CHILDREN'S MEAL PROBLEMS

■ **Three American mothers, well acquainted with the meal-time habits of their own children, have written a helpful little cookbook called, encouragingly, "Clean Plates."**

The authors tested the recipes on their own children and they guarantee that all dishes resulted in clean plates.

Recipes are included for breakfast, lunch, tea, and snacks, with suggested menus for winter and summer meals.

More than just a cookbook, it deals with the eating — or non-eating — habits of children from babies to six-year-olds, as well as the actual foods and how to prepare them.

There are chapters on what to give the finicky eater and the sick child, how to cope with eating out and on trips, and recipes for items that youngsters can make themselves.

An excellent way to encourage a child's enjoyment of grown-up food is to take advantage of his curiosity, say the authors, Mitzi Perry-Miller, Elizabeth Crossman, and Margaret Nicol.

They suggest that mothers give their children a taste of any food they are preparing, particularly hors-d'oeuvre and special dishes being cooked for guests.

This will let them discover at an early age that experimental eating is fun, and help them to develop an ambitious appetite as they grow older.

Dedicated "to our husbands and children who ate and abetted," "Clean Plates" is published by Faber and Faber Ltd. and sells for about $2.

A survey in Germany shows that only 40 percent of housewives there want husbands to help wash up. Wonder how women here feel?

It might be fashion — but it's darned cold on the knees!

• *THE people in charge of a wild park just north of Sydney may soon be looking round for a suitable mate for the loneliest of koalas.*

Five years ago a dozen or more koalas roamed over Commodore Heights, in Kuring-gai Chase, one of the least disturbed of beauty spots.

Then the road there was improved (it had been little more than a bush track), picnickers became more numerous, and a familiar chain of disaster developed: Life on the plateau could hardly survive the too-frequent bushfires.

Now Commodore Heights has one solitary koala. He/she will have to be caught to ascertain his/her sex, so that a mate can be chosen.

Koalas have only one offspring at a time, and increase will at best be slow.

Meanwhile, to save the area, picnic fires are prohibited at all times (and the ban covers even gas cookers). There's hope for the plateau yet.

★ "Baby, it's cold outside," this mini-model might be saying to her colleague at a recent London fashion parade of children's autumn-wear. The fur coat is racoon, and costs about $150.

YOU SEW — NOT SOW — THIS GRASS

FROM America and France comes good news for husbands.

A new invention makes the regular—and repugnant to most males — chore of mowing the grass unnecessary.

The secret weapon for workless weekends is plastic grass.

U.S. and French manufacturers, it seems, are jointly making the stuff and it's selling like hot cakes in America.

People are even laying plastic tennis courts as well as lawns.

The plastic grass is sold in 6in. squares, which have to be sewn together.

The cost? About $1 a square foot.

Rain isn't needed to make it grow, but it doesn't do any harm.

There's no chance of a grass-fire, either.

Fire only makes the "grass" melt.

Actually, you can mow. But it need only be a one-time job.

When sold the grass is about 6in. tall. Select the height you fancy, mow, and it's cut for life.

After that the only care needed is a vacuum-clean when required.

One nagging thought for men of the future . . .

Perhaps a golf outing would be nipped in the bud by a wife ordering:

"You can't go out till you've vacuumed the lawn."

Audiences rush stage, actors help!

• **When youngsters in the audience storm the stage during performances by the Children's Theatre of South Australia it is not a sign of their disapproval.**

For the Theatre, conducted by well-known Adelaide actors Maree Tomasetti and husband Anthony Roberts, is currently presenting plays which feature "audience participation."

The couple and their company are performing two participation plays, "The Enchanted Road" and "The Magic Mirror Man."

The scripts are adapted from English plays and are not performed anywhere else in Australia.

The company is professional, so a small admission fee is charged to cover costs and salaries except for the many shows given for charity.

The Theatre has played at more than 50 schools during the past two terms.

In one production all the children in the audience are called up on to the stage.

Always, having carried out their tasks — by mime — they return quickly to their seats to await more participation. They don't have to wait long before one of the cast is moving among them to discuss the next move and, perhaps, ask advice.

During the May holidays the actors will present a special holiday program — "Mr. Hump's Hat," with the first performance in aid of the Save the Children Fund.

The holiday program is at the YWCA Hall, Pennington Terrace, North Adelaide, from May 12-20, except Sunday.

Weekday shows are at 1 p.m. and 3 p.m.; Saturdays at 10 a.m. only.

• *Children in South Australian audience-participation play.*

There are only three ways to sew — by machine by hand and with elna

new elna world's best from Switzerland

'What a pity she bites her nails'

Bitten nails are ugly nails. And nail biting is an ugly habit. How can those short and scruffy nails become long, strong and beautiful nails? A wonderful new nail-biting deterrent is here to help your willpower and your **won't power. It's Stop 'n Grow.** Tests have shown remarkable results. After using **Stop 'n Grow,** nail-biters have grown long nails with firm cuticles and clear half moons. Nail biting has been cured within 3 weeks. **Stop 'n Grow** is invisible. You can wear it over nail polish. It's called **Stop 'n Grow,** because as you **stop** the habit you **grow** new nails. Ask your chemist.

PP19

Advertisement

Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

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Final instalment of our two-part mystery serial

By HUGH PENTECOST

THE GOLDEN TRAP

Jeanette Arnaud appeared on the stage and smiled at the audience in the hotel.

WHEN a retired American agent for CIA, GEORGE LOVELACE, checks into the Beaumont Hotel, he receives an anonymous note warning him his days are numbered. During George's activities in World War II he made many enemies, some of whom would now be seeking revenge. The first person from the past he encounters is MARILYN VANZANDT, with whom he had had a brief love affair five years previously when she had sheltered him when on the run in Paris. On their meeting in the foyer she recognised him as CHARLES VEAUCLAIRE, the alias he had used in Paris. She speaks to him but it shocked when he denies knowing her.

The manager of the Beaumont, PIERRE CHAMBRUN, a friend of George's, offers him police protection and also solicits the help of the Public Relations Officer, MARK HASKELL. George tells Chambrun of his meeting in Berlin in 1945 with CAROLE SCHWARTZ, whose husband was COLONEL KURT SCHWARTZ, SS Officer of the area. Carole declares her husband is a monster who has imbued their six-year-old son with the worst attributes of Nazism.

In an effort to pinpoint the unknown avenger, Chambrun lists the people in the hotel who may have been associated with George during World War II. LOUIS MARTINE had worked with George in the Resistance, while his wife, COLLETTE, had been a collaborator with the Nazis. CLAUS ZIMMERMAN, formerly a doctor in Auschwitz death camp, had been tried for war crimes on George's evidence. ANTON ROGOFF, a munitions manufacturer, had sold to both sides and been exposed by George. HILARY CARLETON had been an officer with the RAF. His brother, DIGBY, had suicided after George had disclosed he was a traitor.

Carleton's young secretary, CURTIS DARK, is attracted to Mark Haskell's glamorous secretary, SHELDA MASON. They arrange to meet for dinner, but shortly before this a man who has registered in the hotel as JOHN SMITH is found murdered in George's room. NOW READ ON:

AS we sipped our drinks, I saw Mr. Quiller, captain in the Grill; Karl Nevers, the night reception clerk; Mr. Amato, the banquet manager; a couple of members of Jerry Dodd's crew; Mr. Novotny, captain of the Spartan Bar; and three or four others appear unobtrusively at the entrance, speak to Del Greco, glance around the room until their eyes swept past us and disappear.

"I think we've about been covered," I said.

"Then let's find Marilyn and get that over with," Lovelace said. He started to get up and then he stopped. I saw a muscle ripple along the line of his lean jaw. I turned. A small grey man was coming toward us from the door. He had on a dinner jacket that he'd bought when he carried more weight. The grey hair was almost a crew cut. The colorless face was like a bony death's head. Instinctively I knew this must be Dr. Claus Zimmerman.

Lovelace's hand was at the lapel of his jacket, close to the hidden holster.

Zimmerman stopped at the table. "Well, Herr Kessler, it has been a long time," he said. His teeth were tobacco stained. A hand went into his right coat pocket. Instantly Lovelace was on his feet, and Mr. Del Greco materialised from nowhere, standing between the two men. He had a cigarette lighter in his hand which he snapped into flame as Zimmerman's hand reappeared again with a cigarette in it.

Zimmerman dragged smoke into his lungs as if he were starving for it. "I've often wondered what kind of dreams you have, Herr Kessler," he said. "It must be an unpleasant and disturbing business to make friends for the sole purpose of betraying them."

"A job is a job," Lovelace said.

"I had a good deal of time to think about you in prison," Zimmerman said. "I have often wondered if the lovely Frau Schwartz was another victim of your treachery."

I thought Lovelace was going to hit him.

"I see I have touched a sore spot," Zimmerman said, a note of pleasure in his thick voice. "Is it possible you ever had any genuine feelings for another human being, Herr Kessler?"

"Let's get out of here," Lovelace said to me.

"I see you still go armed, Herr Kessler," the doctor said, unperturbed. "Even your very excellent tailor cannot conceal the slight bulge under your jacket. Ready to kill as always, eh?" His watery little eyes narrowed. "A doctor has the advantage of having subtler methods for ending a life than a professional killer like you, Herr Kessler. Remember that in your dreams — if you dream."

The yellow grin seemed to freeze in place, and the little doctor walked away.

"I think I need another drink before I confront Marilyn," Lovelace said.

I turned him toward the bar. He had another double scotch. I had my second martini.

"I've always wondered whether anyone in the world knew about Carole and me," Lovelace said. He had difficulty lighting a cigarette. "If Zimmerman knows, heaven knows how many others know. It means the thing we feared in that precious time together must have been true. Schwartz knew where she was — he and his secret police. They let her stay with me, hoping I'd betray myself and the Underground escape route. It must have been common knowledge if Zimmerman knows."

He finished his drink. He had to have a hollow leg, I thought. He must have had a fifth of scotch in the past few hours, but he seemed stone sober. He glanced at his gold wristwatch.

"Do you suppose Marilyn will still be waiting for you in the Blue Lagoon?" he asked

"I think she will," I said. "I think she will wait till hell freezes over to make sure about you."

"You think I should tell her the truth, don't you?"

"Yes. And then you warn her to stay away from you until this present trouble passes."

There is a velvet rope stretched across the entrance to the Blue Lagoon. The suave Mr. Cardoza is king, and you need his permission to set foot beyond the barrier.

To page 42

in an ice-box bathroom

(where winter chills often start)

After her bath, prevent freezing, sneezing and chills — switch on Sunray's overhead infra-red heater (mounted safely out of reach) for healthy, penetrating warmth. Instantly.

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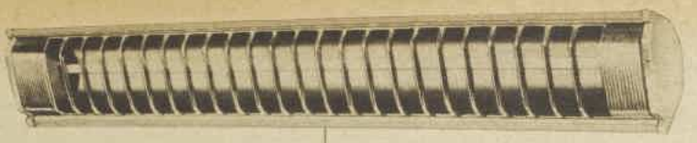

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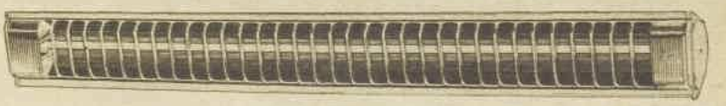

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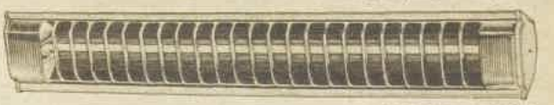

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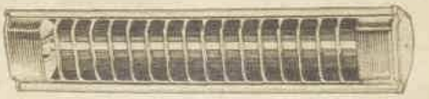

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THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Cardoza was expecting us.

"Miss VanZandt has been asking for you, Mr. Haskell," he said. "I thought you and Mr. Lovelace should know."

"I think we'll risk it," I said.

I had expected Marilyn to be in pretty rough shape. She'd been well on the way to being plastered at one o'clock that afternoon. Alcoholics don't usually stop in the middle of a bout.

She fooled me. She was sitting at a round table at one side of the room. A little fur jacket had been thrown back over the chair, exposing soft, round shoulders and a pale green, rather deeply cut, evening gown that went perfectly with the coppery tints in her hair. At lunchtime she had looked a little blousy and overblown.

Now she was perfectly put together, and there was a kind of quiet dignity in her manner as she waited for us to reach her. There was no sign of a drink on the table.

She gave me a shy little smile, as much as to say, "See, I made it!" But her attention, almost breathless, was on Lovelace.

"May we join you?" I asked her.

"I'd hoped you would," she said.

Cardoza placed Lovelace to her right, so that his back was also to the wall. I sat facing them.

"I want to apologise to you," Marilyn said to Lovelace, "for the scene in the lobby this morning.

"I think you should know," and her husky voice was extraordinarily controlled, "that I have done a lot of thinking about that moment. Mark, here, has told me that you are registered as George Lovelace. But I know, and there's no use in our talking at all if you deny it, that you are the Charles Veauclaire I knew and loved in Paris five years ago. About two inches above the watch-band on your left arm is a small, jagged scar."

HE looked at her steadily with his penetrating blue eyes. Then he smiled, a tiny corner-of-the-mouth smile, and pulled back the left sleeve of his dinner jacket. I saw the white scar that looked like an old knife wound. I heard the sharp intake of her breath.

"Listen to me very carefully, Marilyn," Lovelace said, in a low voice. I felt, suddenly, as though I had no right to be there. "This isn't the time for a mass of detail. When I knew you in Paris, my very dear Marilyn, I was an agent for Central Intelligence in France. My cover, the identity I assumed for that particular job, was Charles Veauclaire. The night I met you in the hallway outside your apartment, you saved my life by taking me in.

"I couldn't tell you the truth about myself. I couldn't tell you because that knowledge might have placed you in very real danger. And when the time came that I had to leave I couldn't tell you why, and I couldn't get in touch with you after I'd gone. If they ever connected you with me in any way — intercepting a letter, tapping your telephone — you would have been in danger, and I, well, they could have used you to force me to come out into the open."

"But five years!" she whispered.

"For four years and a few months of that time I was still in the game," he said. "I had to stay completely clear of you for your sake and for mine."

Her eyes were still lowered to the table, her lips trembling.

"Nine months ago I retired from the service," Lovelace said. "The first thing I did was try to locate you. Please believe that, Marilyn. And I found you."

She looked up, her eyes wide and with something like horror in them. "Jamaica?" she whispered.

He nodded. "You were spending the summer there with an Italian film director. In the fall you came back to Europe with him. Your life seemed to be arranged on a permanent basis. So . . . so I did nothing. It seemed best. You can't warm over the past." He drew a deep breath. "Then things began to happen to me. Someone was trying to kill me, but slowly and painfully. For eight months I have been fighting and running, fighting and running, from a shadow.

"I came here with Mark because I wanted to say just two things to you, Marilyn. Stay away from me — just as far away from me as you can. It's not safe to be my friend. That's the first thing. The second thing is that I will never forget Paris. I wasn't playing games with you there, Marilyn."

Marilyn's hand reached out and touched Lovelace's where it rested on the table. He made no move to withdraw it.

"How can I help?" she asked, almost briskly.

"No way," he said, his voice sharp.

"That can't be, Charles." She laughed. "Forgive me if I have to learn to call you 'George.' Helping you may be dangerous, my darling, but as the man said: 'What a way to go!' "

He stared at her, as though he didn't believe her.

"You can't just walk around making a target of yourself," Marilyn said. "Let me stay with you, my darling. I'll sit by you while you sleep, and you'll let me hold that silly gun you still carry. And the rest of the time we'll devote ourselves to throwing rocks through the windows of those other glass houses."

"Marilyn, I can't let you —"

"I'm not giving you a chance," she said. She looked at me, her eyes very bright. I'd never seen such a change in a human being.

I was going to tell her that Lovelace wasn't all alone; Chambrun was in back of him, the entire staff of the Beaumont had unobtrusively surrounded him. I didn't get a chance to say it because the lights in the Blue Lagoon began to dim.

It was, I suddenly remembered, the opening night of a new show to be presented on the raised stage at the far end of the room. It was to be the New York debut of a much talked-about French chanteuse, Jeanette Arnaud.

A spotlight played down on the shiny dark head of a young man seated at a grand piano. He began to play a sort of overture through which was woven the familiar themes of "Frere Jacques," "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," and finally a gay, skipping run of "Mademoiselle d'Armentieres.' It ended on a series of crashing, crescendo chords. A wide, pale blue spot appeared at centre stage, and into the circle of light stepped Jeanette Arnaud.

She was slim, dark, with wide grey eyes highlighted by extravagant stage make-up. She was part child, part woman, part gamin.. The room broke into a thunder of anticipatory applause as the pianist repeated the bars of a sly little introduction. The grave face of the singer broke into an enchanting smile as she looked around at the upturned faces below her.

Suddenly she froze. I thought at first it was a part of the act. Her hands went up to her mouth, scarlet fingernails glittering in the stage lights.

Then she screamed, turned unsteadily, and hurried off-stage . . .

My reactions were instinctive. The Beaumont is my town. I was almost at the velvet rope when the houselights came up. I turned to look back into the room.

Not three tables away from where I'd been sitting were Louis Martine and his wife, Collette, accompanied by no lesser personage than Pierre Chambrun himself. He was standing when I spotted him, his head turned my way. Louis Martine was also standing, and one hand was resting on his wife's shoulder, as though he was pressing down on it to keep her from rising. I supposed she must be fifty, but she was still very beautiful to look at. Her face was as white as the linen tablecloth in front of her.

Then I saw Shelda and young Curtis Dark at a corner table. Shelda was breaking away from the table and coming toward me.

At a small table right by the piano, deserted now by the pianist who had run out after Jeanette Arnaud, was the grey, wrinkled Dr. Claus Zimmerman. His chin was sunk forward on his chest. I could have sworn he was asleep.

On the other side of the room, but also at a ringside table, was Anton Rogoff, bulging out of a white shirt front, the host to three ladies, all of whom I recognised as professional call girls. He was paying high for his evening.

A cool voice spoke at my elbow. "What's all the excitement, Mr. Haskell?" Hilary Carleton was looking out over the room with a controlled curiosity.

I ignored Carleton and started for the door at the far end of the room that led to the backstage dressing-rooms. Before I reached it, Shelda's arm was linked in mine. She was wearing a black dinner dress I particularly like, with a corsage of little white roses at her shoulder. Young Mr. Dark had done all the right things.

"Could you see what happened, Mark?" Shelda asked, breathless. "Something frightened her out of her wits!"

"I saw what you saw," I said.

I pushed through the door leading backstage. Already three or four of the newspapermen were standing outside the star's dressing-room, trying to persuade a flustered French maid to let them in.

"Sorry, gentlemen," I said.

Shelda is always a surprise. She spoke to the maid in fluent French and was instantly embraced and showered with a flow of Gallic hysteria. We were ushered into the dressing-room and I closed the door and locked it.

There was a tiny reception-room, and beyond the curtained doorway we could hear Jeanette Arnaud sobbing, out of control.

Shelda went through the curtain to the room beyond. The maid had followed Shelda and I could hear the three of them, all chattering away in French.

After a while things seemed to quieten down a little, and then the curtain parted and Shelda came out to me. Her usually cheery little face with its pert, upturned nose was wrinkled in an effort to fight back tears.

"Would you mind very much kissing me?" she asked.

"Be my guest," I said.

There are kisses and kisses. This was the very rare, unimpassioned but warm kind you get from someone who really cares and has a need for you.

"What is it, baby?"

"I—I wanted to remind myself that what we have is very simple and uncomplicated and precious. I love you, Mark."

She turned away from me and began to do things to her face with the female tools of the trade.

"It was just at the beginning of her career, seven years ago," Shelda said. "Her agent got her an engagement in Madrid. The second night she was there she was accosted by two men when she left the nightclub. She was dragged into a car and driven out into the country somewhere. There she was taken into a house and delivered, like a package, to a man. This man, without preliminaries or conversation, forced her into a room where he cold-bloodedly and savagely raped her — beat her and raped her.

"She was then dragged back into the car by the two men, returned to Madrid, and thrown out on a street corner several miles from her hotel. She reported the incident to the police, but they never found the man, nor could she give them any idea where she'd been taken in the car. Tonight she walked out on stage and saw the man sitting at a table. She — she flipped her wig, Mark. I guess you can't blame her."

"Rogoff!" I said. He'd been right in front of her with his collection of tarts. It was his kind of deal.

Shelda shook her head, slowly, not looking at me. "It was your Mr. George Lovelace," she said . . .

I felt as if someone had kicked me in the pit of the stomach. Lovelace was really a stranger to me, but he was Chambrun's trusted friend.

Someone was knocking rather sharply on the dressing-room door. I turned away from Shelda and opened up. Chambrun confronted me. Just behind him were Monsieur and Madame Martine.

"Madame Martine is an old friend of Mademoiselle Arnaud's," Chambrun said. "Can she be helpful, Mark?"

Shelda moved swiftly through the curtains. I heard Jeanette Arnaud's voice rise excitedly. Chambrun stepped aside and the Frenchwoman and her bearded husband went into the room beyond.

"Do you know what happened?" Chambrun asked.

I nodded, slowly. "Second-hand, through Shelda," I said. And I told him. His face was rock-hard when I'd finished, his black eyes glittering with anger.

"Bring Lovelace to my office," he said. He started to go, and then hesitated. "Louis!" he called out.

Louis Martine came through the curtains. Evidently he'd already heard the story. He and Chambrun stared at each other without speaking for a moment.

"I would like to make sure," Chambrun said, finally. "Across a dimly lighted room she could be mistaken."

"It is barely possible," Martine said, in a flat voice.

"Rape victims make that kind of mistake ten times a day in our local police stations," Chambrun said. "Hysteria breeds just exactly that kind of error. You and Collette do what you can to quieten her. I'll arrange for a confrontation."

"I tell you, Pierre, all the evidence goes to show that Charles Veauclaire — or Lovelace — cracked. He became a senseless killer and heaven knows what else."

"I'll believe that, Louis, when it's proven," Chambrun said. He looked at me. "Bring Lovelace."

The Blue Lagoon was still buzzing with excitement when

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THE GOLDEN TRAP

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I walked back through the velvet rope to get Lovelace.

Marilyn reached out and touched Lovelace's hand. "I'll wait here for you," she said.

Ruysdale was at her desk in the ante-room, looking as crisp as if she'd just arrived for a day's work.

"You're to go straight in," she told Lovelace and me.

Chambrun was standing by the windows at the far side of his office.

"Mademoiselle Arnaud says she knows you," he said to Lovelace.

LOVELACE frowned. "I don't recall ever hearing her work," he said. "I certainly don't know her personally."

"Madrid. Seven years ago," Chambrun said.

Nothing happened to Lovelace's face except a look of exasperation. "What about Madrid seven years ago?"

"Miss Arnaud was singing there in a cafe," Chambrun said. "One night, after a performance, she was kidnapped by two men, driven to a house somewhere out in the country. There she was delivered to a third man who beat her and raped her. She says that third man was you."

Lovelace's mouth dropped open. "You have to be kidding," he said.

"When she came out on to the stage tonight she saw you, and that's what sent her off into hysterics."

"For heaven's sake, Pierre, you don't buy that, do you?" Lovelace asked. He, too, was suddenly angry.

"Would you be willing to face her?" Chambrun asked.

"Of course."

Chambrun stepped over to his desk and pressed the intercom button. "Call Louis Martine and have him bring Mademoiselle Arnaud here." He clicked off the box.

"Louis?" Lovelace asked. "She's a friend of Louis'?"

"Of Collette's in particular."

"Of course Collette will believe her, and therefore so will Louis."

"If she's lying, George, why is she lying?"

"I don't know!" Lovelace said.

The office door opened and the three people whom Lovelace had to think of as mortal enemies came into the room. Jeanette Arnaud was in the protection of Louis Martine's strong arm. Collette Martine walked beside them, rigid, straight. The Arnaud girl seemed to shrink against Martine's lithe body.

Chambrun moved toward her. "I'm sorry to have to put you through this, Mademoiselle," he said. "The accusation you've made is, of course, most serious. It is made against a man whom I think of as a friend. He denies ever having seen you before tonight. It's possible, in the half-light of the Blue Lagoon, that you were mistaken."

Her answer was in her wide, frightened eyes. She pointed a shaking finger at Lovelace. "There can be no doubt," she whispered. "He is the man!"

Collette Martine launched herself at Lovelace, screaming at him in French, her long fingernails tearing at his face. He stood like a statue, not lifting a hand to protect himself.

Chambrun and I reached her, but only after his face was streaming blood. Martine abandoned the girl and came to his wife, taking her out of our grip, talking to her in a low, urgent voice.

"Be good enough to take your wife back to your suite, Louis!" Chambrun said. "Miss Arnaud will stay here with us for a moment." His voice was so cold it was like a blow.

Martine took his wife away.

"You will be good enough to come over here and sit down, Miss Arnaud," Chambrun said. He held one of the high-backed Florentine chairs for her.

The girl edged across the room toward him, never taking her eyes off Lovelace. She sat on the edge of the chair, gripping its arms. Chambrun moved around his desk to face her. His voice was coldly matter-of-fact.

"I still believe it is possible you are mistaken, Mademoiselle," he said.

"No!"

"It's possible. The time is seven years. The moment for you was a nightmare. Mr. Lovelace could be very like someone else."

"No!"

"I would like more proof," Chambrun said. "Do you remember the date?"

"How could I forget, Monsieur Chambrun? The fourteenth of October, seven years ago."

"Do you remember the name of the police officer who tried to help you?"

"Certainement," the girl said. "He was the Commissionaire for the district. He was very kind to me. He was Capitaine Luis Santana."

Chambrun's dark eyes looked at her sharply. "Were you given medical attention that night — after what had happened?"

"But yes, Monsieur. By the surgeon of police, and later by a private doctor supplied by the owner of the cafe where I was singing."

"This Captain Santana, he's never been in touch with you since?"

"He told me he would if he found the men. But he never found them."

"I should like to make something quite clear to you, Mademoiselle," Chambrun said. There was none of the kindness in his voice I might have expected. The shock of seeing Lovelace, who was — or who she thought was — the man who had so savagely manhandled her, must be almost unendurable.

"This is not a legal matter at the moment," Chambrun went on. "The crime was committed in Spain. The identity of the criminal is still, for me, in doubt. If you are mistaken . . ."

"I am not mistaken, Monsieur!"

"If you are mistaken," Chambrun repeated, unmoved, "you will have done irreparable damage to Mr. Lovelace."

"And he to me," she whispered.

"I am going to prove out your story from start to finish, Mademoiselle," Chambrun said. "Are there any details you wish to change before it's too late?"

"None." She looked past Chambrun at Lovelace, who stood ramrod straight, patting at his cheek with a handkerchief.

Chambrun studied her from under his hooded eyelids with what seemed to me to be open hostility. I couldn't figure him. "I advise you, Mademoiselle Arnaud, not to leave the city," he said. "I will ask Miss Ruysdale to see that you are safely escorted to the Martines' suite." He turned and went to his desk. He lit one of his Egyptian cigarettes. He kept his back to the girl until Ruysdale had escorted her out of the office. Then he turned to Lovelace, and his voice was a whiplash.

"You were in Madrid on that fourteenth of October!" he said.

"Why should you think so?" Lovelace asked.

"Because you didn't instantly deny it. Because you didn't say at once, 'I was in Brussels, or Stockholm, or Vienna.' "

Lovelace let out his breath in a deep, shuddering sigh. "I was in Madrid," he said, very quietly.

"And you still say you have never seen Jeanette Arnaud before tonight?"

"I still say it, Pierre." The awful weariness I'd been aware of earlier in the day seemed to come over Lovelace. His shoulders sagged. "But it doesn't matter what I say, does it?"

"It matters a great deal," Chambrun said, suddenly brisk. "I can smell chicanery a mile away. It's part of my job to be sensitive to dishonesty. At the core of the girl's story is a lie, too melodramatically played. The question is, why?" . . .

In less than an hour a solid portion of Jeanette Arnaud's story had been verified. A transatlantic telephone call located Captain Luis Santana of the Madrid police. The case was seven years old, but the Spaniard remembered it very well. False rape charges are often brought by women who wish to get even with some man for some reason or another. Jeanette had been examined by a police surgeon. There was no question she had been beaten and molested.

"Did she describe the man?" Chambrun asked.

You could almost imagine Santana's shrug. The description had been meaningless. White, middle-aged, athletically built. But nothing they could use to make a clear picture for themselves.

The transatlantic lines buzzed again as Chambrun called an old friend, Inspector Claude Grizzard of the Paris police. He asked for a detailed history of Jeanette Arnaud. Grizzard would call back as soon as he could come up with the details.

Lovelace seemed to have lost all interest in the proceedings. A kind of hopelessness had come over him.

"What you need is a couple of sleeping pills and some rest," Chambrun told him. "Take him upstairs, Mark, and see that he gets some sleep. It will be some time before we hear from Grizzard."

"What good will the girl's history do you?" Lovelace asked. "She believes it was me."

"Nonsense," Chambrun said, cheerfully. "She believes no such thing. I think I see the answer to the 'why' I asked a little while ago. I think I was supposed to turn my back on you. I would refuse you help. I would ask you to leave the Beaumont. And then you would be wide open to attack again."

"You're saying she, Jeanette Arnaud, is the person who's hunting me? It doesn't make sense, Pierre."

"You said it yourself, earlier today, George. 'The relatives of people, the descendants of people, the members of organisations I helped to smash . . .' So I'm not turning my back on you, George. I'm not deserting you. Get some sleep. Take him away, Mark."

Lovelace and I went up to the fourth floor. The brass polisher was still in the hall. Inside, the apartment was as we'd left it. Lovelace didn't wait for an invitation, but went straight to the side table and poured himself another scotch. I rarely need help to sleep, but I had some sleeping tablets in the bathroom, just in case. I got Lovelace a couple of them. He swallowed them without resistance.

"Marilyn," he said. "She's probably waiting."

"You go to bed," I said. "I'll bring Marilyn up-to-date." . . .

Shelda, as I've indicated, is a young woman of surprises. When I got to the Blue Lagoon the customers had thinned out. But Marilyn was where I had left her, with Shelda as a companion. They were sipping coffee. I was ready for a bourbon on the rocks, myself.

"Well, don't sit there like an oyster on the half-shell," Shelda said, when I'd ordered. "Give!" When I hesitated she said: "I've told Marilyn. She had a right to know, I thought."

"Miss Arnaud insists Lovelace was the man," I said.

"She's lying," Marilyn said, quietly.

"Chambrun thinks so," I said.

Marilyn was staring out across the room. "I can tell you some things about Jeanette Arnaud," she said. "I batted around Paris, you know, for some time before I met . . . George."

Shelda and I were all ears.

"You have call girls here in the hotel, don't you, Mark? They are amateurs alongside Jeanette Arnaud," Marilyn said. "She has been kept, for short periods of time, by the most important men in France: cabinet ministers, writers, scientists, and soldiers.

"Chambrun's Inspector Grizzard will have a vague and meaningless report on Jeanette Arnaud. She could turn the French Republic on its ear if she chose to talk about some of her past relationships."

"She was in Spain," I said. "She was manhandled. Lovelace was there on that very day. He admits it."

Marilyn shook her head, stubbornly. "It's a fortunate coincidence that anyone interested in George could know. Jeanette Arnaud will do anything for money.

"Let me help you take care of George, because he's my whole life. He's so very tired, Mark. He needs someone with him who loves him."

I couldn't say yes without Chambrun's permission, so I excused myself and went to a house phone. Ruysdale put me through to the boss. I told him what Marilyn was asking, and passed along her gossip about Jeanette Arnaud.

"I knew all that talk," Chambrun said, "which is one of the reasons I distrusted her." He hesitated. "There's no real reason Miss VanZandt shouldn't be with Lovelace."

"I think, to disinter an old phrase, they're stuck on each other," I said.

"It's all right with me," Chambrun said, "and it will turn you loose."

"Green light," I said to Marilyn. "If you'll wait here for a few minutes while I put Shelda into a taxi I'll take you up."

Shelda lives about ten blocks from the Beaumont in the East Seventies. Normally, at the end of an evening, I see her home. I took her out on to the sidewalk that night, and we stood together under the green awning while Waters, the doorman, whistled us up a cab. Shelda looked very good to me; uncomplicated in a complicated way.

"Why don't you get sick so I could stay with you?" she said.

"I don't have to get sick," I said. "We could get married first thing in the morning."

She ignored that. "Mark," she said, earnestly, "take care."

"You can count on it," I said, "You know I'm a gilt-edged coward."

"I wish you were," she said, and, as the taxi pulled up at the kerb, she gave me a long kiss.

. . . . .

Marilyn and I didn't talk on the way upstairs. We got off the elevator and walked past the brass polisher who must have pretty nearly rubbed the hallway fixtures to the bone.

I opened the apartment door with my key and we went in. The lights were on in the living-room. Lovelace was lying on the bed in his room. He'd taken off his jacket and then thrown himself down on the top of the bed. He was breathing steadily, deeply asleep. His right hand was resting on the butt of the gun in his shoulder holster.

The tender way Marilyn looked down at Lovelace made me think he must have really loved her during those three months in Paris . . .

If Pierre Chambrun has a weakness it is a tendency toward impatience. Keep him waiting and you aren't likely to come out with a whole skin.

Inspector Grizzard's skin was safe because he was in Paris. After an hour Chambrun had called again.

"But I need time, mon ami!" Grizzard had protested.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

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WOL, THE OWL WITH THE FILM-STAR EYES

● He was only days old when Pat and Peter Slater first saw him . . . a tiny ball of snowy fluff with a wobbly head, huge dark eyes, pencil-thin legs, and a big voice. Soon he was the centre of their household.

THE large wooden box stood in a corner of the railway freight office, securely tied with stout rope, fastened by complicated knots. Every available inch of space on the sides and top of the box carried urgent warnings in bright red paint:

DANGER! WILD BIRD! DO NOT OPEN! BITES!

A worried railway official led us between jumbled piles of cases, explaining: "With all those signs, we weren't going to touch it. Get it out of here, will you? It's making us nervous."

As if in answer, a muffled pounding came from inside the box and a loud screeching wail, like the sound of slowly ripping canvas, cut through the panting of a train shunting outside.

Peter, my husband, dragged the crate gingerly from the office into the sunlight. Then we stood back and looked at it.

Several hours previously we had received a telegram from a friend living on a farm 200 miles south of Perth: "Eagle sent last night's train please collect."

By PAT SLATER

Since, in the short while we had been married, we had already become foster-parents to a number of baby birds of prey, we had taken the news philosophically, grabbed a leather glove, a chunk of raw meat, and set off for the station.

The avalanche of birds in our life had been set off by the death of Yorick, a tame wedgetail eagle which Peter, who was working on a book about Australian hawks, had kept for several years with special permission from the Fisheries and Game Department.

Absurdly tame for such a majestic and formidable creature, Yorick had become well known after many appearances at lectures on birds, and her violent death at the hands of the only householder in the suburb who had never heard of her was a shock to many people.

The publicity which followed brought us a surprising number of letters of condolence, and also more concrete expressions of sympathy.

Our small house had begun to overflow as infant hawks arrived from all over Australia to fill Yorick's place. The meat bill soared, the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

PORTRAIT OF WOL
drawn by Peter Slater

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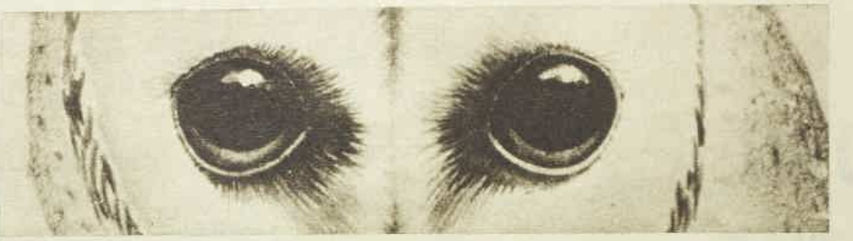
WOL, THE OWL WITH FILM-STAR EYES



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kitchen table became a chemist's counter of vitamin drops and calcium powders.

Already we were in the throes of rearing two wedgetail eagles. The advent of a third one, as the telegram indicated, would be too much!

Standing on the railway platform we listened to the strident noises coming from inside the box. Our latest eagle apparently had a tremendous voice.

Carefully, Peter cut the ropes, prised out the large nails holding down the lid, and lifted it cautiously. We craned forward and peered inside. The box seemed empty. Then another enormous screech came from the farthest corner.

There, cowering in the shadow, was a fluffy bundle of cottonwool down, staring at us with huge, dark eyes. A curved beak opened wide and the tearing-canvas noise came again.

"A WOL!" we shouted together. (We had long been fans of A. A. Milne's "Winnie the Pooh".)

Our "eagle" was a young barn owl, only days old, with a body the size of an orange, covered with snowy fluff, and supported on knock-kneed, pencil-thin legs.

Goggling accusingly at us, the owl rose, stamped round and round, squatted down, waved wing-stubs like pipe-cleaners, and deposited a minute white puddle on the floor of the box.

Then he staggered forward, screeching pleadingly.

We lifted him out, and he settled down in my arms, feathery white eyelids dropping over his Italian film-star eyes.

We set up house with Wol assuming that, like hawks, he would be reared by hand, given more and more freedom, grow less and less tame, and eventually set off to make a life for himself in the bush.

Little we knew of owls. An adult owl, if caught, is almost impossible to tame. But, as we were to find out, a young owl reared by humans becomes convinced it is a human itself and refuses ever to be a bird, let alone associate with other birds.

Although at first Wol could not scramble over the high sides of the cardboard box which became his nest, he stretched his surprisingly long neck up periscope-fashion and watched us as we moved around, his head swivelling 180 degrees or more if one of us went behind him.

If we talked, he joined in with ear-splitting screeches which rose to incoherent gobbling noises if food was produced.

Yet despite the noise he ate daintily, half-shutting his eyes as he nibbled at his meat, holding it in one foot parrot-fashion and finally swallowing it delicately.

Buff and gold feathers began to appear beneath the cottonwool, each fragment of down being pushed out by the feather growing from below it.

Finally came the great day when he hauled himself out of his box, using claws, beak, and wings, handicapped by an enormous abdomen which testified to his appetite.

Hungry for company

Triumphantly he stood for a moment, dazed by the immensity of freedom, then waddled knock-kneed across the room, rocking precariously, until he reached Peter's feet. With a satisfied screech he settled down, rested his beak on a shoe, and went to sleep.

Free now to move about the house, his hunger for human company could be fully satisfied. Shut out of a room, he would stand outside the door, yelling pitifully, then rush through the opened door with the thudding, bottom-up and beak-down run characteristic of owls, to scramble and flap on to the nearest person's knee.

His earliest attempts at flight were catastrophic; wildly waving wings, outstretched neck, and thrusting legs signalled the willingness of the spirit, but the flesh, hampered by a large paunch, was definitely at a disadvantage.

One day, however, his appetite decreased dramatically, and after a week's starvation diet his figure was perfect. His flight — although still rather erratic as regards direction and landing — was airy as fluff.

Now the last obstacles to his contact with humans were gone.

He particularly liked joining us as we lay in bed reading. With a screech he would flop on to the eiderdown, stride to the sheet-line, crouch and wriggle beneath the covers, turning round to poke his heart-shaped face out to keep an eye on the world. The other eye would be closed, presumably in sleep.

Fortunately for human-owl relations he was remarkably fastidious in his personal habits, and the deposition of whitewash was always signalled by his turning round several times and squatting decisively. By hurling him into space whenever these signs appeared we achieved a degree of house-training impossible to instil in most types of birds.

Wol only once disgraced himself. It was on a visitor's knee, and then, by some eerie avian mind-reading, he chose a bird-hater who was loudly criticising his appearance and habits.

When we received news of our transfer to Derby, 1500 miles north in the tropical Kimberleys, the birds posed a problem.

Most of them had been released, but we still had four on our hands — a neurotic wedgetail which apparently became airsick when it attempted to fly, a partly trained and powerful peregrine falcon, a clipped-winged brown hawk rescued from a pet shop, and Wol.

We were going by air, on the inaugural flight of a new type of plane. We had a look at the airline's freight regulations, and saw that there was a 50 percent surcharge on livestock. There was no prohibition of hawks, eagles, or owls as cargo.

He thought he was human

The plane was to leave at 9.30 p.m., so we packed the birds after dark to ensure their co-operation.

Since a hawk's armament is its talons, and its wings, though powerful, cannot open if gently held, we decided that cardboard cartons would be ideal containers. Small holes permitted the entry of air but no light—as long as the hawk cannot see it remains quiet.

Birds inside, the boxes were tied with cord, addressed, labelled, "LIVESTOCK THIS WAY UP, NO WATER NEEDED," and checked in at the airport.

Inessentials such as clothes were also checked in as freight, and we clutched necessities like cameras, electronic flashes, tripods, and boxes of film.

Peter and I sat in the waiting-room surrounded by relatives and friends. Speeches were made, half-past nine went, ten o'clock came.

Finally a stern voice came over the public-address system.

"Will Mr. Peter Slater please report to the freight office, *immediately*."

Peter rushed out; I followed. At the cargo office, a milling crowd of pilots, co-pilots, air-hostesses, ground crew, and stern-looking officials of various grades surrounded our cardboard boxes.

We had forgotten only one thing in all our preparations—hawks are immobilised by darkness, but owls see very well under almost any light conditions, and even in total darkness move confidently by hearing.

Wol, bored by inactivity and presumably annoyed by the humiliation of being shut up in a box, had taken action.

Having levered down one flap of his box, he had stuck his head out to size up the situation.

Now his snowy heart-shaped face rose in a disembodied fashion above the box, feather-eyelashed dark eyes blinking.

Seeing us, he screeched excitedly, but we had little time for him.

The entire airline staff was accusing us, loudly, of shipping dangerous animals, obviously with intent to demoralise the passengers, get the crew fired, sabotage the plane, and possibly bankrupt the airline.

What was in the other boxes, they demanded?

"Nothing more dangerous than what's in this one," said Peter with a confident smile.

Refusing to be reassured, they all turned to look at Wol, who by now was giving the impression of being suspended from the lid of the box by his head. I pushed down the flap and he thankfully climbed on to my hand.

With a gasp of horror ("Look at its *claws!*"), the audience stepped back.

Wol focused on the shiny braid decorating a pilot's cap. With a squeak of joy he floated on to the man's shoulder, half-closed his eyes, and nibbled at the gold stuff.

Luckily, this pilot was made of stern stuff. Remembering the sang-froid necessary for his calling, he peered doubtfully at Wol's bony knees.

"He certainly knows a fellow airman," I offered hopefully.

Support came from an unexpected quarter. A glamorous blonde hostess pushed through the group and gazed rapturously at the owl with eyes as big and dark as his own.

"Oh, his darling little white panties!" she squealed enthusiastically. "Can I hold him?"

We assured her Wol loved being held. Within half a minute he was being petted and exclaimed over by all the girls, while the men agreed that perhaps he wasn't so very dangerous.

We hastened to say that the other birds were just as charming, but that it was past their bedtime so we had better not take them out of their boxes.

Finally we were given permission to put them on the plane—with the proviso that the cartons be wrapped in nylon net.

Established in Derby the birds thrived, in spite of the humid weather. Especially Wol, who found himself free to take advantage of the house's open architecture.

Although now fully fledged, with marbled golden back and wings, and snowy, delicately streaked chest, Wol still showed no signs of realising he was a bird, or of wishing for a life in the bush.

He ignored open doors or windows, and if forcibly ejected clung, yelling loudly, to the flywire of a door, scrabbling for admittance. If ignored, he would reluctantly go and sit in a tree, waiting to swoop in the first open entrance.

He suited his waking hours to ours, and objected loudly when exiled at night to the bathroom, outside the main part of the house. In the morning he would fly from the shower pipe above the bath to land on my shoulder, or be waiting outside the kitchen door to be let in.

That first summer he discovered a new "treat."

After an initial panic when he regarded them as dangerous menaces, he acquired a suitably owl-like passion for mice which kept us busy trapping, breeding, and making small boys rich by purchasing rodents.

Bulging with mouse, if given another he would stand for a moment with it held in his beak, then stomp across the kitchen floor and walk underneath the table. With a furtive glance round he would stoop and poke his treasure into the space formed by the table leg and the angle of the wall. Then he would fly away to digest.

Although occasionally he might forget his hoard, more often he remembered it even after a night outside. In the morning, he would fly to the corner, creep into it and search carefully. If we had removed the mouse he glared and neck-bobbed suspiciously around to discover the thief.

Peter learned early never to walk past Wol in bare feet. The sight of my husband's twitching toes was apparently just too much. As they approached, Wol would swell, spread his wings, hiss, clop, and finally pounce, eight needle-sharp talons outspread and clutching.

He hated the galah

I was inclined to think it all a game on Wol's part, for no other bare feet, however knobby or offensive, ever interested him. Peter, nursing his wounds, remained unconvinced.

Unfortunately, the appearance of a galah, a parrot clad in soft grey and rose-pink, which we found in the garden, also aroused Wol's ire.

Its tameness made it apparent that it was hand-reared, so when no one claimed it we gave it the freedom of the house. As we soon discovered, there were drawbacks to this from both our and Wol's points of view.

In the middle of preparing a salad one day I was called outside. Returning later I was greeted by a pungent reek, and discovered the galah standing on the table, surrounded by a welter of torn lettuce leaves and disembowelled tomatoes, methodically shredding a knob of garlic.

From then on we called him Galarlic.

Wol loathed him. He chased the galah round the house in great sweeps, sailing over the partition separating kitchen and living-room, whizzing low over furniture and ornaments.

The galah was faster on the straight, but Wol gained on corners, his soft buff wings beating and banking frantically, his long legs dangling beneath him, his tail spread as a rudder.

Since manoeuvrability and speed cancelled each other, Wol never quite caught his rival. They simply flew until exhausted.

Luckily for Wol our objections to galahs finally became as strong as his. I became tired of the dead weight of the parrot swinging from the flex as I ironed, and the lino started to look as if it had been trimmed with pinking shears.

These, however, were merely feminine quibbles and Galarlic's tenancy was safe until he trespassed in Peter's domain.

One evening he bit through the cord of the slide projector an hour before my husband was due to give an illustrated lecture on birds. Peter discovered the crime, gave a loud yell of rage, seized the galah round his plump waist, and hurled him out of the front door.

After sitting wistfully in a tree for a day Galarlic flew off in search of other lodgings. We kept discreetly silent when asked if we had lost a galah.

The night the galah went Wol investigated every corner of every room. Satisfied at last that the parrot was gone, he settled down on my knee, free once more to stare mice, catch the tree-frogs which lived on the verandas, laze in his water dish and study the human race, secure in his delusion of being part of it.

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"But there is no time," Chambrun had said. "I have a killer running loose in my hotel."

"My dear Chambrun, Paris is asleep! The time difference."

"Shall we face the truth, Grizzard? Officially you can't tell me what I want to know, give me names."

"There may be difficulties, Pierre—"

"I'll give you one name," Chambrun said. "If you don't answer I shall assume the answer is yes. Is Louis Martine a part of Jeanette Arnaud's past?"

"Absolutely not," Grizzard said, promptly. "Madame Martine — well, that is a different matter. Collette Cardone has been famous, ever since she herself retired from theatre and films, as a — how do you say?—a patroness of young talent. Collette Martine was a sponsor of the young Jeanette Arnaud. A friend, yes; but you can forget the possibility that the Martines have any sinister connection with Arnaud's other life."

"Can I, indeed!" Chambrun said to me when he'd finished telling me about this conversation. "Grizzard is a good man, but I can't wait for what may be no report at all from him."

"So?" I said.

"You and I will have it out now with the Martines — and Jeanette Arnaud," he said.

When Chambrun moves, you follow, hoping you won't be thrown out on the curves.

Martine himself answered our ring at the door. He was wearing a wine-colored silk dressing gown, but under it were the black trousers and the white dress shirt and black tie of his evening clothes. He didn't look pleased to see us.

"It is very late, Pierre," he said. "Jeanette is in no condition to talk further about this matter tonight."

"An actor may be tired after playing Hamlet," Chambrun said, "but never too tired to talk about his performance."

Martine hesitated. "Very well," he said.

We walked ahead of him into the living-room. Jeanette Arnaud was stretched out on the couch, a pale blue blanket from one of the beds spread out over her. Collette Martine stood behind the couch, erect like a fierce watchdog.

"This is an outrage, Monsieur Chambrun!" she said, angrily.

"There has been more than one outrage committed here today, Madame," Chambrun said. "It is my business to see to it that there are no more. I'm sure Mademoiselle Arnaud has wrung your heart with her pitiful story. Mine, I regret to say, is like an ice cube. I feel nothing for Mademoiselle Arnaud but contempt."

"I think that is about enough, Pierre," Martine said in a cold voice.

"Will you permit this to go on, Louis?" Collette Martine demanded of her husband.

"He has no choice, Collette," Chambrun said. For an instant his anger seemed to subside and he sounded tired. "Louis cannot, in his position, afford to be associated with a murder. Neither of you can afford to be connected with a sensational news story out of misplaced loyalty to this girl."

"Lovelace is an animal!" Collette said.

"If I did not know Louis as I do you would both be in very great trouble right now," Chambrun said. "I know that Louis would never use this cheap little courtesan to further a plot of his. Not just because he's a man of honor but because he would know that he would for ever be a subject for blackmail.

"She is using you now as protectors. But someone else has paid a high price for her services, and will continue to pay and pay, until—" and Chambrun's black eyes fixed on Jeanette Arnaud—"until he decides he's had enough, and polishes her off as he polished off a certain John Smith."

The tip of a little pink tongue moved over Jeanette Arnaud's brightly rouged lips. "I don't know what you are talking about, Monsieur," she said.

"I will be patient," Chambrun said. "I will put it before you in detail. Captain Santana has verified that you were attended by a police surgeon and a private physician. That much checks, Mademoiselle. But whether you were ever abducted by two men and delivered to a third man somewhere in the country is only your story. No men have ever been identified."

"Tonight, I identified the man who counts!" the girl cried.

"Please, Mademoiselle, let us deal with realities at this moment and not theatricals. The story you told the Madrid police made headlines in all the newspapers, not only in Spain but in other countries. You were an artiste with a certain reputation. I suspect your story may have been true. Some fascist bully may well have decided to indulge in a sadistic attack on a girl who had never laid eyes on him before. All this may be true, and, if it is, I express my deep sympathy. Even a girl with your moral code, Mademoiselle, should be able to choose her own degradations.

"But I put it to you, Mademoiselle, that this is the account of tonight's adventure. You were approached by someone. You were reminded of that day — that October fourteenth, seven years ago. You were told that there would be a certain man in the hotel when you opened in the Blue Lagoon tonight who had also been in Madrid that fourteenth of October. If you would name that man as your attacker a price would be paid. An attractive price.

"All you had to do was point a shaking finger, scream, run off stage, and tell the world that George Lovelace had been your molester seven years ago."

Jeanette Arnaud sat upright on the couch. "Pig" she shouted at Chambrun.

"Who was the man?" Chambrun asked.

"Pig, pig, pig!" Jeanette Arnaud screamed.

"Oh, very nice," Chambrun said. "A very nice performance. But you see, Mademoiselle, I'm here to warn you that not one of these men will forget that you now have a powerful hold over him. Whoever it was shot a man named John Smith squarely between the eyes before Smith could even open his mouth to protest. He doesn't hesitate to kill, Mademoiselle. He won't hesitate to kill you when you ask for the next payoff."

In that moment, Jeanette Arnaud gave herself away as far as I was concerned. She didn't say "pig" again. She didn't say anything. You could almost see the wheels turning behind her ivory-white forehead. Collette was staring down at the girl, as if willing her to deny the charge. But the girl just sat there, calculating her next move.

Chambrun turned to Martine. "I leave it to you and Collette, Louis," he said. "Perhaps you can persuade her to remove herself from very great danger by naming the man." He turned and walked out of the suite with me at his heels.

"I feel the need for fresh air," he said, when we were out in the hall. "Do you have any doubts about that girl, Mark?"

"Why didn't she tell you?" I asked.

"The greedy always eat too much," Chambrun said. "She is thinking not of life and death but of money. It's a sickness. Get some sleep."

We took the elevator down. I got off at four and left Chambrun in the car to go to his office.

I was somewhat surprised not to see the brass polisher at his post. I looked up and down the hall, but there was no sign of him. A tiny little worry gnawed at me. Someone had been there all the preceding afternoon and evening.

I walked quickly to the door of my apartment, digging my key out of my pocket on the way. I opened the door to blackness.

I reached out for the wall switch to the right of the door and pressed it. A naked light bulb glared up at me from the floor.

The room was a shambles. Chairs were overturned. The cloth had been jerked off the centre table, taking the lamp with it and smashing the china shade. All this I saw almost subconsciously, because my attention was riveted on something else.

Marilyn VanZandt lay face down on the rug, her head turned at a grotesque angle. She was carefully covered with one of the blankets from the beds.

I heard myself shouting at the top of my lungs. "Lovelace!"

There was no answer from the bedroom.

I knelt beside Marilyn, fighting the impulse to run. She was breathing, a rough gurgling sound as though there was blood in her throat. I knew I should call Doc Partridge, the house physician. I knew I should call Chambrun and Jerry Dodd. I also knew I should look in the bedroom. My legs didn't want to take me, but somehow I managed it.

No Lovelace.

That seemed to release me. I hurried back to the living-room to phone. Before I could get to it the hall door opened and Dr. Partridge came in, carrying his medical bag.

"I got here as quickly as I could," he said, and went to Marilyn.

"How did you know?" I asked him.

"You called, didn't you?" he said, impatient.

"No!"

"The switchboard just told me I was needed in your apartment. Oh, hell, who did this to her?" He had pulled the blanket back, gently. "Ambulance," he said.

"No sign of Lovelace?" Chambrun asked when I got through to him.

"Thin air," I said.

"The girl can't talk?"

"She's damn near dead," I said.

While Chambrun was on his way, I got back to Mrs. Kelly on the switchboard and asked who'd made the call to Partridge. She checked with her operators and reported back.

"They assumed it was you," Mrs. Kelly said. "You sounded unnatural, excited, but they assumed it was you. I mean, it was your phone, Mr. Haskell."

Partridge was standing beside Marilyn, looking down. His face wasn't reassuring.

"Chances?" I asked.

"About as bad as you could imagine," he said. "I don't want an army of people storming in here till we get her moved. Can you keep them out in the hall?"

I just did get out in the hall in time. Two elevators hit the fourth floor at the same time. Chambrun came out of one and Jerry Dodd and three other men out of the other.

"Your brass polisher is missing," I told Jerry. "He was gone when I first got here a few minutes ago."

"Find him!" Jerry ordered his men.

Two of them took off. The third one, whom I'd never seen before, stayed with us. He was a thin, dark, scholarly looking young man.

"This," Jerry told Chambrun and me, "is John Smith."

Kline's replacement for the dead John Smith.

Chambrun nodded. "Anderson was the brass polisher?" he asked Jerry. "Good man."

"We can just hope he's on the trail," Jerry said.

I told him about the phone call, and the blanket someone had put over Marilyn.

Smith nodded. "I think you'll find your man Anderson stashed away in an empty room or a broom cupboard," he said.

"How do you figure?" Jerry asked.

"Lovelace could have gone berserk, but it doesn't seem reasonable," Smith said. "He was asleep when you left him with the girl, Haskell?"

"I thought he'd go round the clock," I said.

Smith nodded. "My guess is someone took care of your man Anderson and let himself into the apartment."

"Marilyn fought someone like a tiger," I said.

"So the noise brought Lovelace to the surface," Smith said. "He calls to the girl. The man fighting the girl hears him. He knows Lovelace is armed and that he's a dead shot. He finishes off the girl and runs. Lovelace starts after him, finds the girl, stops to help her. He sends for the doctor, covers her with a blanket, and goes after the killer."

If Smith's theory needed any corroboration, it was provided at that moment by the reappearance of Jerry's two men with Anderson, the brass polisher, rubber-legged between them. They'd found him where Smith had suggested he might be — in the broom cupboard at the end of the hall, bound and gagged with a bed sheet. There was a nasty wound at the back of his head.

HIS story was simple enough. An elevator had arrived at four. He'd turned away to keep his face hidden. Whoever got off the elevator slugged him with a heavy weapon. He'd come to in the dark, dazed, and unable to untie himself or get rid of his gag.

They took Anderson off to get his head fixed . . .

Chambrun's office was like the general headquarters of an army. Miss Ruysdale was still on the job. The phones were busy. Every available employee of the hotel was involved in the search for Lovelace and his enemy. Lieutenant Hardy was back on the job, and a half-dozen uniformed patrolmen were stationed at the main exits.

The hotel switchboard had been ordered to monitor all phone calls to and from the rooms of our list of suspects. The hallways outside their rooms were guarded. Jerry Dodd reported that all of the people on our list were safely tucked in.

"And no one has seen Lovelace?"

Jerry's face was grim. "No one."

"The killer may be someone we haven't even thought of," Chambrun said.

This, it developed, was Lieutenant Hardy's theory. The killer was not on our list of suspects. He was somebody not living in the hotel. Lovelace had gone after him, and evidently he knew where to look for him in the city. A general alarm was out. Radio patrol cars were alerted. We sat in Chambrun's office and waited for news. In a way it was like waiting for a bomb to go off.

Then the little red light on Chambrun's phone began to blink. Chambrun picked up the receiver, almost eagerly.

"Right away," was all he said, and hung up. "We're wanted on the fire stairs," he told Jerry and me. "Hardy!"

We left the office and walked to the emergency exit at the end of the hall that led to the fire stairs.

We climbed the enclosed stairway to where the Lieutenant and one of his plain-clothesmen were waiting.

"Stay on the right side," Hardy called down to us. "Someone went down on the other side — leaking."

There was a trail of blood; drops on each step. Hardy's face was grim when we got up to him.

"Some kind of gun battle out here," Hardy said. "Two bullets hit the wall there. There are three other slug marks up on the fourth-floor landing. The way it looks there was one man here on the third floor and another up on the fourth floor. The one up above is the one who was hit. The blood spots start up there and go right down to the exit that opens out on to the side street. There's a little pool of blood on the sidewalk. It ends at the kerb, like the wounded man hailed himself a cab."

"How do you read it, Lieutenant?" Chambrun asked.

Hardy shrugged. "The fellow who beat up Miss VanZandt was scared away from Haskell's apartment before he finished the job he set out to do."

"What job?" I asked.

"Kill Lovelace," Hardy said. "The girl was a surprise. He fought with her. It must have made a hell of a lot of racket. It woke Lovelace out of a drugged sleep. He didn't want to meet Lovelace face to face. Lovelace has a reputation with that peashooter. So he powdered.

"He made for this emergency exit," Hardy continued. "Lovelace caught him on the landing. They started shooting at each other. The guy on the fourth floor was hit."

"Lovelace," Chambrun said.

"Yes," Hardy said. "He was hit bad, because you can see he bled like a stuck pig. The killer had a minute to run, down the stairs and out on to the street. Lovelace followed, a lot slower, into out on to the street and into a cab" . . .

It was about four in the morning. I couldn't go back to my apartment. Hardy's fingerprint crew was going over the whole place, hoping to come up with something that would help identify the killer.

I didn't feel much like sleep. What I really wanted was to go over to Shelda's place, pour myself a stiff drink, and get her to massage the kinks out of the back of my neck.

I told Chambrun where I was going. Shelda's was only a ten-minute walk away. I could be back that fast if he needed me.

Shelda's apartment in the East Seventies is one of those little gems that are getting scarcer and scarcer in the city. It's in a remodelled brownstone. It's the ground floor apartment and it has its own private entrance. There was a beautiful little garden at the back, surrounded by a high, brick fence. Shelda has a striped awning out there covering a flagstone terrace, some evergreens growing in tubs, and even some flowers in season. Inside is a living-room, kitchenette, bedroom, and bath. An ideal set-up for a bachelor girl.

I had the key to Shelda's apartment. There were times when, in spite of my devotion to the Beaumont, it was pleasant to be able to go somewhere and relax.

My taxi let me out and cruised away. There were no lights visible on the street side of Shelda's apartment. Shelda had most probably long since hit the sack.

There are a complicated series of locks on Shelda's front door, since it is so readily accessible from the street. I knew the combination. After a moment I turned the knob and pushed the door inward. It only moved a few inches. The chain was hooked — the extra lock. And then Shelda was standing just inside the door, peering out at me through the narrow opening.

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(Advertisement)

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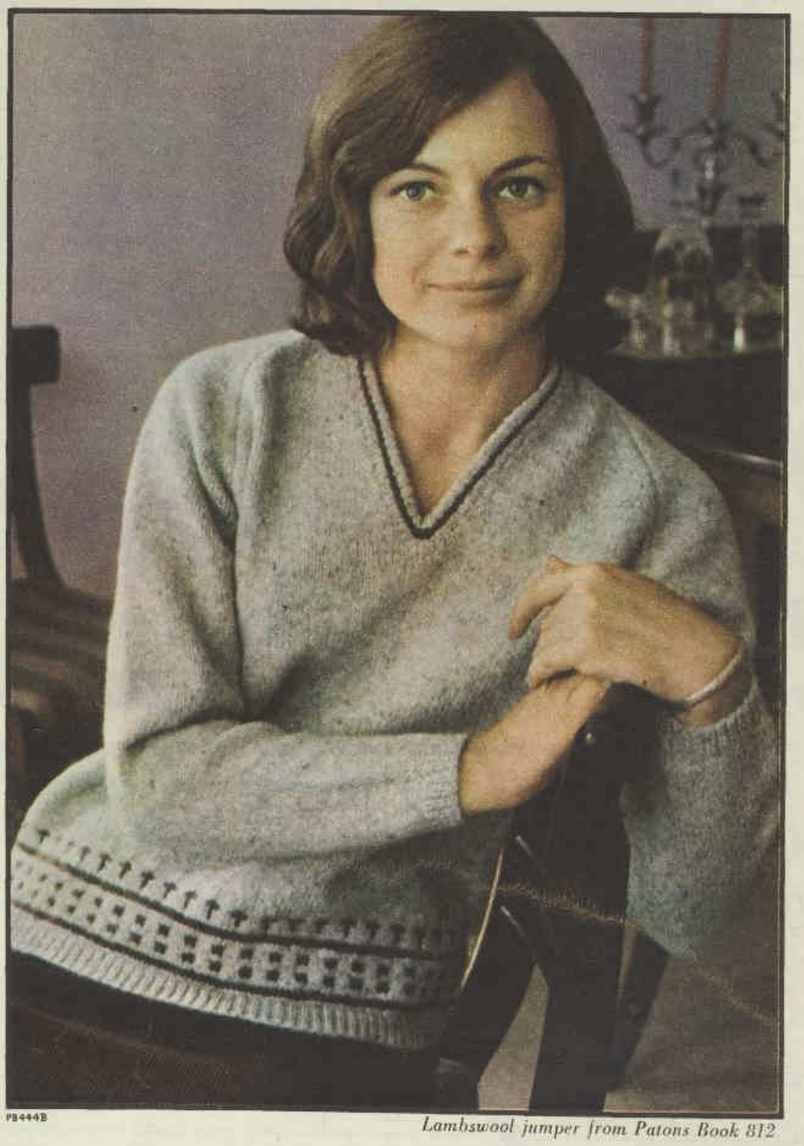

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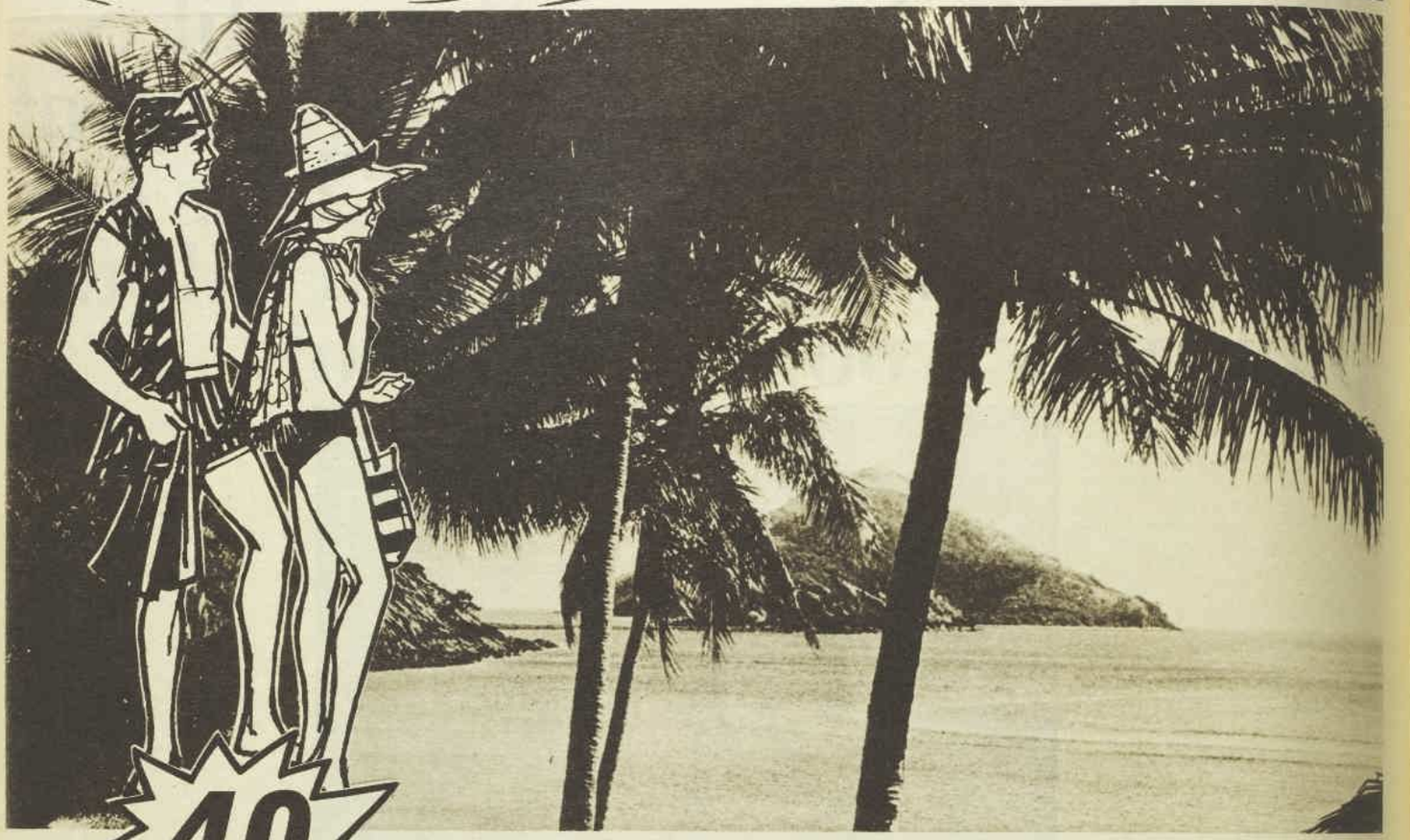

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THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"Go away, Mark," she said.

I couldn't believe my ears. She was wearing a dark red housecoat I'd given her for Christmas. Her eyes were very wide and strange looking.

"Come off it, baby!" I said.

"Please, Mark, I'm tired. I don't want to see you," she said.

"Where's the gal who kissed me goodnight?" I asked, trying to keep it light.

"Will you please go, Mark! I don't want to see you!"

Her lips were trembling. For a fraction of a second I thought it was anger. Then, somehow, it came over me like an icy wave that she wasn't angry at all.

"Please!" she whispered.

Just as sure as heaven, there was someone behind her in the room — someone there in the darkness.

"Are you all right?" I asked, making it sound as cheerful as I could.

"Fine. I just don't want to see you now," she said.

Out of the line of vision from the darkness beyond, I made a little OK circle with the thumb and forefinger of my left hand.

"Good night, Mark," she said, and closed the door in my face. I heard all the locks clicking. I stood there, my heart thumping against my ribs.

I ran swiftly and silently down the alley between buildings. At the far end of the board fence that surrounded Shelda's garden I took a jump up and clung to the top of the fence. Inch by inch, I pulled myself up. I'd gone there because I knew there was a little hedge of evergreens at that far end. I could drop behind them and stay hidden for a moment while I figured things out.

When I reached the top of the fence I rolled off with the idea of landing on my hands and knees in the soft flowerbed.

I landed, not in the flowerbed but on a body.

There was an anguished moan, and I scrambled a foot or two away, fighting my own impulse to let out a yell of terror. I could see a dark shape move slightly.

"For the love of heaven keep still, whoever you are," a low voice said.

I could hear my breath swoosh out of me like a collapsing balloon. The voice belonged to George Lovelace.

"Quiet!" he said. I could sense he was fighting pain. "I . . . I must have passed out."

"Who's in there with Shelda?" I asked.

"Shelda?"

"Shelda Mason, my secretary — my girl!" I said.

"The Englishman."

"Carleton? He's back at the hotel, under guard. He couldn't be in there with—"

"Curtis Dark," Lovelace said.

"Dark!"

Lovelace's breath exhaled in a kind of shudder. "Marilyn?" he asked.

"In the hospital. She's badly hurt, George." My head was spinning around. "Dark!" I said. "Are you telling me he's the one who attacked Marilyn?"

"He's the one," Lovelace said. "I was out like a light. You remember the pills you gave me? But I came to, and all hell had broken loose in your living-room. I—I didn't know Marilyn was there. I called out. The struggle ended and I heard the door slam. I had my gun. I got out there and found Marilyn. I could see how bad it was. I called the doctor and covered her. My head was getting a little clearer."

"We know you found him on the emergency stairway," I said. "We know you were wounded."

"Must have lost quarts of blood," he said. "My leg. Got a makeshift tourniquet on it in the taxi. His first shot winged me, which is why I didn't get him."

"But why? Where does Dark fit in?"

"You've got me," Lovelace said. "He's Carleton's boy. That's all I know. He ran. I couldn't follow that fast. I got to the street just as he was climbing in a taxi. I heard him give the address of this apartment. After a while I got a cab myself and came here after him. There were no lights at the front of the house.

"So I came around here. There were lights on in this apartment. I saw him inside, with a blonde girl helping him get his face cleaned up. I climbed this wall, fell, and passed out."

"He's still there," I said. I told him how I knew.

"How would he happen to come to your girl's apartment?" Lovelace asked.

"They had a date tonight," I said, angrily. "He knew where she lived, the beast! Shelda wouldn't hesitate to let him in when he rang the bell. He probably had some story about how his face got scratched and torn; some kind of a bar-room brawl. She'd help him get cleaned up."

"What was Marilyn doing there?"

"She wanted to stay there while you slept. She fought to protect you."

"Oh, hell!" he said, his voice shaken.

"Can you move?" I asked him.

"Crawl is about all," he said.

"You've got your gun?"

"No good," he said. "I fired it empty at that brute."

"You think he heard you when you fell over the fence?"

"Why else the blackout? Why would your girl turn you away? Because he's threatened her if she doesn't play ball with him."

"But he can't get away with it now!" I said. "You know. I know. Shelda knows."

"There's still me," Lovelace said. "He still means to get me before he's taken. And he knows I'm out here in this garden."

"I'm going for the cops," I said.

Lovelace raised his head. "Too late," he said. "Dawn. You climb that fence he'll knock you off like the headpin in a bowling alley. That baby knows how to handle a gun, and I suspect his is reloaded."

I looked at Lovelace. His eyes were closed. I thought he'd gone to sleep or passed out. I reached out and touched him and his tired eyes popped open.

"When will they come looking for you?" he asked.

"When Shelda doesn't answer a phone call, or when I don't show up for work about eight thirty or nine o'clock."

"I've been trying to think the way he's thinking," Lovelace said. "I didn't come at him from here. He has to know I'm hurt. He has to guess my gun is empty or almost empty. In the dark I almost had an even chance with him. I didn't take it. In the daylight the odds are all with him. He has just one problem. He has to stay alive ten seconds longer than I do.

"If he could be sure my gun is empty he'd walk out here right now and shoot me, the way you would a horse with a broken leg. But he can't be sure. I think he has figured that it's a question of who can outwait the other one."

"Oh, we can wait," I said bitterly, "because we can't go anywhere without getting plugged."

"Hold it!" Lovelace said, His hand closed over my wrist like a vice. He was looking across the garden at the apartment.

The door to the garden had opened, and Shelda came out, very slowly, walking like someone in a trance. I tried to scramble up, but Lovelace held me down.

"Wait!" he whispered.

There was a small sundial in the centre of the garden. Shelda came down the path from the house toward the sundial, a step at a time. I could see her face quite clearly in the rapidly increasing daylight. It was the color of ashes. Her eyes were wide and frightened. When she reached the sundial she stopped and seemed to steady herself by leaning on it.

"Mr. Lovelace!" Her voice was small and shaky, but it reached us.

"Shelda!" I said.

"Mark! Oh my heavens!" she said.

"Just stand there, Miss Mason," Lovelace said, in a cold, hard voice. "Don't show any sign that we've answered you. Look from left to right, as though you were waiting for an answer. Do what I say!"

Slowly Shelda turned her head.

"Call out my name again, so he can hear you," Lovelace ordered.

"Mr. Lovelace!" Shelda said, loud and clear.

"You are supposed, when I answer you, to come directly to me," Lovelace said. "Don't nod! Don't give any sign that you hear me." Lovelace's breath made a whistling sound as he watched her. She was doing exactly what he said. "Good girl," he said. "I assume you are supposed to locate me, walk to me, and then you drop and he opens fire. Call to me again."

"Mr. Lovelace!"

"Walk, as though I'd answered now, to the left, to the far corner over there where the marble bench is. When you're close enough, dive for cover behind the bench. Don't hesitate, Miss Mason. It's your only chance."

It was a performance I'll never forget. Shelda turned her head. She seemed to be listening. Then she walked, briskly now, toward the marble bench. At the last minute she took a headlong dive behind it.

Instantly Dark opened fire from the apartment. I could see him, as he emptied his gun at the bench. Then he disappeared.

"Shelda!" I called out.

"Keep still!" Lovelace whispered fiercely.

My mouth and throat were powder dry.

"Cold - blooded brute," Lovelace said, softly. "She was supposed to point, like a bird dog, and then be caught in the line of fire. I think she made it. Quite a girl, your Miss Mason."

We waited.

"If he has decided my gun is empty he'll come out after me when he's reloaded," Lovelace said.

"Then what?"

"Then it's all over," he said, quietly. "Now you inch away from me. Crawl over to the far corner by the wall. If we're both together here you may get it, too."

"You can't just lie here and take it!" I said.

"What else? If I try to run for it he'll finish me with one shot and then you and Miss Mason don't have much of a chance."

"You're committing suicide!" I said.

"The hell I am," he said. "The building is burning and there's no way out, Mark. That's all. There's one thing . . ."

"Yes"

He brought his fist down in the soft earth of the flowerbed. "I'd give an arm to know why! Who is Curtis Dark? Is he just Carleton's gun, or is there something personal, some reason unconnected with Carleton?" He was looking past me toward the house. "Mark?"

"Yes."

"If Marilyn comes through this, will you tell her how very much she was on my mind when the show ended?"

"I'll tell her," I said.

Then I was dreaming of heroics: Dark would come out, and somehow, between us, Lovelace and I would take him. Then I felt myself freeze. The apartment door into the garden opened. Curtis Dark came out on to the terrace. He was carrying the jacket of his suit over his left arm, and in his right hand was a gun.

He came slowly down the path toward the sundial. He was looking carefully along the line of evergreen shrubs behind which Lovelace and I were hiding. He looked toward the bench where Shelda had taken cover. He was taking his time, figuring out just how to play it.

"Stay exactly where you are, Dark!"

The voice startled me into a violent movement. It wasn't human. It reverberated through the whole neighborhood.

"Cops!" Lovelace whispered.

I realised then the voice had come through one of those hand-loudspeakers cops and firemen use in a crisis to talk to people a distance away.

Dark was a frozen statue, his head raised, looking up toward the buildings behind us.

"Drop your gun, Dark," the foghorn voice ordered. "Don't take another step. You're in range of four expert riflemen."

I could see the corner of Dark's mouth jerk in a sort of spasmodic twitch. Then he moved with incredible speed, not toward us but, in a diving, rolling tumble, toward the shrubbery along the left wall. Bullets tore up the earth and glanced off the stones all around him. I couldn't tell if he was hit.

There was what seemed to be an interminable silence. Then the foghorn spoke again. "Sit tight in there, Mr. Lovelace, Mr. Haskell, Miss Mason. Do you hear? Sit tight. We're coming in."

"They're up above us somewhere," Lovelace said. We couldn't look up without the chance Dark would spot us.

I think I pounded Lovelace on the shoulder. "We're going to make it!" I said.

"Get away from me," Lovelace whispered. "We haven't made it yet. He's sure to make a last dive at me. Get away and you may still have your breakfast coffee. You may be able to work your way around to where Miss Mason is. You can't help me by staying here."

Let's be honest. I wanted to leave him. I wanted to get just as far away from George Lovelace as I could. I could justify it. I was concerned for Shelda. I couldn't do anything empty-handed against a crazy man with a gun. But for some cockeyed reason I didn't want to leave Lovelace alone.

"Lovelace!" It was Dark's voice, harsh, angry. He couldn't be more than ten yards away.

Lovelace's hand tightened on my wrist. He shook his head for silence.

"Let your friends go," Dark called out. "They can walk into the house and I won't touch them. I've got nothing against Haskell and Miss Mason. You and I aren't going to get out of here alive, Lovelace, and you know it."

I looked at Lovelace and he shook his head. "He's just trying to locate me," he whispered.

Where the hell were the cops?

Then there I was, face to face with Curtis Dark. He'd crawled around the corner of the evergreen hedge and he was on his hands and knees looking straight at me. I could almost have reached out and touched him. I was squarely between him and Lovelace. His gun was pointed at my face.

"I'll give you one second to flatten out on the ground, Haskell!" Dark said.

One second isn't very long and I knew he meant it. I went down, but as I did I threw a handful of flowerbed dirt straight in his face. Then the world seemed to explode in my ear. Dark was firing and firing — or so it seemed. I waited for something to tear into my head or back.

And then there was silence and I was evidently all in one piece.

"It's all right, Haskell," a familiar voice said.

I rolled over and looked up at Lieutenant Hardy, standing over us with a smoking gun in his hand. I glanced to my right. Lovelace was lying against one of the bushes, clutching his left shoulder. But his eyes were open and he gave me a twisted little smile.

I turned the other way. Curtis Dark lay, face down, in the soft earth. There wasn't much left of the back of his head.

"How did you happen to get here?" I asked Hardy.

"You can thank your friend Chambrun for that," he said. "As usual, he came up with something at the critical moment."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD

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THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

When I lifted Shelda to her feet, holding on to her for dear life, the first person I saw was Chambrun. He was coming toward us from the apartment, an old trench coat draped over his shoulders. He was still wearing last night's dinner jacket.

"My dear Mark," he said. His hand gripped my arm. "You're both all right?"

"He's a hero," Hardy said, drily. "He threw a handful of dirt in Dark's face. It made Dark rise up and I could see him. He got off one shot at Lovelace, but then I got him."

"By the way, has my hair turned white?" I asked Hardy . . .

Lovelace belonged in the hospital, but they didn't take him there at once. The young intern patched up the wounds in his shoulder and leg and gave him a shot of something and he was taken by ambulance to the Beaumont.

Shelda and I rode with Hardy in a police car to the hotel.

IN CHAMBRUN'S office we found Lovelace propped up on a chaise - longue which Ruysdale had materialised from somewhere. Chambrun was at his desk with Ruysdale standing at attention beside him. At a signal from him she went into the outer office.

"I think we are all too tired to tell this story more than once," he said. He went over to the sideboard and poured himself a steaming demi-tasse of Turkish coffee.

Jerry Dodd was the first to arrive. Louis Martine was next, accompanied by his wife and Jeanette Arnaud, who looked as though her legs were rubber.

And then the owlish Mr. John Smith appeared with Hilary Carleton. The Englishman seemed to be almost pathologically calm.

"You understand I am here voluntarily," he said to Chambrun. "I could claim diplomatic immunity, but—"

"Your boy is dead," Chambrun said, coldly. "And, as you see, George Lovelace is alive."

Neither Carleton nor Lovelace looked at each other.

Chambrun lit one of his Egyptian cigarettes. His eyes had that cold look of the hanging judge under their heavy lids. "Tonight, after we realised that George and his would-be killer had both managed to leave the hotel, I was sitting here at my desk, doodling," he said. "I was writing down the names of everyone connected with the case—trying to put them in some order, hoping that an answer would pop up out of nowhere. And it did."

He looked at Lovelace. "You and I should have guessed it at the very beginning, George. We are both fluent in German." He looked around at the rest of us. "Schwartz means black in German. Kurt Schwartz — Curtis Dark. I guessed it then, George, and I know it now. Curtis Dark was Carole Schwartz's child. The six-year-old boy who had been so thoroughly indoctrinated into Nazism by his father. The little monster who screamed 'Jew!' at his mother when she tried to discipline him.

"The minute it occurred to me I was on the phone to connections of mine in England." The black eyes turned on Carleton. "Colonel Carleton was a fine officer and a decent man," Chambrun said, "until the day George — as Michael O'Hanlon — learned the truth about his brother, Digby Carleton. In spite of the evidence, Colonel Carleton simply refused to believe that his brother was a spy and a traitor. All of his rationality left him. His one aim in life was to track down Michael O'Hanlon and kill him.

"But O'Hanlon had disappeared into thin air. He was now someone else — Kessler, or Veauclaire, or Bodanzky, or Smith. Carleton kept on the trail, learning in a tortuously slow fashion something of George's history. A trip to Germany unearthed the Schwartz story. He got it from Dr. Zimmerman, whom he visited in jail. Evidently the story was common knowledge among the Nazi elite.

"Not that Carole betrayed you, George, but that Schwartz knew all along where she was and hoped that in trying to get her out of Berlin you'd expose the underground. Schwartz knew, and Schwartz stirred up hatred for Carole and for you in the small boy — Kurt Schwartz, jun.

"Colonel Carleton is a long-range hater and a realist. He found the little Kurt Schwartz in a German orphanage and he made arrangements to adopt the boy. Why? Because sooner or later he knew he might need help from someone who hated George Lovelace as much as he did. Carleton knew that something might happen to him: He might die; he might suddenly be too ill to act. Curtis Dark, the name Carleton gave him, was his insurance.

"But George was so clever, covered himself so well, that twenty years went by before Carleton and Dark located him. That was when George retired and, quite openly, settled down in the South of France to live under his real identity. It was then that Carleton gave in to Curtis Dark's plea to let him deal with George. This young man, for all his exterior charm, had a vicious streak of cruelty in him. He didn't want George to die quickly. He wanted him to suffer all the terrors of being hunted.

"Dark and Carleton had come on George's trail in Madrid seven years ago. In their checking they came across the story of Jeanette Arnaud's rape. It was filed away for future use. When the time came, one of them went to Miss Arnaud and offered to pay her handsomely if she'd name George at the right moment. I suspect it was Carleton. She likes to deal with important people. Am I right, Miss Arnaud?"

The girl stared at him, stonily. She was still afraid to speak.

"The answer isn't too important now," Chambrun said. "Dark had one obsession, I think. Before he killed George he wanted George to know who he was and why he was doing it. He chose the moment — half an hour after George had checked into the Beaumont. He went to 10B, George's suite, and let himself in. Instead of finding himself face to face with George, he was confronted by John Smith. He must have known that John Smith was on the trail of the truth. Dark didn't wait for words.

"We'd built a fence around George. We'd set up a trap for the killer. Dark — and Carleton — knew this. The thing to do was to get us to turn our backs on George. So they set Miss Arnaud in motion with her dramatically phony exposure of George as a rapist. We didn't buy it. Time was running out on them. So, Dark took the big risk. He went to the fourth floor, knocked out Anderson, and went into Mark's apartment.

"He expected to have a few minutes alone with George before he killed him. His luck was bad. George wasn't alone. Marilyn VanZandt was there, ready to give her life for George if necessary. Incidentally, they think she will recover.

"The rest we know. He knew how deadly George was with a gun. And so he ran. When George followed it almost worked. Two inches difference in his aim and George would be dead." Chambrun looked at Shelda. "Perhaps you'll tell us, Shelda, what happened when he came to your place."

Shelda's fingers were linked in mine, painfully tight.

"I — I was sound asleep when my doorbell rang. Well—I thought it must be Mark. I got up and opened the door. I was surprised, and startled. Curtis' face was cut and bleeding. But he was smiling that charming smile of his.

" 'Got myself in a bit of a brawl,' he said. 'I wonder if you'd help.'

"Well, of course I let him in. I mean, he was a friend. He said he'd got into trouble with some United Nations people at a bar somewhere. He didn't want to go back to the Beaumont because Colonel Carleton would be angry with him. I swallowed it hook, line, and sinker for a little while. I got some gauze and tape and antiseptic from the bathroom. I—I even made him a drink!

"All the time he was laughing and joking. And then the phone rang. Before I could get to it he was ahead of me, and pulled the wires right out of the wall. He was still smiling, but now it was frightening.

" 'You might as well know the truth, my sweet,' he said. 'Lovelace is after me. I think he's followed me here.' And just then we heard a noise in the garden. He switched off the lights and suddenly his arm was around me and his hand over my mouth. 'You do exactly what I tell you, Shelda dear, or you'll be on the unfortunate end of a fatal accident.'

"He—he was at the french windows leading to the garden, then. He had a gun.

"I pleaded with him to let me go. He just laughed. And then, then I heard Mark's key in the lock. He has a key in case I'm not home and he wants to come in — to get away from the hotel now and then. The chain was on the door. Curtis grabbed me. 'Send him away if you don't want him dead,' he said. I believed that, too, and so I— I told Mark I didn't want to see him."

I explained I knew something was wrong, but never guessed it had anything to do with Lovelace. Then I told how I climbed the fence and landed on Lovelace.

"We just waited and waited," Shelda said. "Finally it got to be daylight, just a grey, early light. That's when he told me I must walk out in the garden, locate Mr. Lovelace, and go over to him. I—I knew what he wanted. I'd show him where Mr. Lovelace was and he'd open fire. I—I'd never have done it, Mr. Lovelace. But I had to locate you so that I wouldn't walk right up to you by accident. Once you spoke I'd never have come your way."

"I won't forget your courage," Lovelace said. He looked at Chambrun. "But how did the police get there into position?"

"Guesswork plus." Chambrun said. "When I came up with Dark as my man I wondered where he'd go. I remembered your date with him, Shelda. It was an outside possibility, I thought. I called you and got a 'temporarily out of order' report from the operator. I knew Mark was on his way to you, but he'd hardly had time to get there. Then Hardy's work paid off."

Hardy nodded. "We had out a general alarm for Lovelace, a wounded man who might have taken a taxi from the side entrance of the Beaumont. A taxi driver reported in. He'd taken a man to the corner of Seventy-third Street and Third Avenue. The next fare he picked up let out a howl. The back seat was covered with blood."

"And Seventy-third and Third was your corner, Shelda," Chambrun said.

The room was silent. Chambrun looked steadily at Hilary Carleton. "The real murderer in this affair is you, Carleton. You nursed the boy's hate. You urged him on. You helped him to track George down. You are the murderer — but there's not a damn thing we can do about it. Diplomatic immunity makes it hopeless, I'm afraid."

"And so," Lovelace said, bitterly, "I wait for you to make another try, Carleton."

"I think not," Chambrun said. "Mr. Carleton has one vulnerable spot — the true story of his brother. I think he would not want that story documented and made public."

"You wouldn't!" Carleton said.

"I would — and will," Chambrun said, "if anyone on this whole earth threatens George Lovelace again."

"I'll need you at headquarters, Mr. Carleton," Hardy said in a cold voice.

The room slowly emptied of people till only Shelda and I and Ruysdale were left. Chambrun turned toward us, a faint smile on his lips.

"I always say the Beaumont is not a hotel but a way of life," he said. "Heaven forbid the past twenty-four hours should be presented as a sample!"

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Prizewinning letters in our

● *Below are the three letters our judges chose as the best entries in our "The Best Mother's Day I've Had" Contest. Writers of all the others published on these two pages and on page 57 also will receive cash awards.*

First prize of $50

ELEVEN years ago we were living in the migrant hostel at Bunnerong with four children under 12. Hubby was a chemical plant operator and I was a bus conductress.

That Mother's Day was my Sunday "on," and I remember thinking wistfully of the lucky mothers who were having a "lie-in."

At 3 o'clock, after eight gruelling hours on a double-decker behind a little man who drove like a demented jockey on a reluctant dragon, I felt a wreck!

My head ached and my spine felt like a dinosaur's. I groaned as I recalled the mountain of washing waiting. We hadn't a washing machine and it was a-rub-a-dub-dub over the tub, then into the hostel copper. My poor back burned at the thought.

But, oh! As I crossed to my "flat!" Wonderful, unforgettable sight! A line of my off-springs' raiments flapped merrily in the breeze. And my daughter; my dear, thoughtful little girl of 11, mouthful of pegs, brow knitted, struggling to hang out Daddy's shirt. I stood with a lump in my throat and love and gratitude flooding my being. Never was there a more touching present . . .

I'm still on the buses and my daughter has just sailed for Canada after working hard to save the money. Never did a girl deserve such luck and good wishes. I'll miss her, but I'm, oh, so proud of her.

Mrs. Kathleen Grey, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

Second prize of $25

WITH a family of six I've had many wonderful days, but one especially stands out. I had been away, leaving my remaining teenage son to batch. He was saving for a car and didn't want to go out.

When I returned my first impression was that I had walked into the wrong house! Everything in the kitchen was gleaming in the afternoon sun.

Gone was the old lino-covered table and the odd chairs, replaced by a gleaming chrome-finished suite. Son then thought the rest of the room looked shabby, so he washed the walls and the ceiling and polished the fuel stove and the floor.

On the table was a vase of flowers and a card saying he hoped I "would not mind having my Mother's Day gift a couple of weeks early."

Mrs. A. Peters, Armidale, N.S.W.

Third prize of $10

IT was 1944, our country was occupied by the Germans, who were at war with the Russians. Food, especially milk, was scarce, and watching my two children, aged four months and two years, starving made me frantic in search of food.

We bought a wagon and took refuge along with other homeless families on a sort of wagon train, but in our case we had no destination, no future home in sight. Our only thought was that perhaps farther on we might be able to obtain food from some villages. We lived on hope.

Upon reaching the highway, suddenly we were attacked by Russian planes. Unable to carry both of my children, I put my baby under the wagon, then, grabbing my older daughter, ran to the bushes for shelter. After the air-raid my eyes surveyed the dead and wounded that were scattered all over the road. My first impulse made me rush to the wagons. My heart felt heavy, but there, under the shabby wagon, was my little baby boy, crying but safe.

It was May, Mother's Day, and one of the happiest days of my life. At that moment even food seemed of no consequence.

Mrs. Maria Kap, Kensington Park, S.A.

● *Letters flowed into our office in response to our request for memorable Mother's Day stories—all sorts of letters. Mothers wrote of everything from simply being given breakfast (of a kind!) in bed to babies being born and wonderful surprise parties.*

. . . and many other delightful entries

INDEED, our judges had the feeling that surely half the children in Australia have been born on Mother's Day! And every mother wrote that she could never have had a better present. Some even made the day their baby was born their best Mother's Day, regardless of the date.

Many said their best Mother's Day was the first when they could officially be called a mother — the first Mother's Day after a baby was born or adopted.

Family reunions were another popular Mother's Day celebration, and often relatives had come together from great distances after not being together for a long time. Other readers received word from soldiers away at camp or war or from children with whom they had lost touch.

The enterprise of children delighted many Mums who had steadfastly eaten through some weird breakfasts. Burnt toast and cold tea were only minor indignities among some of the extraordinary menus prepared so lovingly by young children.

Many wonderful presents exchange hands on Mother's Day, too, it seems — anything from airline tickets to six lemons (bought, though they had a lemon tree), and 21 sticks of licorice. One little girl of three had carefully chosen a sympathy card!

Some of the most poignant stories came from mothers of adopted children or stepchildren who showed their acceptance and love for the first time on Mother's Day.

Others wrote of their first Mother's Day after a long illness or after a disaster such as a flood — all said they were just happy that the family was together again, alive and well.

A few wrote of the first Mother's Day after World War II, saying that peace was their best present, and there were many touching letters from single or lonely people with no family who had been included in the celebrations by a thoughtful stranger.

"Lost" son home again

A WEEK before the end of World War II, my youngest son came home for a couple of hours. The front-line was nearly at our doorstep and his unit was only a few miles away.

We both knew it was only a matter of days before the war would be over, so I asked him to stay. But we also knew the Gestapo were looking for every man, no matter how young, old, or unfit. And, having some experience with the Gestapo, we looked on the front-line as the safer place. When he left I hoped to see him very soon.

After the war our part of the country was declared to be Polish, so I had to move out, not knowing when I was going to see my family again or how to find them. I got a room in West Germany. Through the Red Cross I found my husband first, and, after things settled, our children found their way back or let us know where they were. But nothing from our youngest son.

After two years we received a card from Geneva saying that he was in a POW camp in Siberia. We never heard anything again, but tried everything to contact him. Christmas, 1949, we had hardly any hope left.

In May, 1950, I was sitting by the window when I heard a mouth-organ playing "You Are In My Heart, Dear." I felt sad as I listened, because it was our son's favorite. Then I heard my husband cry out, "Son!" And there he was, very thin, very much older than his 24 years, but alive. This happened five days before Mother's Day, 1950.

Mrs. Margaret Friedrich, Castlemaine, Vic.

Unforgettable wartime party

DURING the war my four sons were away in the forces. One became a prisoner of war, one was killed in action in Milne Bay, another in Port Moresby. The youngest boy was in the Navy, and a daughter was in the WRAAF.

Then came the American soldiers, sailors, and airmen. My home was a home for hundreds when on leave. Then came a Mother's Day never to be forgotten.

At least 75 of them arrived and arranged a party. All the lovely food was supplied by them with a beautiful cake with the words "To a swell Aussie Mom" in icing, as well as tiny Aussie and Stars and Stripes flags all over it, and gifts too numerous to mention.

With the boys was a padre and a good friend who played the piano. He led us in hymns, prayer, and community singing until midnight. My four daughters, my husband, and many friends shared in a Mother's Day I will never forget.

Mrs. D. M. Bourke, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

Electricity and no leak!

BEFORE last Mother's Day we had lived in an old caravan for seven months. This caravan leaked, and we had no mod cons, not even electricity. To iron shirts I made a crease with my fingernail and firmly folded the article. It was never perfect, but quite good considering.

We had two children, one going to school, and my husband needed his butcher's coat and white cap to be kept decently.

Yes, the hardships during these months were a lot to take, trying to save money when a little of it would have made life a lot easier. Then my mother became ill, so off I went with the children to be with her.

I was away over a week and came home the night before Mother's Day. To my continuous questions about the house we were trying to build in the meantime, all he would tell me was "It's been raining here most of the time so I didn't get much done."

We all went to bed for much-needed sleep — only to be woken at midnight and led around behind the caravan to our house.

I was taken into our home. No, not completed, but finished to the lock-up stage. A home without any leaks and with that wonderful thing, electricity. I was able to move in with my family before the long cold winter.

Yes! MY home; the deeds were even there in my name. I ask you, isn't he worth mentioning considering how he must have worked? This certainly was, and ever will be, "My best Mother's Day."

"Contented Now," Aberdeen, N.S.W.

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"Best Mother's Day" Contest

POWs paid a tribute

IT was Mother's Day, 1943, and there were thousands of Allied prisoners of war in the Japanese headquarters camp at Tarsao in Siam. We had tried to observe every type of "special" or national day for the English, Welsh, Scottish, and Australian lads to turn their minds from the local scene. Mother's Day was to be one of these "specials."

It was difficult to get paper of any kind, as all had been earlier confiscated by the Japanese. It meant a use of strategy, so, during a meal absence by the Japs from their administrative office, a quantity of white paper was somehow "lifted."

The next step was to occupy the hundreds of sick patients in the camp. These men were delighted to have something to do, and tore out flat flowers from the paper.

Mother's Day dawned and in every type of headgear was a white paper flower. The five hundred boys of the day's working party somehow marched a little brighter and straighter out to the Burma-Siam railway that day, as memories of "mother" were in their hearts and minds.

Canon (Padre) Harry Thorpe, MBE, Saratoga, N.S.W.

Son home from war

IT was a lovely sunny Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock. Having washed up and tidied the kitchen, my usual chore was to soak the Monday wash (we had no washing machine those days during World War II). I was in the laundry rubbing away and, as any mother will understand, my thoughts were with my Bill in the Navy with the Eastern Fleet, goodness knows where.

I heard someone running —imagine my joy when I looked up to see my son. I shrieked, "Bill! Bill!" so loudly my neighbors and my husband ran out to find me crying so much I couldn't stop.

Bill held me in his arms. I'm just 5ft. tall and he's 6ft., so I scratched my face on his ribbons! What a wonderful Mother's Day. My only regret was that I had not made an apple pie that day as I usually did, because Bill loved it.

Mrs. V. Williams, North Perth.

A "home" at last

MY happiest Mother's Day was spent without my children, with no gifts, and up to my ears in work. Yet that day, two years ago, I felt like a queen.

Yes, in my oldest slacks and skirt, surrounded by packing cases, I was at last a queen of my castle. It was a very humble castle with bare floorboards, practically no furniture or curtains. But after moving six times in three years from one cramped and crowded flat to another, probably smaller and dirtier, this brand-new Housing Commission house was a palace.

That evening after we had brought our two young children back from my mother's place, my husband and I, very tired but happy, stood watching as the children raced excitedly through the rooms, making as much noise as they pleased with no fear of some irate neighbor banging on the wall.

The joy on their faces and in my heart at finally having somewhere to call "home" was the best Mother's Day gift I could have had.

Mrs. Denise Bates, Warilla, N.S.W.

Half a cake and flowers

MY mind goes back to a Mother's Day many years ago in the time of the Depression. Our family was very hard hit. I had no daughters and my sons, all married, were feeling the pinch terribly.

On Mother's Day one daughter-in-law came to see me and gave me half a small cake. All she had in the house at the time went into the making of that cake, half for her own mother and half for me.

My other daughter-in-law gave her mother and myself a lovely bunch of flowers. I am an old woman, but, although I've had many wonderful and lovely gifts since then, that particular Mother's Day will always live in my memory, and also the thought that those two girls put me on the same footing as their own mothers, which so few do.

Is it any wonder that I love my daughters-in-law?

Mrs. M. J. Gilmore, Pelican Flat, N.S.W.

Family better than freedom

"HAPPY Mother's Day!" shouted my six-year-old. "Yappy Muvver's Day!" was the best my three-year-old could manage.

Yes, my husband and two daughters had just given me breakfast in bed. The children proudly gave me a small box of chocolates, obviously done up by our elder daughter. "Oh, isn't that lovely! Who would like one?" I asked.

"I would, please," followed by a little, "Me, too, p'eese, my Mummy." My husband quietly handed me an envelope. Its contents? A lovely card, the car keys, so I could have the whole day out while he looked after the children, and a five-pound note to spend as I pleased.

To some people £5 is nothing, I know, but as we were saving for a home it meant much more than £5 to us. Well, within half an hour I was kissing them goodbye.

I stopped the car at the corner of the street. "Which way will I go?" I thought. "No children, no time limit — I'm free!"

It was then I realised I could do nothing without my most treasured possession. My family! I turned the car around and there they were, still near the gate.

We all had a marvellous day together and I know that this was the best Mother's Day I've had.

P.S. I still have the £5.

Mrs. Geoff Carr, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

Able to see grandchild

I WAS almost blind when my husband died of cancer five years ago, and not long after my only son married. Although I could not distinguish the features of my new daughter's face, I could tell she was a slight, elegant girl who would make my son happy.

Although they were happy and very much in love it was quite a struggle to make ends meet. Finally, I offered them the top floor of my house. My son, against my wishes, insisted on paying rent, even though I was not badly off.

Two years after their marriage they announced they were expecting a baby. I rejoiced at the thought of becoming a grandmother, but shed many tears because I would never be able to see my grandchild.

Four months before the birth I entered hospital in the hope of restoring part of my sight. Those four months were filled with pain and anxiety, but I was discharged the day before Mother's Day wearing strongly magnified glasses. My son took me home and there, running toward me, was Carole holding my new granddaughter.

There has never been a Mother's Day happier than when I set my eyes upon this beautiful child who represented the love between my son and daughter-in-law.

Mrs. L. W. James, Lakemba, N.S.W.

"Mum for a day" and ever since

IT was a dismal day and I felt very lonesome. One son was 200 miles away in the wheat belt, and another was in another State. No visits for me that day. I tried to cheer up, pinned a grin on my face, and went to church. In front of the church the orphanage children were seated with their matron. Two of the little girls turned and smiled at me and I smiled back.

After the service matron asked me to take two of the children home for the day. She said they had chosen me as "mother for a day." She called the two smilers and they promised to be "awful good."

Those kids made the day for me. They delighted in everything, smelled every rose in the garden, nursed the cat, talked to the birds, and then helped me get lunch. There was much laughter. They said they were related, but had "no people" and were "poor orphingtons."

We played their favorite records and then went for a drive to the beach. When we returned to the orphanage they said I was chosen to do the same next year.

This was ten years ago. They have visited me almost every Mother's Day since and many times in between. They are teenagers now and when I was ill a few years ago they visited me almost every night for a fortnight.

These little lasses took the place of the daughters I have never had. I love to help them with their knitting and sewing, and to laugh at their nonsense. One is engaged now and her wedding reception will be held in my little lounge, which she loves so much.

I am glad I returned the smile of the two little girls who have since made many lonely days enjoyable.

"Mother For a Day," Floreat Park, W.A.

Lemonade like champagne

MOTHER'S DAY, and I lay in bed full of self-pity, worrying about stretching my pension to feed and dress three daughters and yet buy essential furniture. Almost a year in hospital undergoing spinal operations had put paid to my marriage and my working prospects. I had no home to speak of and I was thoroughly sorry for myself.

From beyond my bedroom door came subdued giggling. Suddenly the light was switched on and three small bodies hurtled toward me. Three wobbly voices sang a variation of an old tune, changing the words to "Happy Mother's Day to You-oo-oo." Six small hands pelted me with bits of paper, "cut like rose petals."

Then came streamers made from colorful pages of old magazines, and I was gravely presented with a paper crown covered with stars made from milk-bottle tops.

How I laughed when my three-year-old solemnly gave me a bag partly full of jelly beans ("we only tasted a few, Mummy"). From the occasional pennies I had been able to give them they had also bought a bottle of lemonade, which tasted like champagne when served by my five-year-old. When my seven-year-old brought forward the piece de resistance — a cream cake that had only been dropped twice and the damage well hidden by two plastic roses — surely I was the happiest mother ever!

I can get over my worries, for they don't really last, but my blessings grow bigger every day.

Mrs. E.A., Perth.

Adoptive parents' thanks

BEING an unmarried mother who thought it better to have the baby adopted, motherhood and Mother's Day had never been associated with proud and fond memories — there was only sadness and humiliation. Until last Mother's Day when I received an unsigned note, forwarded by the matron of the home at which my son had been born.

Written on the plain card were the words, "Thank you for our first child — he has made our house a home."

Never will this thoughtful deed erase the sadness surrounding the loss of my baby, but, somehow, it makes the sacrifice and Mother's Day more meaningful, and, instead of the humiliation, I am proud of the happiness which I've helped to create.

"Bitter Sweet," S.A.

Mother was the surprise

MY husband and I were bidding farewell to relatives and friends. The next day, Mother's Day, 1963, we were to start on our long journey from England to Australia.

Although we had given my elderly widowed mother every encouragement to accompany us, she had, understandably, made the decision to stay in England. I was not looking forward to saying goodbye and was therefore rather surprised but very relieved at her bright and flippant manner. How like her to be so unselfish and to try to make it easy for us, I thought.

I mentally photographed her as she waved gaily from her cottage door, calling out, "Au revoir, my dears. Bon voyage."

Mother's Day dawned grey and cheerless in sympathy with our feelings. As we embarked at Southampton I was still thinking sadly of my mother. We were busily inspecting our cabin when my husband announced that there was someone in the next cabin who wished to see us.

As we filed in to the adjacent cabin the children exchanged knowing glances. There, nonchalantly unpacking, was my mother! "Remember, I only said au revoir," my mother said, chuckling.

Amazement at the successfully kept secret, gratitude to my husband, and overwhelming joy welled up inside me and expressed themselves in tears. This was indeed my happiest Mother's Day.

Mrs. I. Y. Lacon, Bowen, Qld.

Continued on page 57

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Now you know why mothers in Hilton Supp-hose never have that caged-in feeling.

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MOTHER'S DAY CONTEST

Continued from page 55

A day of bliss alone

MY happiest Mother's Day would appear to some so mediocre that I hesitate to mention it, yet to me it was the ultimate in bliss, and my (mental) toes still curl with satisfaction when I think of it.

Harassed daily by the cares of a young family and a perpetually empty purse, I opened my eyes on this particular morning with no great sense of anticipation. Yet when my husband casually remarked that he thought of slipping over to his Dad's place and how'd it be if he took the kids, the day's possibilities suddenly opened out before me.

By 9 o'clock I had waved them goodbye and turned my back on the house. All morning the sun shone and the air was full of drowsy bird voices — while I dug and delved in the long neglected garden, loving the feel of the warm earth, discovering old friends half smothered by weeds.

Lunch with a book in a sheltered corner and then the long, golden, peaceful afternoon through which I labored happily. My only interruption was the remark of an old and gentle neighbor as she passed by. "My dear, what have we done to deserve so beautiful a day?"

I could only be thankful for it.

"Louise," Emerald, Vic.

A wild rabbit and a card

BEING a cottage mother to 17 boys aged from five to 16 was no easy task. However, I was rewarded when Arnold, nine (he had been in the home since he was three), brought me a baby wild rabbit and a Mother's Day card which he had made himself. Inside was written "To my best mother." I felt very proud and happy.

Mrs. Frances Sweeney, Westlung, Tas.

She "talked on paper"

WITH a grown family of four, I can remember many happy Mother's Days, but one stands out in my memory as if it were yesterday. It was because of a letter that came with my card and gift from my eldest daughter, written on her wedding eve.

No matter how I had tried I had never seemed to get close to my daughter. She seemed to erect an invisible barrier between us, and many a tear I had shed wondering where I had failed in gaining her confidence. I had even thought, "It's no use, J—— doesn't like me." Well, in this letter she "talked to me on paper," telling me why her temperament had prevented her from unwinding.

She said how sorry she was it had taken so long. The final lines had me crying from sheer happiness — "No matter what I seemed to be, I love you, Mum." Now I am a grandmother, but I will never forget the day my lass really "came home" at last.

"An Old Regular," Forbes, N.S.W.

Children didn't argue

MY children fight. Not violently, but constantly, and I find this more exhausting than hard work.

Last Mother's Day I received my presents, and delightful they were, but my eldest said, "There is something else, Mum; we've decided not to argue all day." And do you know, they kept their word.

From the strained expressions I saw occasionally it was not easy for them, but we had a memorably happy lunch with lots of conversation and no one having to ask for the butter more than once.

That young children were prepared to make such an effort to give me pleasure meant more than anything else they could have given me. I'll never forget that happy, though strangely quiet, day.

"Usually Turmoil," North Adelaide.

A hug for Mummy

WHEN I think that it's 16 years since my happiest Mother's Day, it just doesn't seem it can be that long ago.

We had been married ten years when we adopted a little two-and-a-half-year-old girl. On Mother's Day I had to stay in bed for my breakfast and she came in with her very proud Dad, carrying a tray on which was tea and toast, a white flower in a tiny vase, and a gift.

The loveliest gift to me, though, was two little arms around my neck and my lovely daughter's "Happy Mother's Day, Mummy." To me, Christmas, Easter, birthday, and Mother's Day were all rolled into one perfect day.

I was really a mother and I thanked God and knew then the answer to why we had no children of our own — this was meant to be. Now, at 19, she is still a laughing, happy girl and my Mother's Days are still very wonderful.

"Mother," Pennington, S.A.

Reunited with husband

MY happiest Mother's Day would be, without a doubt, that celebrated just four years ago.

We had been married just 11 years, had two children, and a mountain of bills to pay. Somewhere along the way the bills became more important than our marriage and we drifted further and further apart. In time a third party entered into our lives and we decided to separate.

Since we were both very proud people, neither would admit that this was a mistake and we lived in our own private hell of recriminations and guilt for almost two years.

Then, one dull, wet Sunday morning in May, 1963, my husband came to see me and ask for a second chance. The rain continued to fall, but for me the sun shone that day and has continued to shine on us and our marriage ever since.

"Happy Again," N.S.W.

Mum adorned like Christmas

THE scene is our suburban bus. A young matron enters, a small boy at her side. The other women seated in the bus give her that quick appraisal, typical of all women. Yes, good shoes, matching handbag, spotless gloves, nice tweed suit, smart little hat . . . but, oh, horror! How could she wear those dreadful big brassy earrings!

The woman extends her hand to pay her fare, and on her wrist dangles a grotesque red-and-white bracelet.

On the lapel of her suit flashes the most gaudy of brooches, a scroll of colored stones emblazoned with gold letters spelling "MOTHER."

That was me — the first Mother's Day my small son was old enough to spend his savings alone at the chain-store. He had adorned the object of his love and devotion the only way he knew — like a Christmas tree!

M.V.K., Ryde, N.S.W.

Festooned at 1 a.m.

THIS Mother's Day began very early — at 1 a.m. to be exact. My husband and I were awakened by stealthy movements in our room. Thinking the children had crept in to leave gifts at my bedside, we feigned sleep, and peeped surreptitiously as our daughter and son, then aged ten and eight years, crept in, laden with stools, rolls of streamers, and other decorations.

Silently, by the light of torches, they set to work to decorate our room, laboriously trailing streamers from one side of the room to the other to form a lattice-work across the ceiling. Streamers were pinned to curtains, suspended from curtain rods, light fixtures, wardrobe door handles, and every other fitting in the room.

Still feigning sleep, we had difficulty in stifling our amusement at the whispered consultations as the children worked doggedly on. After an hour and a half the job was done. Over our heads hung a maze of streamers, and many more trailed down the walls. Paper flowers, laboriously made through the week, were fastened to the curtains, and even the floor and bed were covered with swirls of colored paper by the time the two tired children crept back to bed.

In the morning the children crept in to wait for our reaction on awakening, and were delighted with our cries of surprise and pleasure. After presenting cards and gifts, which they had bought, along with the decorations, from carefully saved pocket-money, the children handed us each an elaborate menu, hand-printed and decorated with a floral border.

A most comprehensive breakfast was offered, listing every cereal and fruit we had in the house, eggs — boiled, fried, poached, and scrambled, with or without bacon — toast with the choice of half a dozen spreads, and under the grand title of beverages a dozen different drinks including "Iced water — Mum's favorite." We were soon served a most enjoyable breakfast on trays bordered with more paper flowers.

The thought and effort put into this elaborate plan to surprise me made my day memorable.

Should this letter be published, our children will be surprised to learn that Mum and Dad are not the very heavy sleepers they have always thought, but, as they are now teenagers, I am sure they will appreciate the joke.

Mrs. D. J. Both, Seacliff, S.A.

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WHERE BRIDES "TRAIN" TO LIVE WITH IN-LAWS

An Australian girl studies women's ways in Pakistan

By CAROLYNNE SKINNER

A PAKISTANI bride is taught to take her in-laws gently. It is one of the first things she learns in her married life.

After the first day of the wedding (which lasts for four days) the groom takes the bride to her new home with her in-laws.

But she comes back next day to be with her own family. Then she returns to her in-laws the next night. This happens for a few days until she becomes used to her new home.

Very often in an arranged marriage the bride has not seen the groom for more than a few times before the wedding, and then only in a formal way. She is very shy and lonely at first, so the change-over to her new home is made gradually.

Of course, if the groom is from another town this cannot be done and the bride sobs bitterly when she leaves home.

In her new home she takes over from her mother-in-law as the mistress of the house.

These are some of the customs I saw in Karachi, in West Pakistan, a city of strange contrasts as East and West begin to merge in buildings and outlook.

I had been working for the Urdu Service of the BBC in London and had become friendly with quite a few of the Pakistanis who were there under contract to the BBC. So when I said I hoped to make a stop-over in Karachi on my return home to Australia I was immediately overwhelmed with lists of things I simply had to do, the names of curries and sweets I had to taste and the places I had to visit.

Arrangements were made for me to stay in Karachi with Ishaq (Moslem for Isaac) and his family, friends of my Pakistani colleagues in London.

My flight left London at 9 a.m. and I arived in Karachi at 3 o'clock the following morning.

Ishaq was the head of a large family of relations, though he was unmarried. Among these, all living together in a large, very modern home (modern by both Eastern and Western standards), was his mother, a dainty old lady who always wore shalwar-qamees (shalwar are long, loose pants; qamees a shift-like top). She spoke Urdu but no English.

The others included his two sisters, one aged 23, and the other much older with a daughter aged 23, who also lived there, and his younger brother, who was a journalist in Karachi.

The younger girls, Nuzhat and Tayyaba, were my age and had been educated at Karachi University. Almost everyone speaks English except old people and the servants.

The house was built almost entirely of concrete with terrazzo floors. There was an electric fan in the ceiling of every room and it was pleasantly cool even though the heat outside was blistering.

The day started at 9 a.m. with an enormous breakfast of cereal, eggs, yoghurt, toast or chapattis (pancakes), and fresh fruit.

No one liked to go out in the heat of the morning and the early afternoon.

"What!" the girls said, "go out and go dark brown in the sun."

They were very conscious of keeping their skins as fair as possible.

I would have done anything to get a suntan. After two years in England my skin was lily-white.

Lunch was a big meal of several different curries, chapattis, and fresh fruit. After this a siesta was very welcome, so it was usually about 4.30 when we set out for Elphinstone Street, where the best shops were, or to the Bohri Bazaar or the Empress Market, in Saddar.

They shop in the busy bazaars in the cool of the evenings

The shops stay open till 7.30 p.m. The girls liked shopping at this time best. Besides, the end of the day is supposed to be the best time for bargaining at the markets.

There are several good hotels in Karachi. The Hotel Karachi Intercontinental is a very striking example of modern architecture striving to recapture the splendor of past civilisations. This hotel is in keeping with both modern and ancient Pakistan.

The older Beach Luxury Hotel is somehow very dignified in spite of the name given to its nightclub — "007!"

A huge new mosque is being built in the city. It is going to be a magnificent building which will add immensely to the appearance of the place. Yet when I praised it to Ishaq's sister (a devout Moslem), she said sadly, "Yes, but how much better if we had spent that money on schools and hospitals. We desperately need so many other things first."

This was a sobering thought. There is so much to be done in this country which was formed after separation from India only 20 years ago, in 1947.

A wedding is an opportunity to get away from the ordinary, to dress up in one's very best clothes and meet old friends. The ceremonies last for four days and many parents take years repaying debts they have incurred for the expenses.

A girlfriend of Nuzhat's was being married and they took me along to see it — not for four days, only the first evening.

The bride was being married to her cousin and it was a love match. I was glad to learn this, but to my Pakistani girlfriend this was nice, but immaterial.

The bride was dressed in a dark pink gharara (like long, full culottes). She had gold bangles on her arms, a magnificent gold necklace, hanging gold earrings, and gold ornaments in her hair.

The soles of her feet were painted red and patterns were painted on the palms of her hands. Gold glitter had been scattered on her hair and face.

She sat with her feet crossed, her head covered, and her eyes cast down — she must look very demure and respectful before her husband's family.

It was a big wedding and the house and garden were filled with guests.

I did not see any men. They were in another part of the house with the bridegroom. Later when eating we were again segregated in a huge double marquee, the women on one side and the men on the other.

One of the rooms was filled with the bride's trousseau. This included piles of saris (she must not take with her any clothes she wore before her marriage), handwork she had made, household goods, boxes of jewellery, and wedding presents.

The bride's social life begins after marriage. Before that she cannot go out with a man.

Though she takes over from her mother-in-law as mistress of her new home, I think it takes a great deal of courage to devote your life to a man you scarcely know. Yet when I asked Nuzhat and Tayyaba if they wanted to go out with young men unchaperoned they said definitely, "No."

They couldn't believe that I really liked going out with various men. And as for going all alone to work in England they said, "No, thank you, though perhaps it would be nice to go there one day — when we are married."

THE AUTHOR of this story in the Pakistani woman's attire she wore in Karachi. It is called shalwar-qamees, long, loose pants and a shift-like top. She found it very comfortable in the heat.

Charm of dusty Karachi

MY first impressions of Karachi, in Western Pakistan, are the ones I most vividly recollect. As we drove along the road into the city I was amazed at the activity. The roads were busy with brightly painted trucks of produce from the country. Thank goodness I never voiced my first thought that they were circus trucks coming to town! There were wagons drawn by camels moving slowly and rhythmically along, the high "chink chink" of the bells tied to their legs carrying clearly through the early morning air.

I love Karachi—the East mixed with the West—but it is a city you must spend a little time to get to know. See the gaily decorated auto-rickshaws and the markets, the women in burqa (a long veil from head to foot), women in brightly colored saris, and the beaches, and you have seen the body of the city. But see a young man reading a book under a street lamp at night, see paintings by the Pakistani artist Sadequain, listen to the haunting ragas played on the sitar and tabla, wake to hear the early morning call to the faithful to prayer, and you have felt the soul of Karachi.

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BEATNIK

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

from Louise Hunter

Just inches from happiness

"I AM 5ft. 7in. and I'm troubled about being so tall. Most of my friends, including boyfriends, are shorter. I wear flatties and mini-heels, but it doesn't do any good. Although my boyfriends don't say anything, I know they notice it. My present boyfriend has bought a pair of high-heeled boots, but I can't expect other boyfriends to do this. Would you please give me some advice? (I am 14.)"

"Too Tall," Vic.

● Console yourself with the thought that in a few years' time those extra inches will probably be envied by your shorter girlfriends — and admired by boys. When you have money to dress to suit your height, you'll be able to turn what is now a burden into an advantage. (Look how elegant tall fashion models are!) What if your boyfriends do happen to be a couple of inches shorter than you, so long as they are good company and respect you? There's no rule in romance regarding height. A word of advice, though — never try to LOOK smaller than you are by stooping. Walk with your head held proudly high!

What people say

"I WAS 20 this month and very surprised to learn, just prior to my birthday, that the boy I have been going out with for the past ten months, is 15 months younger than I, as he looks older. We are very much in love and the age difference does not bother me as much now as it did at first. Could you please tell me what to say to friends and relatives when they comment on the difference? I cannot be rude to them, or ignore them, and I find it a little embarrassing."

"Unsure," Qld.

● Simply say, "Yes, he is a year younger," or if you want to be precise, "He is 15 months younger," and no more. The difference is too small for serious consideration. Friends and relatives make these comments without any idea how much they embarrass young people.

The last dance

"MY BOYFRIEND started to take me for granted, so I decided to show him he wasn't the only fish in the sea. When he took me to a dance, I flirted and let another boy take me home. The next day my boyfriend said we were through. How can I get him back?"

"Wishing," N.S.W.

● Don't you think it's about time you grew up? If you had poked out your tongue and said "So there!" your behaviour couldn't have been more childish! All you can do now is be pleasant when you meet and hope he'll come back.

Over the sea . . .

"I HAVE a penfriend I like very much. As we have never met my friends think I am silly. He says he loves me, but I don't know if I should tell him I love him because of what my friends say. He has been to Australia, but I didn't know him then, and he won't be able to return for some years. Do you think I am right in loving him?"

"Penfriend," Vic.

● At the beginning of your letter you write that you "like this boy very much," then a couple of sentences later you talk about loving him. You would have to meet before you — or he — could possibly know whether you loved each other. Just write friendly letters.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

Great expectations

● *At the beginning of the year I thought Charles Dickens one of the dullest writers ever to have existed. However, after reading "Oliver Twist" and studying Dickens a fair bit — with much encouragement from our English teacher — I have discovered that he wrote many inspiring works, giving an insight into the lives of the people of his times. Most of my friends agree that Dickens should not be scoffed at — especially by people who have never studied him. Classical literature is not at all dull, as most teenagers think, but very intriguing.*

— KAREN SMITH, Stawell West, Vic.

For teenagers

While others starve

I AM an Australian, and proud to call myself one. But like the majority of Australians I tend to take my country and what it has to offer for granted. In our snug cocoon of security we develop a couldn't-care-less attitude toward the problems of other countries. You aren't starving — in fact, right now you might be enjoying a plate of roast beef. Try not to take it for granted. — *P. J. O'Brien, Bulga, N.S.W.*

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

GOOD LOOKING MAKE-UP

MAKE-UP mistakes take more time to correct than doing the job properly in the first place. So, make it a must to put on your make-up slowly and carefully without hurrying the outline of your lips or the application of mascara.

If your aim is for a long-lasting "face," you could use a tinted or clear foundation, and then a slight repair or two during the day should keep your complexion fresh and spruce.

Don't forget that rouge gives a glow to the skin and a sparkle to the eyes, and can do much to emphasise good bone structure.

But apply it sparingly. Nothing looks worse than a Dutch doll effect.

Rouge must be positioned correctly and kept high on the face. Apply it by smiling into your mirror, and, where your cheeks puff out beneath your eyes, pinpoint the area sparsely with color and smooth it in lightly toward the outer corner of your eye.

Fluff face-powder all over your face and neck, brush off the surface with cottonwool or a clean, soft puff, and try the model girl's trick of wringing out a wad of cottonwool in cold water and gently patting your face and neck with it for a long-lasting "set."

— Carolyn Earle

GIRLS who like to keep their knees peeled are hindering boys who like to keep their eyes peeled.

In other words (would you believe plain English?), mini-skirts are apparently threatening the art of girl-watching.

This disturbing news comes from Mr. Don Sauers, founder of the thousands-strong American Society of Girl-Watchers.

The Society's strict code of ethics bans the use of binoculars, obvious ogling, whistling, or too-obvious turning of the head.

But, says Mr. Sauers, mini-skirted girls often cause girl-watchers to lose their poise.

The Society, by the way, has its own theme song, "Music to Watch Girls By."

Now it might well become "Those Shedding Belles Are Shaking Up That Old Gang Of Mine."

Of course, this is not the first serious problem faced by girl-watchers.

Many a good man has lost face by holding upside-down the paper or book he's pretending to read.

I might add that I have been a dedicated girl-watcher for quite a few years.

And I've had my set-backs, too.

LETTERS

Home, sweet home

PERHAPS those teenagers who are always criticising their parents feel they are lightening their burden by sharing their problems. But I'm tired of reading about them. We are only young once, and I'm making the most of it by having a real ball. Next year, thanks to my parents, who persuaded me to continue my studies after the School Certificate, I hope to go to university. Parents have seen more of life than we have. Stop trying to convince yourself that home is a nightmare. And don't harangue others with sorry tales of mistreatment. — *"Fed Up," Glen Innes, N.S.W.*

Wrong judgment

PEOPLE often say that teenagers are nasty to elderly ladies. Yet it always seems to be the older ones (30 to 45 years), who push them around. They are too wrapped-up in their families to spare any time for the old ladies. Younger people (teenagers and newlyweds) get on better with the elderly. The rare hooligan or rude young person who speaks disrespectfully to the old is not a fair example but an exception. — *June Colbert, Caringbah, N.S.W*

They're a wild mob

WHEN will teenagers involved in demonstrations realise the kind of fools they make of themselves in the eyes of decent people? A wild mob of screaming, long-haired kids won't make the slightest impression on the authorities, but, instead, will make responsible people look down on them. These demonstrators are only a minority of the teenage population of Australia, but they are making a lot of people think badly of teenagers in general. — *Lynette Kimber, North Bellingen, N.S.W.*

☆

BECAUSE I am a schoolgirl, I'm continually pushed aside to make way for the working girl. Shop assistants invariably serve a teenager who isn't in school uniform in preference to a student. I have nothing against working girls, as in two years' time I will be one. But it is the privileges that they have which are unreasonable. Even on public transport, the schoolgirl is expected to give up her seat to a working girl of the same age. I am determined, when I go to work, to treat high-school girls with equal rights. — "High-school Student," Nundah, Qld.

☆

Precious hours

FOR more than three years I have lived away from home, sharing with other girls. While it is great to be able to share one's joys and sorrows, I find it a welcome break when the others are out. I'm able to do what I please without seeking the others' co-operation. I don't relish the idea of living alone, because companionship means a great deal to me. But I cherish the hours that I have to myself. — *"Lizbeth," Rabaul, New Guinea.*

TEEN TALENT

■ **The younger generation is usually thought of as uncreative. But when I wrote some poems about my friends and took them to school to be read, people flipped. After this I found that one of my friends writes stories, another makes electrical gadgets, and another builds model houses. So it's time critics of the younger set took off their fogged glasses and had a look at the things we're doing. It's true we're a bit strange at times, but we also happen to be thinking — about current affairs, politics and, more important, about people.** — Andrew Cornish, Cronulla, N.S.W.

ROUND ROBIN

Adair

'IN' LOOK HAS BAD OUTLOOK

Why, only recently I was sitting in a ferry discreetly admiring the back of a head loaded with beautiful golden locks.

(This is part of advanced girl-watching — you pick one feature and try to imagine the rest.

Well, some people play with jigsaw puzzles!)

And I was getting down to essentials when the ferry tied up.

Goldilocks turned round and I was faced with a luxuriant beard!

Genuine bird-watchers — of the ornithological variety — had an interesting sighting that day.

A Red-Faced Robin.

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● *Above: For the slim — knickerbockers, with a bright jumper. Knickerbockers cost $13.50, and may be ordered through Myers Miss Melbourne Department. Jumper, $13. Kilt is worn with an angora wool cardigan. Kilt $16, cardigan $12.*

● *Gay skirt with the flair of a kilt is worn with a cable-knit cardigan and skivvy. The skirt costs $16; the skivvy and cardigan cost $9 and $14 respectively.*

FASHION'S HIGHLAND FLING!

AN exciting fashion story this winter for the teens to 20s is the kilt — or more precisely, with hemlines moving up and up, the mini-kilt.

Although the dyed-in-the-wool Scot will probably react with horror, the days are gone when kilts reached the top of the knee-caps and just touched the floor when the wearer kneeled.

This winter's version measures a mere 21in. (many are bound to be made even shorter when young buyers get them home) and takes considerably less than the traditional nine yards of material.

Colors have also changed. They are bold, bright, and beautiful, with the most popular shades vibrant reds, purples, plums, and "spanked-baby pink."

With chunky cable-knit jumpers, skivvies, and bulky cardigans, the kilts are ideal for casual wear. For those who are more adventurous, men's shirts and ties provide a perfect foil for the skirts.

Also ideal for wearing with the kilts are lacy and textured stockings. Apart from looking good, they keep legs warm — an important factor with today's shrinking hemlines. "Squared off" shoes or gillie ties add an appropriate finishing touch.

If you want to be really way out—and have the figure that can take it—knickerbockers are the very thing for you. The Melbourne version is streamlined compared with the American style, which sports two big pockets.

(Kilts pictured are from the range at the Miss Melbourne Department of Myers, Melbourne.)

—*Leonie Newberry*

● *Wear it if you dare . . . man's shirt and tie with a duo-color kilt trimmed at the side with an arrow pin. The kilt is $12, cotton crepe shirt $12, tie $4 (shirt, tie from Myers In-Gear Shop).*

For teenagers

● *Jaunty tam-o'-shanter trimmed with a pompon is an optional accessory for this kilt, which comes complete with "safety-pin" fastening at the side. Kilt is $18, tam-o'-shanter $12, jumper $11.*

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HOUSE of the WEEK

Before (below) and after (right) renovations were made by Mr. and Mrs. Smith to their home at Balmoral, N.S.W. Sliding glass doors open from family room and kitchen to patio. Original porch entry was removed to make more interior space; entry is now at left of porch position.

A do-it-yourself project:

RENOVATING TO A FIVE-YEAR PLAN

● With a five-year plan, unflagging optimism, and sheer hard labor, Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith successfully completed an enormous task — remodelling their home at Balmoral, N.S.W.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith bought the house about seven years ago. Although in excellent condition structurally, the two-bedroom brick house had small, dark rooms, narrow hallways and "lots of unnecessary, space-consuming doors."

"I love open-planned houses," said Mrs. Smith, "and it seemed to me that if we knocked down a few walls we could turn our home into one."

Before tackling the work, Mr. and Mrs. Smith worked out a five-year plan.

"It wasn't a strict schedule," said Mrs. Smith, "you just can't hope to keep to one when you're bringing up two boys!

"But as we were going to be living in the house during alterations, we had to have some program."

Continued overleaf

Terraced gardens and patio (left) at entrance were excavated by Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their two sons from original high, terraced lawn. Barbecue is popular for entertaining.

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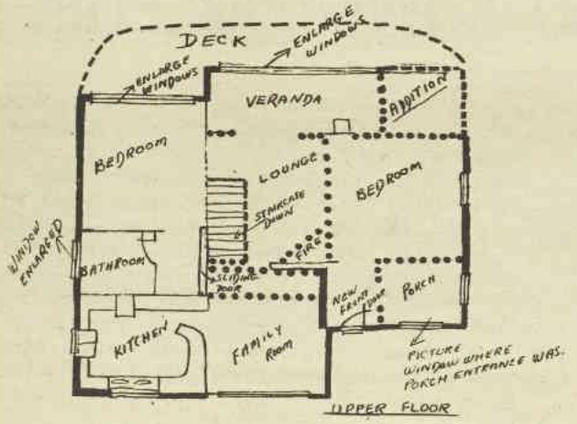
Planter box divides family den in foreground from large living area (above). These rooms were divided by narrow hallway — bookcase marks its position.

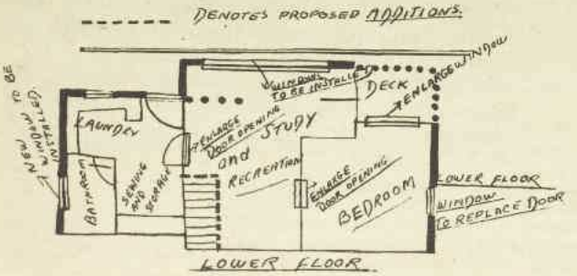
HOUSE of the WEEK

Continued from previous page



●●●●●● DENOTES WALLS TO BE DEMOLISHED.

------ DENOTES PROPOSED ADDITIONS.



THE first project in Mr. and Mrs. Smith's renovation of their Balmoral home was excavating a large area of rock directly in front of the house to provide a terraced garden entrance and a small outdoor area. "Everyone," said Mrs. Smith, "was sceptical, because we intended to do all this ourselves.

"Yet it was only a matter of about six months before the area was cleared and we were able to establish gardens and an outdoor living area."

Later on, to make this area more accessible from the kitchen, part of the brick wall of the family den was replaced by large sliding glass doors.

Because it was inadequate for a family, the bathroom was the next project.

"It created a special problem because of its size," said Mrs. Smith. "It didn't seem wide enough for a vanity bench, so we made a model of one from cardboard, fitting it against the wall and cutting chunks off as we moved about the bathroom trying it out for size.

"When we decided on the shape we sent the model away to be made up."

The result is a narrow laminated bench which widens in the centre for a washbasin. Storage cupboards underneath open from the centre of the unit.

The kitchen and family den were the next rooms to be remodelled. They were originally two separate rooms at the end of a narrow hallway from the front entrance. The Smiths knocked out the hallway and the wall between these rooms.

The original back door to the kitchen was bricked up, with just a small opening for an inward-opening hopper window.

"This is directly above the hotplates and provides very good ventilation for the whole kitchen," said Mrs. Smith.

The doorway from the kitchen to the hallway is now a storage cupboard — on one side it serves as a shallow-shelved pantry; on the other a linen cupboard.

"We now had a complete section of the house in which we could live comfortably — a family living-room, kitchen, bathroom, and one bedroom — while other work was done," said Mrs. Smith.

The living-room renovation was an enormous task involving knocking down brick walls, rebuilding the veranda, and knocking down a huge, ugly fireplace to make one large open area.

"Because of the sandstone foundations, we were able to use a single steel pole as support and knock away two ugly brick pillars between the living area and the original veranda," said Mrs. Smith.

"We extended the living area and built another veranda — a timber sundeck along the width of the house, overlooking a wonderful view of Sydney Harbor."

Large sliding glass doors and windows open on to this deck from the living-room and main bedroom.

The most ambitious project was still to come. With two energetic, growing sons — Raymond, now 15, and Stephen, 9 — the Smiths knew they would need a large bedroom and rumpus area for them — somewhere they could study and pursue their individual hobbies in privacy.

"There was just no room in the house — so we had to make room," said Mrs. Smith.

Underneath the house, at one end, was a laundry and at the other a small area through which a man could crawl to reach telephone wires. Between the hole and the laundry was solid sandstone, with a ceiling height of only 4ft.

Now that the weight of the walls upstairs had been removed, some of this sandstone support could be taken away.

Working from the little space, the Smiths started removing the sandstone — it took about two years to complete work-

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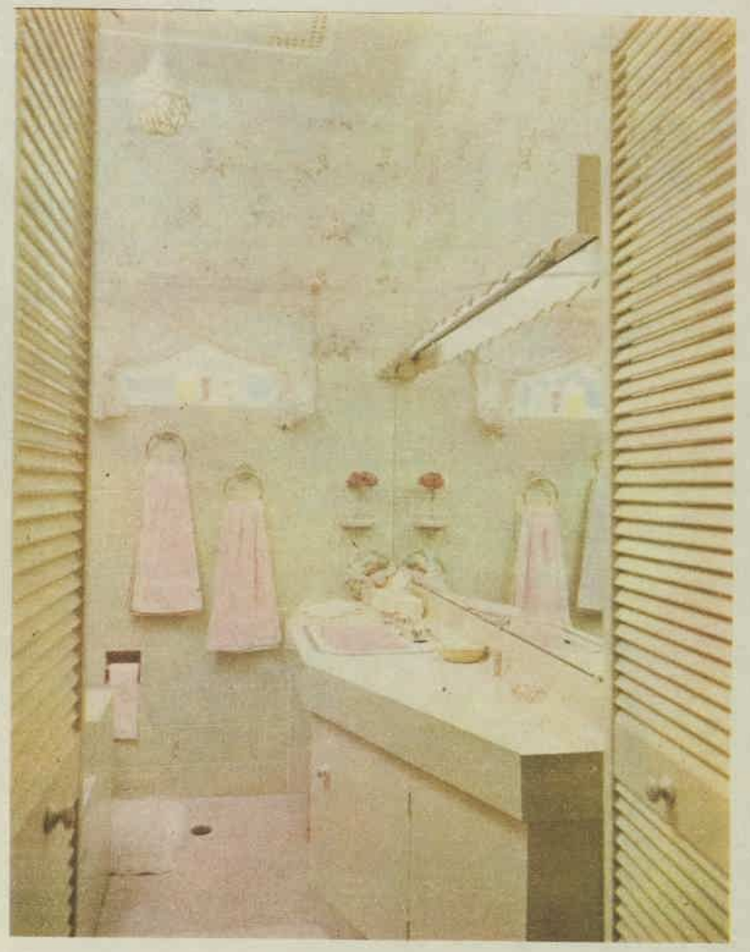
Boys' sleeping quarters (above) are divided by sandstone support, disguised with wallboard and bookshelves. Excavations began from narrow window bedside wardrobe (see plan)



Strip lighting behind pelmet illuminates specially designed bathroom vanity unit (right). Louvred doors open from small hallway to main bedroom. The bath and toilet are on the left.

ing at night and weekends. The Smiths extended the ceiling height to 9ft. (by removing the sandstone floor), and cleared an area large enough for rumpus and bedroom for the two boys.

They left the sandstone, which was needed as support for the house, and covered it with wallboard.

This sandstone provided a dividing wall between the boys' sleeping and study areas, and formed natural alcoves for desks, wardrobes, and divans. In a corner of the adjacent laundry they built a shower recess and toilet for the boys.

Mrs. Smith herself drew up plans of the proposed renovations (opposite) for local council authorities.

"When the authorities inspected the plans, they came down to the house to see if we were realty serious!

"However, when they saw the house and we explained what we had in mind, they were extremely co-operative and offered valuable advice.

"We asked several architects to tackle the work. They were a little taken aback at our plans for the front patio and the inside of the house, but it wasn't until we explained our scheme for the boys' area that they decided we were quite mad!

"We were also delayed by men whom we appointed to do some of the more strenuous tasks.

"For example, a fellow called to demolish the brick wall between the then existing bedroom and living-room. He put up the supports on the ceiling, took the top layer of bricks away, and then left to go to another job.

"I was so anxious for that wall to go that, with the aid of my son Stephen, who was then about four years old, I took down the rest of the wall myself.

"So you can see we were more or less forced to do the work ourselves!"

Shallow pantry in kitchen (above) was original doorway to kitchen from hallway—adjacent family den and kitchen were divided by wall replaced by snack bar. Hopper window marks old back door.

Pictures by Keith Barlow
Story by Sandra Funnell

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The toughest thing about buying Axminster ...

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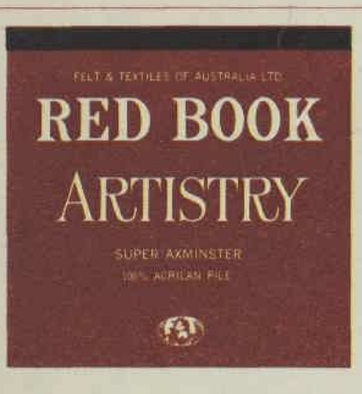
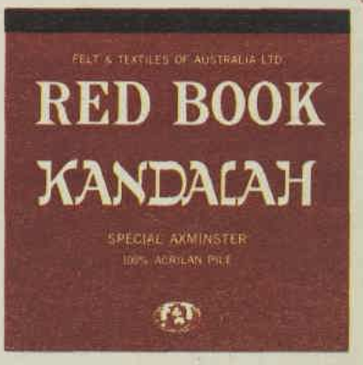
...is to decide which RED BOOK to choose from!





Now! 4 colourful NEW axminster carpet styles to choose from.

34 exciting patterns exclusive to RED BOOK

Warm, deep and so magnificently soft that it's hard to believe they will last a generation. No matter what your personality or particular decorating whim, there is assuredly A Red Book Axminster carpet made just for you from traditional hard-wearing floral to the truly lavish! Rest assured that the carpet you choose is superbly woven faithful to the Axminster tradition!

TIGHT, THICK, WOVEN PILE.
Red Book Axminster carpets are beyond compare in their making. The faithfully woven pile in every instance is close and tight, which guarantees durability! Red Book rooms become brighter, more colourful, and you know they'll stay that way!

NOW! 60% LONGER LIFE!
New Red Book Axminster carpets are Australia's first with TEX-LOK Latex backing.
This means Red Book carpets have **built-in extra durability!** TEX-LOK allows carpet to breathe yet holds pile more firmly. Prevents dust percolating through. Promotes **60% longer wear.**

EASIER TO CLEAN! EASIER TO LIVE WITH!
Choose either the world-tested combination of wool/Evlan/Bri-Nylon or 100% Acrilan; specially chosen for the new Red Book Axminster carpet styles. Both resist pressures and wear and they're easier to clean, too! Red Book Axminster keeps on looking fresh and clean—colours stay bright.

1953

On the next 4 pages, Felt and Textiles of Australia Ltd. present the new Red Book Axminster range

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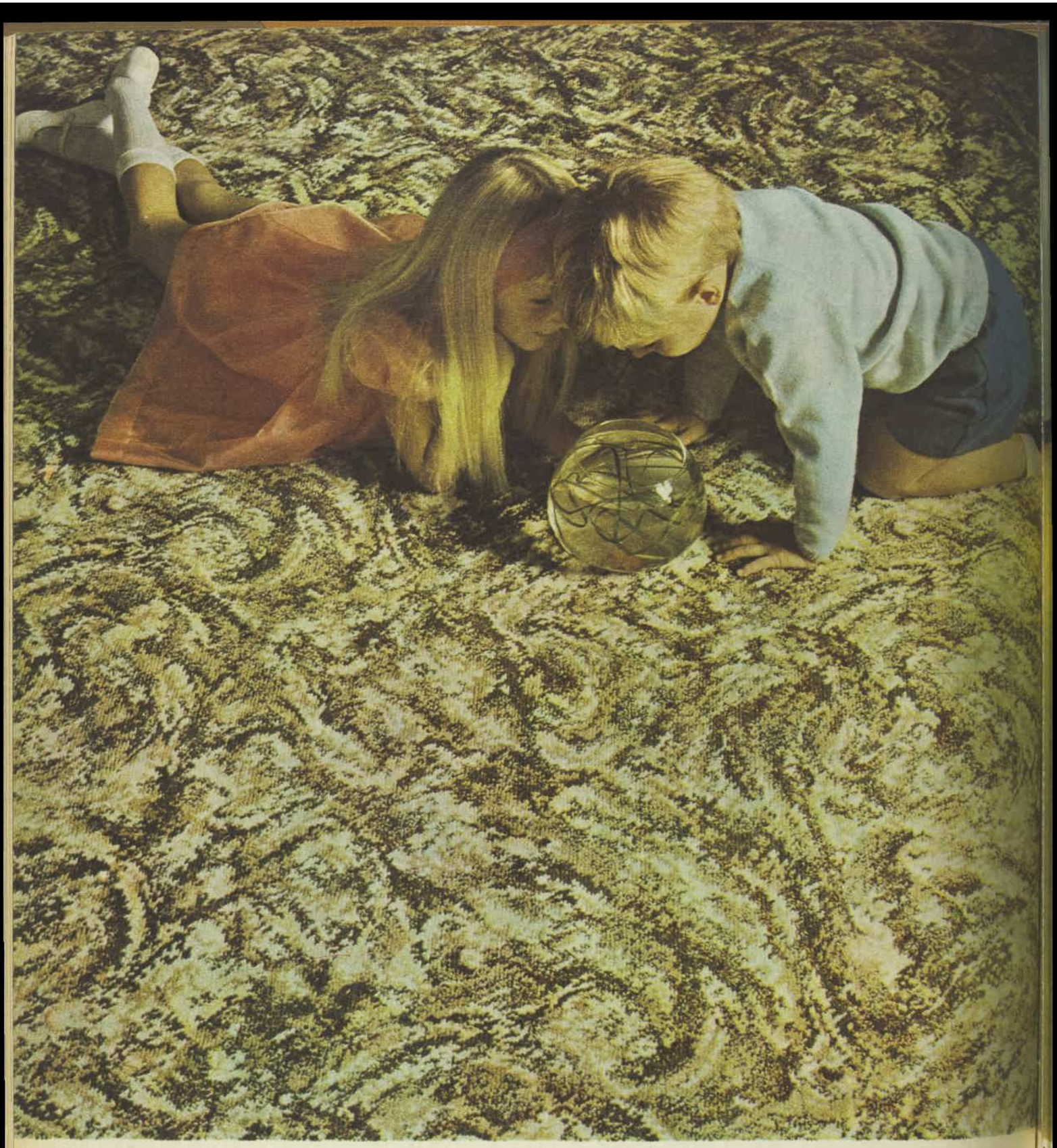

Colourful, bright, the carpet that makes a home...

Livability is the Key-word—and the combination of three world-tested carpet fibres makes this Red Book Axminster the automatic first choice of those who turn houses into homes! Soft, warm, serviceable, in patterns of fresh florals, tone-on-tone, and abstracts.

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RED BOOK

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IMPERIAL AXMINSTER

40% WOOL. 40% EVLAN. 20% BRI-NYLON

LOOK TO THE RED BOOK FOR QUALITY WOVEN CARPET At all Red Book carpet Retailers.

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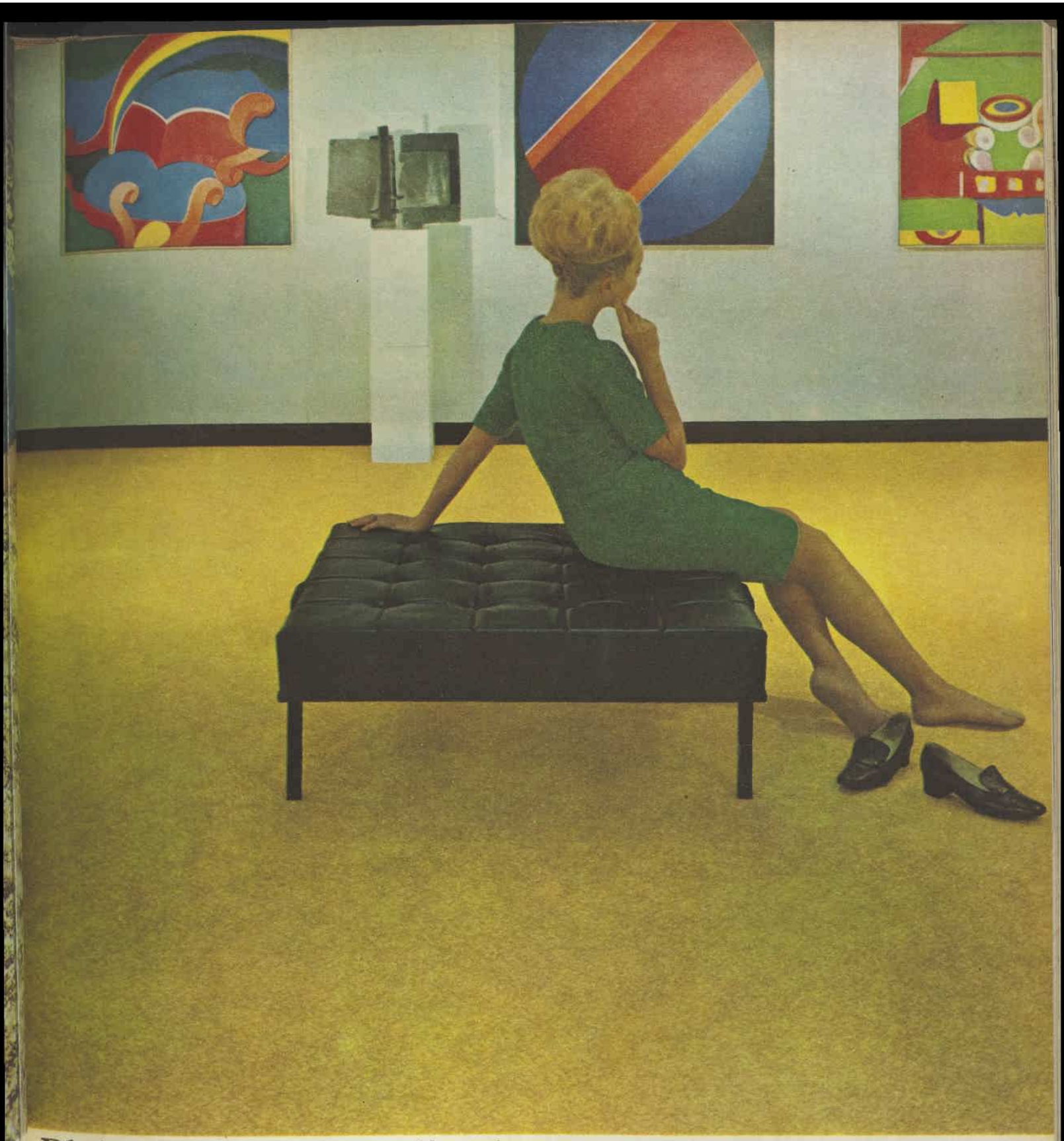

Plain, tweedy, startlingly new . . .

Made for modern floors, Tweedletwist is excitingly different with an air of the avant-garde. Acrilan ensures superb resilience and resistance to pressure on the pile. Soil resistant, too. This Red Book Axminster is just waiting for your decorating ideas.

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SUPER AXMINSTER
100% ACRILAN PILE

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Robust, textured, the freshest thing on floors . . .

Uniquely rough-hewn and heaven to walk on . . . totally, delightfully different every way you look at it. The special properties of Acrilan ensure the retention of the unusually textured surface.

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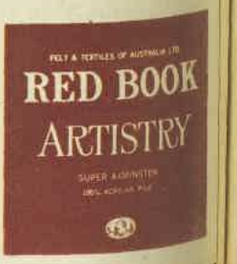

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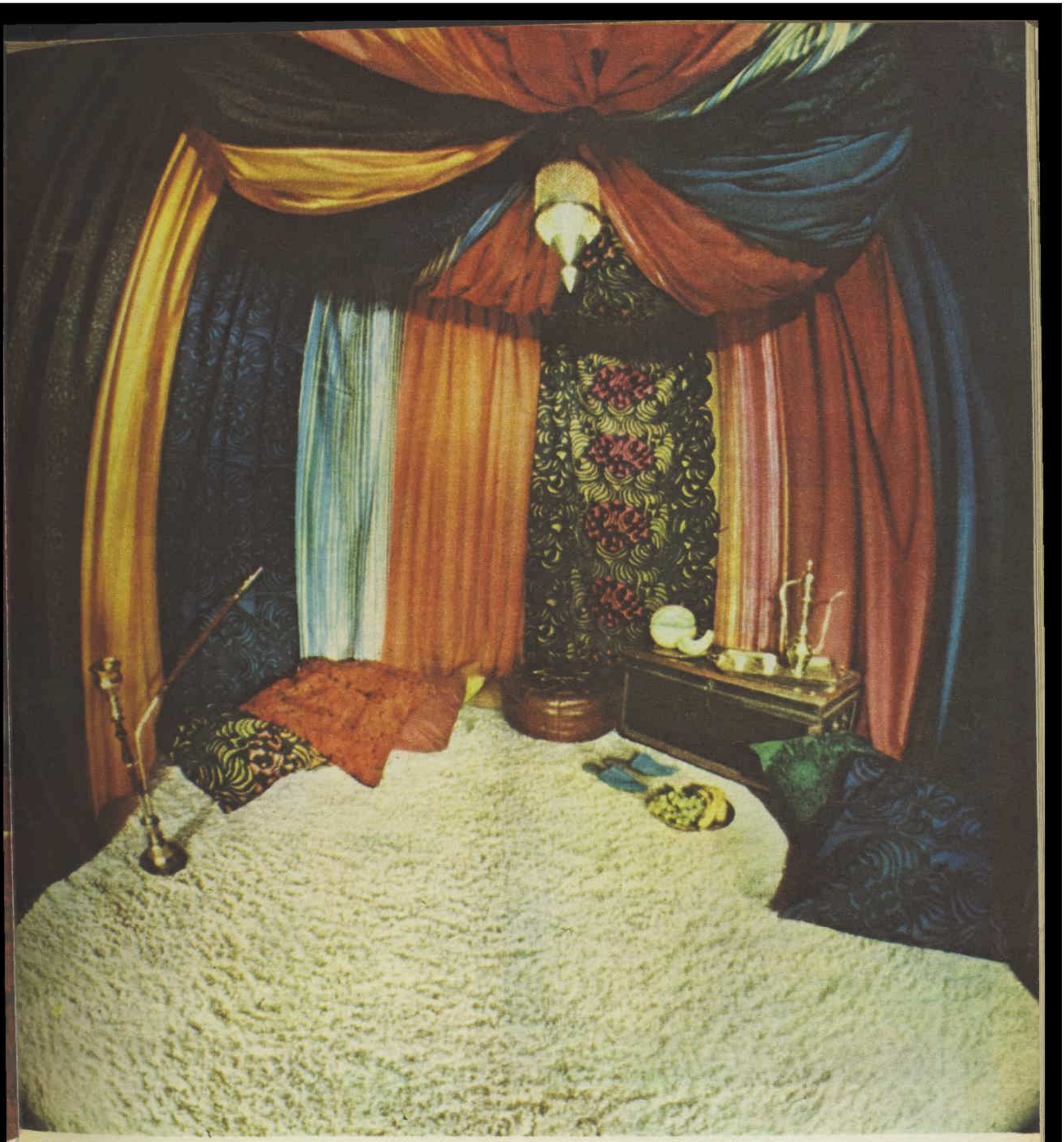

Plump, shaggy and frankly magnificent...

Kandalah recaptures the opulence of the ancient East. This new Red Book Axminster carpet is inspired by the pages of the Arabian Nights. Rich, lavish, extravagant, Kandalah is for those who can dare to stand apart. Conjured creatively from luxurious Acrilan.

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RED BOOK

KANDALAH

SPECIAL AXMINSTER
100% ACRILAN PILE

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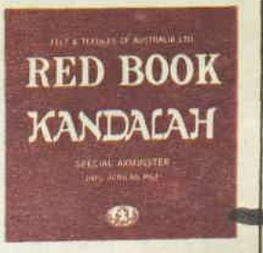

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World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works 2¼ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

stop headache and pain

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NOW WORKS 2¼ TIMES FASTER

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RHODODENDRONS

● Rhododendron colors are exquisite, ranging from dark purple to scarlet, rose-pink and yellow, to pearly white.

By ALLAN SEALE

ALTHOUGH rhododendrons are looked upon as cool-climate plants, some are tropical natives.

R. lockae, native to Northern Australia, has small foliage and clusters of tubular, blood-red flowers. Most tropical species don't adapt to other conditions.

The wide range of plants we know as Azaleas belong to the genus Rhododendron, but distinction between the two groups saves confusion.

Azaleas and most rhododendrons need similar soil conditions, but not always the same climate, so the remarks following don't necessarily apply to azaleas.

Most rhododendrons are at their best in cooler southern or mountain areas, but do well enough in temperate climates such as Sydney or Adelaide hills districts. Hardy varieties like R. ponticum flower in relatively warm coastal areas.

Consider time of flowering when choosing a rhododendron. In warmer areas especially the bloom of later flowering ones will be short-lived unless protected from direct sunlight, but light is necessary. Plants in complete shade rarely flower.

One alternative is to grow the plants in containers, moving them into a well shaded, cool position while in flower; or to select early varieties which will flower before the end of September.

Soil: Rhododendrons need lime-free, acid soil. If the soil is limy, a few weeks before planting spread and water-in an ounce of sulphate of aluminium to the sq. yd., several weeks before planting. Twice this quantity of sulphur, or liberal dressings of peatmoss, will also help to build up acid content.

Except for peatmoss, don't use these materials on soil known to be acid. Excessive acidity can be harmful.

A soil which holds moisture is preferable to quick-drying sand, but good, free drainage is essential. Ideal soil for container planting would be 7 parts good garden loam (preferably with compost or other organic matter added in the past year), 3 parts shredded and moistened peatmoss, 2 parts coarse sand.

From now until late winter is the safest time to replant rhododendrons. They won't flourish in heavy clay, and **if clay is the only choice, fork in a 2in. layer of moistened peatmoss, 4in. deep.**

Then set the plant so the surface of its soil ball is about 2in. above soil level. Mound up to this level with a soil mixture like that for container growing. An inch or two of leafmould spread a foot or two around the plant will allow the surface root system to establish, and stop clay from washing in.

Peatmoss and rotted leafmould will improve sandy soils. A mulch of leafmould is always beneficial.

Plants in hessian: Rhododendrons sold with roots balled in hessian which appears dry need a good soaking, then a few hours to dry thoroughly, before being disturbed. **Plant with the hessian intact,** but before filling in soil, cut away surplus hessian around stem to expose top of root ball.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 114

In pots: Tap out carefully. If roots are closely bound around soil ball, loosen this outer mat, trimming off any damaged sections. This will shock the plant, but is better than planting it root-bound.

Moving established plants: Rhododendrons are surface-rooted, and move easily in winter. Spade around the plant in a circle a foot or two from the stem, depending on the size of the plant. Large plants may need to be cut back.

Then at various points around the circle drive the spade in 5 or 6in. deep and under the root mat, lifting gradually until it moves free. Don't set the plant deeper than before. Soak thoroughly.

Water and feeding: Soil around the roots of rhododendrons should never be completely dry — nor remain soggy.

Don't feed until flowering time, then again about eight weeks later. Use complete, organic-based camellia and azalea foods, or complete liquid plant foods. Water well after feeding.

EARLY VARIETIES
(flowering before October)

Abbot — good blood-red, flowering July/August; medium growth.

R. cambelliae — pendulous foliage, and spotted pink flowers in August; tall.

Boddaertianum — white with dark blotch; compact, bushy.

Cornish Cross — large crimson flowers, handsome foliage; medium.

Cornubia — large, briliant red flowers in August; tall.

Gladifolia — large rose-pink; September; medium.

Heatherside Beauty — frilled white, crimson blotch; August; medium.

Marion — pink, with deeper edge; low; compact.

Nobleanum—deep pink flowers, June/July; medium, compact.

President Roosevelt — rosy red; variegated foliage; September; medium.

Sir John Waterer — deep pink, July/August; medium.

Unknown Warrior — large trusses, light red flowers, Sept./Oct.; medium.

LATER FLOWERING TYPES

Several hundreds flower from the end of September on. Here are some:

Alarm — red, pink centre, November; strong, tall.

Album Elegans — pale mauve, November, strong medium grower.

Adriaan Koster — cream, yellow centre; October/November; low-medium.

Alice — large-flowered rose-pink; October/November; tall.

Beauty of Littleworth — large pure white; October; tall.

Betty Robinson — deep yellow, red marking; October/November.

Break of Day — loose orange trusses; October/November; dwarf.

Countess of Athlone — large silvery lilac; October/November; medium.

Dr. Arnold Endtz — prolific frilled carmine-pink; November; medium.

Fabia — loose trusses of salmon-orange bells; dwarf.

Grandiflora — deep mauve, free-flowering; November; medium.

Hugh Koster — bright red; November; medium.

Joseph Whitworth — large, deep purple; November; medium.

Lord Roberts — dark red, black blotch; late November; medium.

Maud — pale mauve; November; strong, tall.

Mrs. T. Agnew — white, yellow blotch; late November; medium.

Medusa — Salmon-orange tubular flowers, loose clusters; Oct./Nov.; low.

Pink Pearl — large trusses, pale pink; very popular; cut occasionally to keep compact; Oct./Nov.; medium.

R. ponticum — small-flowered, attractive lilac, a hardy, free-flowering species from Spain; November, medium.

Sappho — unusual, white with chocolate blotch; November; tall.

Sidney Herbert — mauve, frilled edge; November; vigorous, tall.

The Warrior — dark red; December; strong, tall.

White Pearl — pink buds, opening white; October-November; dense, tall.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 115

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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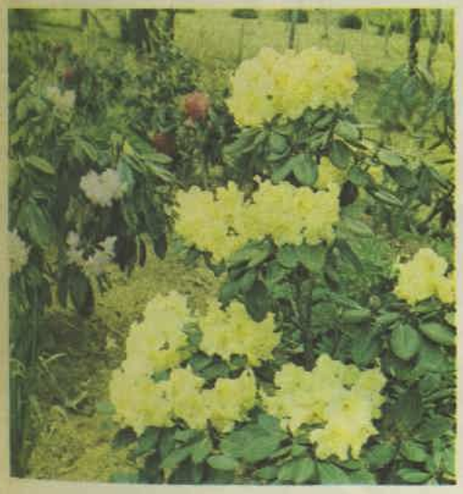
IN SPRING, rhododendrons are supreme in Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher's garden at Mt. Wilson, N.S.W., where all these pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg. Left: Mauve rhododendron Susan, and paler mauve Van Nes Sensation (front row). Behind them are flowering dogwoods.

LODER'S WHITE.

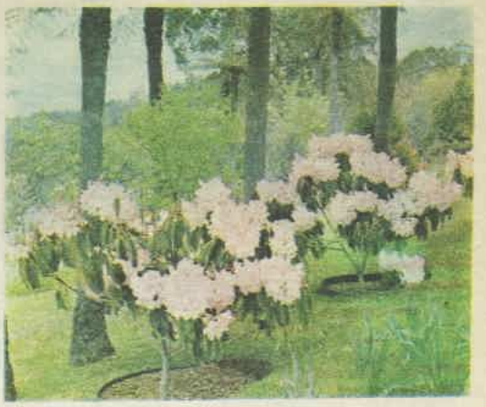
RHODODENDRONS IN SPRING



CARITA, a rich cream.

BLUE DIAMOND (top corner, Mrs. G. W. Leak); foreground, white candytuft.

EARL OF ATHLONE.



LODERI VENUS — large-flowered, delicately scented, the gem of the collection.

LEFT: In an enchanting corner, red rhododendron Elizabeth; white rhododendron, species ciliicalyx; left, Acer japonicum laciniatum.

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What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction. Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD

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THE OLD SCHOOL

Beside the road the old school nestles still
Among the trees as in those bygone days.
The children still come running down the hill —
For time soon catches up with dawdling ways.
All day the school with lilting voices rings,
The playground echoes with the happy calls:
But, oh, the silence that the evening brings,
The utter gloom that comes when darkness falls.
No longer is the school a meeting-place
Where all the country folk would love to call,
Where mothers with a bright and happy face
Would tuck their sleeping babies by the wall.
The euchre parties on a Tuesday night
Brought old and young alike upon the scene;
Who cared if Mrs. Jones revoked with fright,
Or even if she trumped her partner's Queen?
On Saturday, the dances were the best:
The waltz, the polka, and valetta, too,
The Lancers and Fitzroys were quite a test
As fast the fiddle played and feet just flew.
Clutching the hope of partners bad or good,
With lowered eyes the wallflowers sadly sat,
Whilst round the door a group of boys just stood
Discussing cows, spuds, football, this and that.
Old Faithful stoked the fire behind the scene,
The kerosine tins slowly came to boil,
Cream sponges fit to place before the Queen
Were sliced by willing hands that ever toil.
The cups were handed round by gay young blades,
The tea and coffee poured by strapping lads,
The cakes were handed round by giggling maids
Watched fondly by their doting mums and dads.
The dishes soon were cleared with frenzied haste,
The while some lovers silently took flight.
The MC took his partner by the waist,
Announced a waltz, the last dance for the night.
The school was locked, the hurricane lamps brought out,
The men brought round the horses and the traps.
Good-nights were called with many a laugh and shout
As families settled on each other's laps.
Ah, times improve and things must grow apace.
No weekly dances but a Monster Ball:
The old school now is not the meeting-place,
For down the road they built a brand-new hall.

—DOROTHY LOCKETT

FASHIONABLY, IT'S REALLY A PAPER WORLD!

● For a "different" look in accessories: a hat and matching tote bag made from paper treated to look like shiny vinyl. They're a budget-priced novelty from America (the hat costs less than $2).

This natural cleanser beautifies your skin

Neutrogena Regd

Neutrogena thoroughly cleans your skin without disturbing Nature's wonderful acid cloak, and the balance of natural skin oils, which guard against blemishes, dryness and dullness.

To give Nature the chance she deserves, thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse off, then repeat Neutrogena's lathering massage. Do this morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted at the youthful, fresh appearance of your skin.

You will find that Neutrogena is the only skin cleanser you will ever need.

Made and distributed in Australia by the HOUSE of FAULDING

Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532.
One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena is only $1.35.
Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—economically priced at only 45 cents per cake.

NTG 13B

Neutrogena is the secret to lasting skin loveliness

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New from Master Foods

There's more* in every jar of new Promite

VEGETABLE EXTRACT SPREAD

*More Promite (an extra 1/2 oz. per jar) *More flavour from the new garden-fresh vegetable recipe *More goodness from vitamin packed yeast. Yet new Promite costs you no more!

Look for the new package at your foodstore now.

p.s. just 1/5 oz. of new Promite — the amount you spread on a slice of bread — provides half your daily needs of vitamins B_1, B_2 and Niacin.

MF 207

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● Majolica ware

I AM enclosing a photograph (not published) of an ornament which has been in our family for many years. Could you assist in establishing its age and origin? The piece is of a boy and a cow; 8in. in height; the cow is white with red ochre patches, and the boy has a light blue jacket, white trousers, fancy waistcoat with red tie. The ornament and base appear to be completely hollow. The companion piece, which u not in my possession, is a milkmaid and cow. — Mrs. G. M. McMillan, Upper Hutt, N.Z.

Your interesting pottery is English Staffordshire of the Victorian era — about 1830.

● Faience ware

MY pottery plate (above) is supposed to be a hundred years old and of ancient Persian art. I wonder if you could verify this?—Mrs. Piggford, Swanbourne, W.A.

This plate is an example of faience ware. Although it is characteristically of 17th century, I cannot express a reliable opinion as to its vintage without personal inspection. Reproductions of old faience wares were made during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Original examples are rare.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a semi-nude statue bought 23 years ago at a house sale. It has the name "J. Foley, London, 1846," scratched on the side; "Art Union of London" on the front; and "Copyright Reserved Copeland" on the back.—Mrs. S. G. Williams, Renmark, S.A.

The statue is a specimen of Copeland parian-ware. It was made in 1846, and was given a prize in an art union.

ENCLOSED is a picture of a floor vase given to me by my husband. As it is such a beautiful combination of color and design I would appreciate it very much if you could give me some information about it.

Possibly it is of comparatively recent origin and it has the following marks on its base, "H. 1540. Longwy." —Mrs. E. Smith, Brisbane.

The vase is a fine example of Majolica ware. It is late nineteenth century — stylistically dating about 1885. I am not aware of the potter, whose mark does not appear to be recorded.

★ ★ ★

WOULD you be kind enough to give information about my table and candleholder ornament, please? The ornament is blue, about 13 inches high, and has a mark (sketch enclosed) on the bottom. The figure is a dancing girl with long pale blue scarf held around her shoulders, and the candleholders are edged in gold with yellow flowers on the bottom. — I. Peak, Noble Park, Vic.

The piece of furniture, which appears to be made of walnut (sometimes they occur in Brazilian rosewood), is an English music-holder known as a Canterbury. It dates about 1860-1870. The Dresden-style porcelain candelabrum was made in Germany about 1875 to 1880.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD like your expert opinion about a Royal Doulton vase (below). The background has the words "Ye Carter Inn" and the signature Noke is written on the "pebbles" by the feet of the figure.—Joan H. Macky, Helensville, N.Z.

Your Doulton vase decorated by Noke bears a factory mark which was introduced about 1902 and was used up to 1922. Your example probably dates about 1920.

● Doulton vase

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Canberra Steam Laundry, BRADDON

QUEENSLAND
Brisbane Metropolitan
Diamonds Dry Cleaners ... VALLEY
Fullars Dry Cleaners ... VALLEY
Gold Coast
Surfer's Dry Cleaners, MERMAID BEACH
Country
Delta Dry Cleaners ... AYR
Garrows Dry Cleaners ... DALBY
Apex Dry Cleaners ... MACKAY
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Wright's Dry Cleaners, MURWILLUMBAH EAST
Miller's Dry Cleaners, ROCKHAMPTON
Garrow's Dry Cleaners, TOOWOOMBA
Irvines Dry Cleaners ... WARWICK

VICTORIA
Melbourne Metropolitan
Houghtons Dry Cleaners, ABBOTSFORD
Croydon Dry Cleaners ... CROYDON
Cyma Dry Cleaners ... FRANKSTON
Davis Laundry Pty. Ltd., MORDIALLOC
Country
Gouge Country Services Pty. Ltd., COLAC
Carews Dry Cleaners ... GEELONG
Andy's Dry Cleaners ... MILDURA
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Adelaide Metropolitan
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Country
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Smart dress is available cut out to make in turquoise, black, or wine silicone-finish velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $7.75; 36 and 38in. bust, $7.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

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Traycloth and serviette are available traced ready to sew in white or cream pure Irish linen. Price is 85 cents plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

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Girl's dressing-gown is available cut out to make in rouge-red, wedgwood-blue, old-gold, or white silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 4 to 6 years, $2.95; 8 to 10 years, $3.25. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

582

583

Holidays of
a lifetime
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QUEENSLAND
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HOME HINTS

● These useful hints, sent in by readers, will help mothers of young children and make work easier in the kitchen and home generally. Each hint wins $2.

If making jam with dried apricots, use the kitchen scissors to cut each piece of apricot into four pieces before soaking it. They will pulp more easily and give the jam a nice consistency. — Mrs. L. Champion, 81 Gallipoli Pde., Pascoe Vale Sth., Vic.

★ ★ ★

Lengthen the life of your (modern) ironing-board cover by laundering it frequently. Replace it inside out after every alternate wash. By doing this, the side nearest you, which has the most use, is on the opposite side when the cover is reversed.—Mrs. H. Findlay, P.O. Box 110, Yeppoon, Qld.

★ ★ ★

A metal cake cooler laid over the burner of a gas or electric stove makes a good toaster in an emergency.—Mrs. M. Dale, Lot 2, Wide View Rd., Berowra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Instead of putting on a collar when making children's winter dressing-gowns, turn down the neck and hem it, then put a drawstring through. When drawn in to fit neck, the dressing-gown falls in fuller folds, giving more protection to the chest. Pull out drawstring for easy laundering and quick drying.—Mrs. N. Stevens, 53 Lachlan St., Windale, Newcastle, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

That soap film which gives your bathroom tiles a dull appearance can be removed easily. First wipe over with a cloth dipped in malt vinegar diluted in water, then use methylated spirit to give a shiny finish to the tiles.—Mrs. P. Monk, 10 Mackie Rd., Springvale Nth., Vic.

★ ★ ★

Smooth a little sewing-machine oil into scratch marks on furniture. The marks will disappear and the furniture will look like new.—Mrs. R. W. Swinbank, Box 896, Geraldton, W.A.

★ ★ ★

If there are a number of children in the family and you have name tags printed for their school clothing, it is more economical to have only the surname printed. This bulk buying is cheaper and you do not run out of the name. I always sew a few colored threads on the tag to safeguard the article of clothing, because there may be other children of the same name at the school.—Mrs. K. Schwarze, 8 Charles St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Rub the bottom of the iron on ordinary bar soap occasionally when ironing starched clothes. It prevents sticking and makes the iron smooth.—Mrs. K. Davis, Box 60, P.O., Aramac, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To clean your bathroom basin in a hurry, or when you have run out of cleaner, use a smear of toothpaste. It will remove marks and leave the basin shining.—E. MacGregor, 19 Euree St., Reid, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

To remove built-up polish round the edges of floors, mix together 1 cup methylated spirit, 1 cup turpentine, and 1 cup kerosine. Apply to floor, leave to dry, then wash in the usual way.—Miss J. Allen, 54 Canterbury Ave., Trinity Gardens, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Avoid sticky jam tarts by setting the jam filling with a little gelatine. For every 1 cup of jam required, use only ¾ cup of jam. Dissolve 1½ to 2 teaspoons gelatine in hot water, and make up the jam to 1 cup with this mixture. Cook pastry first, then pour diluted jam into tart cases and put into refrigerator to set.—Mrs. E. Thorpe, 13 Ruthven Ave., Glandore, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Cover the polished dining table with a plastic pastry sheet when the children are using modelling dough or modelling clay on the table. The sheet protects the table and is easy to clean.—Mrs. R. van Emmerik, 373 Wyld's Ave., Wayatinah, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Mud marks can be removed from suede shoes by rubbing with a flannel dipped in fine oatmeal. Rub until marks are thickly covered, working with a circular motion. Repeat until suede is clean.—Mrs. R. Whittome, 11 Bishop Rd., Middle Swan, W.A.

★ ★ ★

To get a few more months' wear out of your youngster's jeans or pyjamas that have become too short: Lengthen the legs by sewing on bands of plaid flannel or flannelette at the bottom. Make bands wide enough to form cuffs.—Mrs. Maisie Doran, 12a Society St., Toowoomba, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When buying sausage mince or minced steak for rissoles or meat loaf, ask your butcher to put the meat into a plastic bag. Then just add the onions, herbs, and other ingredients to the meat in the bag, close it loosely with a rubber band, and knead ingredients into the mince until well mixed. This saves washing-up and messy hands.—Mrs V. Clarke, 11 Amos Place, Marayong, N.S.W.

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Great ideas for Mother's Day...

What a sensible way to solve your Mother's Day gift problems. Hundreds of thoughtful ideas in one place (which beats hunting all over town). Marvellous value. And helpful suggestions. The people at your family chemist probably know mother anyway!

at your family chemist.

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MODERN TOUCH ADDS CHARM TO MELBOURNE'S STORIES IN BRONZE

Artists have paid tribute to children and music in the rich setting of city's memorials

BEAUTIFUL blue-tiled grotto, with sundial, seats, bird-bath, and statue (above and below), honors the early women settlers of Victoria. The garden was established during the 1934 centenary celebrations with funds raised by the National Council of Women. Special Women's Australia Day services have been begun there, and it is hoped to make these an annual ceremony.

HISTORY of war and peace, tributes to pioneers and explorers and statesmen have long been expressed in stone and bronze in Melbourne's many striking statues. Sculptors have lately turned to a more idealistic approach. Two contemporary artists have immortalised in bronze the beauty and grace of children and the charm of music.

Australian sculptor Tom Bass chose children for his commissioned statue at the CML Building. Contemporary in style, it depicts a life-sized girl with doll, and a boy watching a lizard by a sheltering tree in which sits a symbolic owl.

In somewhat the same spirit, Italian sculptor Pino Conte has approached the task of symbolising the beauty of music.

His nine - foot figure, elevated on a bronze column, is a slim, lithe, supple female form in an attitude of serene repose and solitude, like a listener rapt in the magic of music.

Gift of an anonymous Italian - born Melbourne woman, it towers over the audience at the Myer Music Bowl in the Botanical Gardens.

It is called "Miraggio," (Italian for "Mirage").

Sculpture, the most universally visible form of art, exposed day by day to the critical scrutiny of the public, wins admiration, respect, and even love — and sometimes dislike.

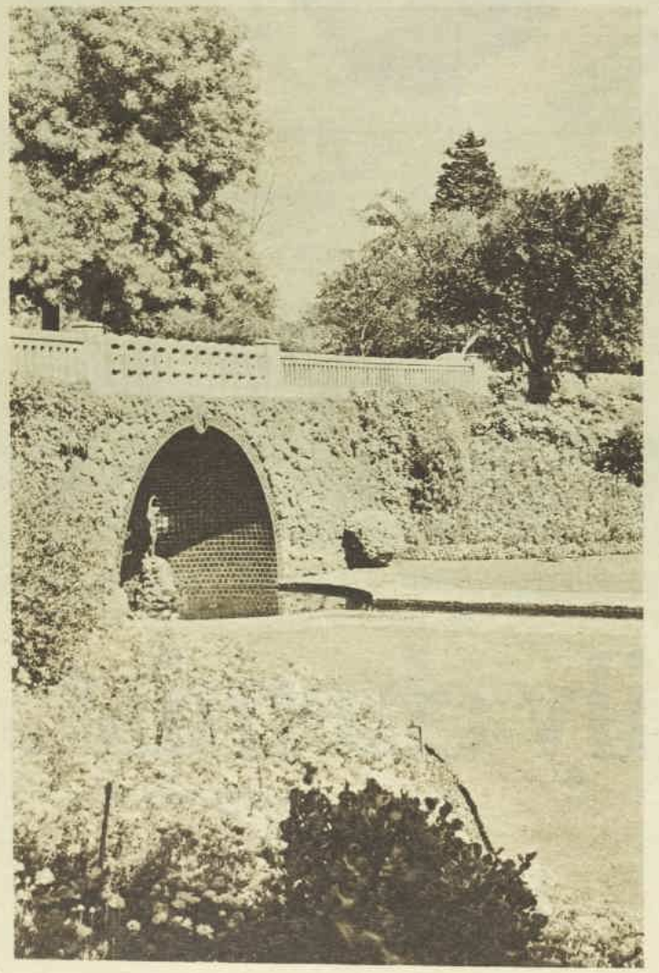
Probably warmest in Melbourne's affections for its statues is the tree-shaded "Man With the Donkey," near the Shrine of Remembrance. It is the city's tribute to the immortal John Simpson, who went to his death at the age of 26 rescuing wounded men on Gallipoli in 1915.

Probably best known to Victorians is Charles Summers' statue of Burke and Wills in the Gilliott Reserve at the northern end of Spring Street.

The statue of poet Adam Lindsay Gordon, one of Paul Montford's best known works, in 1934 won the Gold Medal awarded annually by the Society of British Sculptors. A memorial fund was launched in 1910, but it was 1932 before the statue was erected. It stands in Carpentaria Place in lovely Spring Street.

Rugged figure of Field-Marshal Sir Thomas Blamey, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Military Forces in World War II, who died in 1951, stands in Alexandra Gardens.

Pictures on this page by J. O. Colahan



MAGNIFICENT bronze figure of a World War I soldier stands with its companion figure, "The Driver," outside the Public Library and Art Gallery in Swanston Street. It is called "Wipers," soldiers' vernacular for Ypres. The figures are by English sculptor Charles S. Jagger, ARA.

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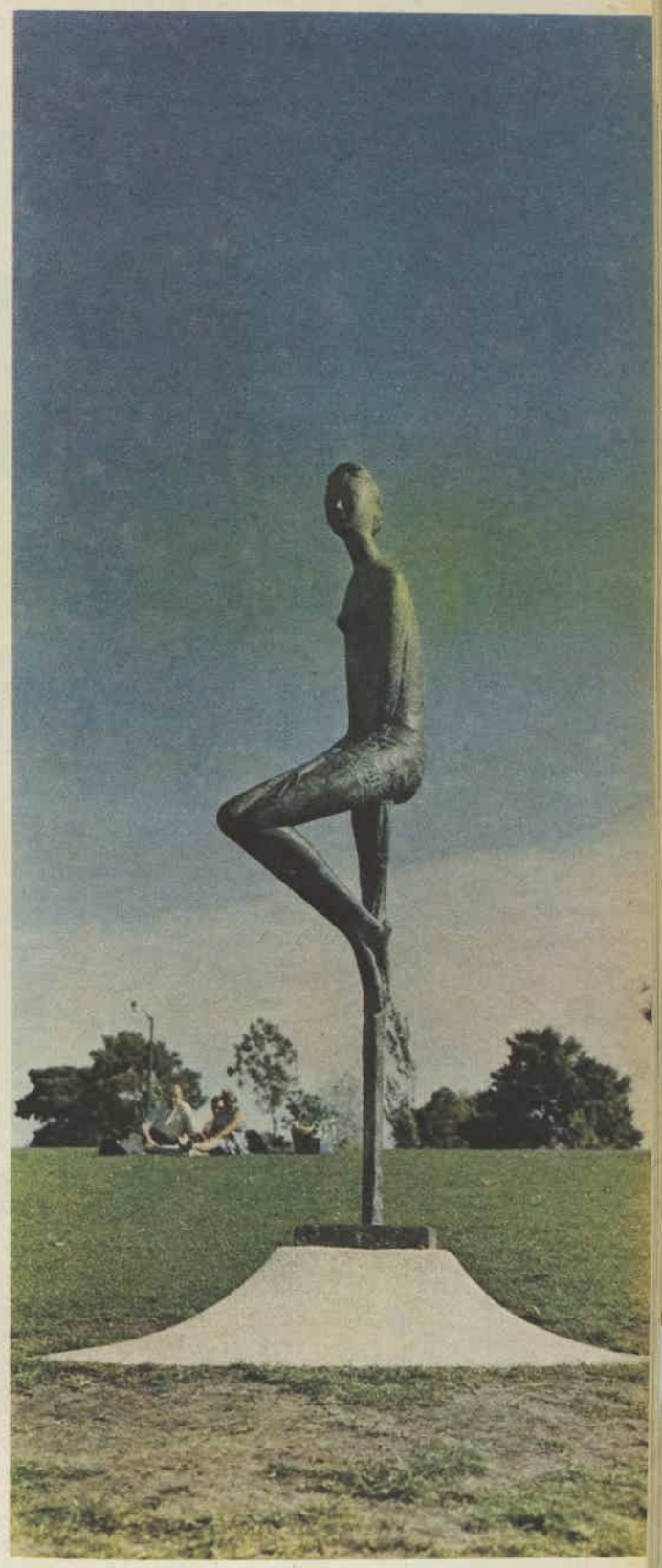
THE MAN WITH THE DONKEY under a tree in Birdwood Avenue was designed by Wallace Anderson, erected by public subscription, and unveiled by Lord Huntingfield in 1936. It commemorates Private John Simpson Kirkpatrick (usually called John Simpson), 3rd Field Ambulance, killed on Gallipoli, May 18, 1915, aged 26, while bringing in wounded on donkey Duffy.



IN THE HEART of Melbourne (left) is the Colonial Life Building's commissioned sculpture, "The Children's Tree," by Australian Tom Bass. The artist says, "In the roar and surge of the city it will help us to rediscover our lost childhood." Bass' daughter, Belinda, was model for the girl.

CONTEMPORARY Italian figurative sculpture, Pino Conte's bronze "Miraggio" (gift of an anonymous Italian - born Melbourne woman), is a nine-foot figure of a slim female form in an attitude of repose, like a listener transported by music, before the Myer Music Bowl.

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"...at about 38 cents no woman in her right mind would use it for cooking."

MRS. JONES

If we made a superb margarine. If we then charged about 38 cents a lb. for it. If we labelled it boldly "Cooking Margarine." There'd have to be a catch. Who'd pay about 38 cents a lb. for a cooking margarine? Eta Super Spread "Cooking Margarine" is superb. It is about 38 cents a pound and it belongs on a loaf like the crust on the outside. We can't label it t**** margarine. The quota system won't let us. But there aren't any quotas on cooking margarine. So use your loaf, this is a superb margarine for spreading. Please spread the word. It's in a gold box with a red name patch. It's an all-Australian margarine and it's made by Marrickville.

Sold in cube pack in some areas.

Spread the word.

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Many years had passed since the day she had planned to marry George

THE JILTING OF GRANNY WEATHERALL

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

SHE flicked her wrist neatly out of Doctor Harry's pudgy, careful fingers and pulled the sheet up to her chin. The brat ought to be in knee breeches. Doctoring around the country with spectacles on his nose! "Get along now, take your schoolbooks and go. There's nothing wrong with me."

Doctor Harry spread a warm paw like a cushion on her forehead where the forked green vein danced and made her eyelids twitch. "Now, now, be a good girl, and we'll have you up in no time."

"That's no way to speak to a woman nearly eighty years old, just because she's down. I'd have you respect your elders, young man."

"Well, Missy, excuse me." Doctor Harry patted her cheek. "But I've got to warn you, haven't I? You're a marvel, but you must be careful or you're going to be good and sorry."

"Don't tell me what I'm going to be. I'm on my feet now, morally speaking. It's Cornelia. I had to go to bed to get rid of her."

Her bones felt loose, and floated around in her skin, and Doctor Harry floated like a balloon around the foot of the bed. He floated and pulled down his waistcoat and swung his glasses on a cord. "Well, stay where you are, it certainly can't hurt you."

"Get along and doctor your sick," said Granny Weatherall. "Leave a well woman alone. I'll call for you when I want you. . . . Where were you forty years ago when I pulled through milk leg and double pneumonia? You weren't even born. Don't let Cornelia lead you on," she shouted, because Doctor Harry appeared to float up to the ceiling and out. "I pay my own bills, and I don't throw my money away on nonsense!"

She meant to wave goodbye, but it was too much trouble. Her eyes closed of themselves, it was like a dark curtain drawn around the bed. The pillow rose and floated under her, pleasant as a hammock in a light wind. She listened to the leaves rustling outside the window. No, somebody was swishing newspapers: no, Cornelia and Doctor Harry were whispering together. She leaped, broad awake, thinking they whispered in her ear.

"She was never like this, never like this!" "Well, what can we expect?" "Yes, eighty years old . . ."

Well, and what if she was? She still had ears. It was like Cornelia to whisper around doors. She always kept things secret in such a public way. She was always being tactful and kind. Cornelia was dutiful; that was the trouble with her. Dutiful and good: "So good and dutiful," said Granny, "that I'd like to spank her." She saw herself spanking Cornelia and making a fine job of it.

"What'd you say, Mother?"

Granny felt her face tying up in hard knots.

"Can't a body think, I'd like to know?"

"I thought you might want something."

"I do. I want a lot of things. First off, go away and don't whisper."

She lay and drowsed, hoping in her sleep that the children would keep out and let her rest a minute. It had been a long day. Not that she was tired. It was always pleasant to snatch a minute now and then. There was always so much to be done, let me see: tomorrow.

Tomorrow was far away and there was nothing to trouble about. Things were finished somehow when the time came; thank God there was always a little margin over for peace: then a person could spread out the plan of life and tuck in the edges orderly. It was good to have everything clean and folded away, with the hairbrushes and tonic bottles sitting straight on

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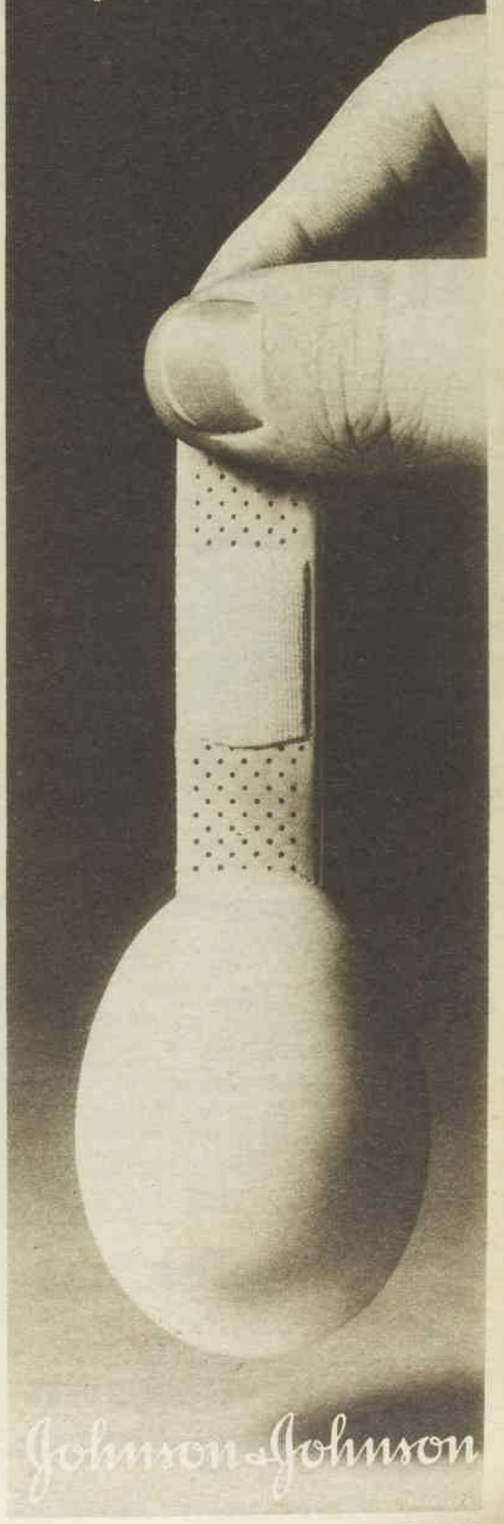
Hold it! this is a stick-up

BAND-AID Brand Dressings stick at a touch—stay put even under water. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

BAND-AID BRAND strips



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THE BOYFRIEND

"Listen, they're playing our tune!"

THE JILTING OF GRANNY WEATHERALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

the white embroidered linen: the day started without fuss and the pantry shelves laid out with rows of jelly glasses and brown jugs and white stone-china jars with blue whirlygigs and words painted on them: coffee, tea, sugar, ginger, cinnamon, allspice: and the bronze clock with the lion on top nicely dusted off.

The dust that lion could collect in twenty-four hours! The box in the attic with all those letters tied up, well, she'd have to go through that tomorrow. All those letters — George's letters and John's letters and her letters to them both —lying around for the children to find afterwards made her uneasy. Yes, that would be tomorrow's business. No use to let them know how silly she had been once.

While she was rummaging around she found death in her mind and it felt clammy and unfamiliar. She had spent so much time preparing for death there was no need for bringing it up again. Let it take care of itself now. When she was sixty she had felt very old, finished, and went around making farewell trips to see her children and grandchildren, with a secret in her mind: This is the very last of your mother, children! Then she made her will and came down with a long fever.

That was all just a notion, like a lot of other things, but it was lucky, too, for she had once and for all got over the idea of dying for a long time. Now she couldn't be worried. She hoped she had better sense now. Her father had lived to see one hundred and two years old and had drunk a noggin of strong, hot toddy on his last birthday. He had told the reporters that it was his daily habit, and he owed his long life to that. He had made quite a scandal and was very pleased about it. She believed she'd just plague Cornelia a little.

"Cornelia! Cornelia!" No footsteps, but a sudden hand on her cheek. "Bless you, where have you been?"

"Here, Mother."

"Well, Cornelia, I want a noggin of hot toddy."

"Are you cold, darling?"

"I'm chilly, Cornelia. Lying in bed stops the circulation. I must have told you a thousand times."

Well, she could just hear Cornelia telling her husband that Mother was getting a little childish, and they'd have to humor her. The thing that most annoyed her was that Cornelia thought she was deaf, dumb, and blind. Little hasty glances and tiny gestures zoned around her and over her head saying, "Don't cross her, let her have her way, she's eighty years old," and she sitting there as if she lived in a thin glass cage.

SOMETIMES Granny almost made up her mind to pack up and move back to her own house, where nobody could remind her every minute that she was old. Wait, wait, Cornelia, till your own children whisper behind your back!

In her day she had kept a better house and had got more work done. She wasn't too old yet for Lydia to be driving eighty miles for advice when one of the children jumped the track, and Jimmy still dropped in and talked things over: "Now, Mammy, you've a good business head, I want to know what you think of this . . ." Old Cornelia couldn't change the furniture around without asking. Little things, little things!

They had been so sweet when they were little. Granny wished the old days were back again with the children young and everything to be done over. It had been a hard pull, but not too much for her. When she thought of all the food she had cooked, and all the clothes she had cut and sewed, and all the gardens she had made — well, the children showed it. There they were, made out of her, and

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Special families* brush with

the special toothbrush

Only Tek has ANTI-GERM built-in germ fighting action

*A special family — the nine Wynans — Mary (13), John (12), Peter (11), Paul (10), Robert (8), Michael (8), Gregory (5), Raymond (4), Ingrid (2).

Johnson & Johnson

OUR TRANSFER

CRINOLINE motif for your guest towels is from Iron-On Transfer No. 1006. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c postage.

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THE JILTING OF GRANNY WEATHERALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

they couldn't get away from that. Sometimes she wanted to see John again and point to them and say, "Well, I didn't do so badly, did I?" But that would have to wait. That was for tomorrow.

She used to think of him as a man, but now all the children were older than their father, and he would be a child, beside her, if she saw him now. It seemed strange and there was something wrong in the idea. Why, he couldn't possibly recognise her. She had fenced in a hundred acres once, digging the postholes herself and clamping the wires with just a Negro boy to help. That changed a woman. John would be looking for a young woman with the peaked Spanish comb in her hair and the painted fan.

Digging postholes changed a woman. Riding country roads in the winter when women had their babies was another thing; sitting up nights with sick horses and sick Negroes and sick children and hardly ever losing one. John, I hardly ever lost one of them! John would see that in a minute, that would be something he could understand, she wouldn't have to explain anything!

It made her feel like rolling up her sleeves and putting the whole place to rights again. No matter if Cornelia was determined to be everywhere at once, there were a great many things left undone on this place. She would start tomorrow and do them. It was good to be strong enough for everything, even if all you made melted and changed and slipped under your hands, so that by the time you finished you almost forgot what you were working for.

What was it I set out to do? she asked herself intently, but she could not remember. A fog rose over the valley, she saw it marching across the creek, swallowing the trees and moving up the hill like an army of ghosts. Soon it would be at the near edge of the orchard, and then it was time to go in and light the lamps. Come in, children, don't stay out in the night air.

Lighting the lamps had been beautiful. The children huddled up to her and breathed like little calves waiting at the bars in the twilight. Their eyes followed the match and watched the flame rise and settle in a blue curve, then they moved away from her. The lamp was lit, they didn't have to be scared and hang on to mother any more. Never, never, never more. God, for all my life I thank Thee. Without Thee, my God, I could never have done it. Hail, Mary, full of grace.

I want you to pick all the fruit this year and see that nothing is wasted. There's always someone who can use it. Don't let good things rot for want of using. You waste life when you waste good food. Don't let things get lost. It's bitter to lose things. Now don't let me get to thinking, not when I am tired and taking a little nap before supper.

The pillow rose about her shoulders and pressed against her heart and the memory was being squeezed out of it; oh, push down the pillow, somebody; it would smother her if she tried to hold it. Such a fresh breeze blowing and such a green day with no threats in it. But he had not come, just the same. What does a woman do when she has put on the white veil and set out the white cake for a man and he doesn't come? She tried to remember. No, I swear he never harmed me but in that . . . and what if he did?

There was the day, the day, but a whirl of dark smoke rose and covered it, crept up and over into the bright field where everything was planted so carefully in orderly rows. That was hell, she knew hell when she saw it. For sixty years she had prayed against remembering him and against losing her soul in the deep pit of hell, and now the two things were mingled in one and the thought of him was a smoky cloud from hell that moved and crept in her head when she had just got rid of Doctor Harry and was trying to rest a minute.

Wounded vanity, Ellen, said a sharp voice in the top of her mind. Don't let your wounded vanity get the upper hand of you. Plenty of girls get jilted. You were jilted, weren't you? Then stand up to it. Her eyelids wavered and let in streamers of blue-grey light like tissue paper over her eyes. She must get up and pull the shades down or she'd never sleep. She was in bed again and the shades were not down. How could that happen?

Better turn over, hide from the light, sleeping in the light gave you nightmares. "Mother, how do you feel now?" and a stinging wetness on her forehead. But I don't like having my face washed in cold water!

Hapsy? George? Lydia? Jimmy? No, Cornelia, and her features were swollen and full of little puddles. "They're coming, darling, they'll all be here soon." Go wash your face, child, you look funny.

To page 92

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Keep safe what has been turned over to your care. Avoid the godless talk and foolish arguments of "Knowledge," as some people wrongly call it.*
—1 Timothy 6; 20.
(Today's English Version)

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 10.

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ Mainly an exciting, productive week—except the weekend, which could spell money muddling. Finances get a surprise assist, 11th, 12th is unusually lucky. Ideal for that long trip.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ A bumper time to cash in on your Number One prestige cycle. Romantic adventures and interludes dominate your life, especially 10th-12th. Watch out for a cloak-and-dagger influence.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ There's a strong patch of confusing influences at the weekend. Beware that woolly thinking does not lead to travel accidents. Otherwise an exhilarating week when you are inspired.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ Things begin to look up, romance-wise, except that the weekend brings false glamor. Excellent time to decorate the home, ask for a raise, put a deposit on the dream-block.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Marvellous time to launch an original project which will pay off more than your wildest imaginings. Surprising things happen finance-wise. However, strictly routine at weekend.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Many—especially if born September 9-16—get a break that helps to expand horizons. Treat weekend with kid gloves — it's muddling and unreliable. Extra care on the road.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.
★ Repress that strong streak of co-operation at the weekend and don't lend money to friends. Make the most of a good week—you are inspired and inventive. Pine for friendship, letter-writing.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ Somebody could be sniping at your image at the weekend—so get your inbuilt radar working. For the rest, very good stars that boost career and status, and bring pleasant family news.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ The 10th-12th is very lucky—enhancing gambling wins and giving a bright green light to enterprise and novel ideas. Weekend brings muddled thinking and is unlucky for legal matters.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Saturday, Mon.
★ If you are taking a pleasure cruise, you will have glamor galore and romance, especially 10th-12th. Weekend is treacherous and full of false glamor. So walk quietly.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Discounting the weekend, it's a fine time for betrothals and all to do with orange blossoms. There's more than usual lottery luck around, 10th-12th. Routine 13th-14th. Avoid crossed lines.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.
★ Excellent prospects of a rise in status—some ambition is surprisingly realised. It's good to get a new car, too, 10th-12th—except that weekend is adverse, and full of instability.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Plain sweaters—

PANEL AND BORDERS in a knobby-stitch trim round-neck jumper (above), knitted in stocking-stitch. Directions are given at right.

Knobby-stitch jumper

Materials: 27 (28, 29, 30) balls Lincoln Thistledown, Slick-Knit 12-ply, or Cleckheaton 12-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 7, 4, and 3 knitting needles; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23½ (24, 24½, 24½) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 17½, 18) in.

Tension: 9 sts. and 11 rows to 2in. over st-st., 11 sts. to 2in. over patt-st.

PATTERN

Row 1: K 1, * pull out 2nd st. on left-hand needle to back of work and k, then k 1st st. and sl. both sts. off needle, rep. from * to end.

Row 2: P 1, * p 2nd st. on left-hand needle in front of 1st st., p 1st st., sl. both sts. off needle, rep. from * to end.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 85 (93, 101, 105) sts. Work in st-st. for 1in., ending on k row. **Next Row:** K to mark hemline.

Change to No. 4 needles and work in patt. for 12 rows **. **Next Row:** K, dec. 6 (10, 12, 12) sts. evenly along row to 79 (83, 89, 93) sts. Cont. in st-st. until piece is 17in.

To Shape Armhole: At beg. of next 2 rows, cast off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. and 1 st. each end on every foll. 2nd row to 65 (67, 73, 77) sts. Cont. even until armhole is 6½ (7, 7½, 7½) in. End on p row.

Next Row: K 23 (24, 26, 27) sts., cast off 19 (19, 21, 23) sts., k to end. Cont. on those last sts., leave rem. sts. on holder.

To Shape Neck: At neck edge cast off 3 sts. on every 2nd row 3 times. Cont. without shaping until armhole is 7 (7½, 8, 8) in.

To Shape Shoulder: At arm edge cast off 2 (3, 5, 6) sts. once and 3 sts. 4 times. Join wool at neck edge, work as other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back to **. **Next Row:** K 2 tog., * k 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * once, k 16 (20, 24, 26) sts., p 2, work in patt. for 17 sts., p 2, k 16 (20, 24, 26) sts., k 2 tog., * k 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * once.

Next Row: P 29 (33, 37, 39) sts., k 2, work in patt. for 17 sts., k 2, p to end.

Next Row: K 29 (33, 37, 39) sts., p 2, work in patt. for 17 sts., p 2, k 29 (33, 37, 39) sts. Rep. last 2 rows until work is 17in.

To Shape Armhole: As for back until 71 (73, 77, 81) sts. Cont. even until armhole is 5½ (6, 6½, 6½) in.

To Shape Neck: K 27 (28, 30, 32) sts., work in patt. for 17 sts., turn, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: Work in patt. for 17 sts., and leave on holder for neckband. Cast off 3 sts., p to end, then at neck edge cast off 2 sts. 3 times and 1 st. on every 2nd row 4 (4, 4, 5) times. Cont. until armhole is 7 (7½, 8, 8) in.

To Shape Shoulder: As for back. Join wool at neck edge and work as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 43 (47, 49, 49) sts. and work in st-st. for 2in., ending on k row.

Next Row: Knit. Change to No. 4 needles and work in patt. as for back for 12 rows. Cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 6th row to 63 (67, 71, 73) sts. Cont. even until piece is 19 (19½, 19½, 20) in., ending on p row. At beg. of next 2 rows cast off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts., then dec. 1 st. each end on next and every foll. row to 15 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Steam, press lightly. Join right shoulder seam.

NECKBAND

Right side facing and using No. 4 needles, pick up and k 24 (24, 26, 26) sts. along left front neck edge, work in patt. for 17 sts., pick up and k 24 (24, 26, 26) sts. along right front neck edge and 56 (56, 58, 60) sts. across back of neck. Work in patt. for 10 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 3 rows in st-st. beg. with k row. Change to No. 3 needles and work 7 rows more, inc. 10 (10, 10, 12) sts. evenly along 2nd row. Cast off loosely.

TO FINISH OFF

Join left shoulder. Flat-seam neckband ends. Seam side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Sl-st. sleeve and neckband facings in position. Turn in hem; steam seams.

Fair Isle banded pullover

Materials: 15 (16) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (3) balls in contrasting color (c.c.) Patons Lambswool; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 10 knitting needles; set of 4 Nos. 8, 9, and 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (35) in. bust; length, 24 (24½) in.; sleeve 17in.

Tension: 12½ sts. to 2in.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 107 (115) sts. **1st Row:** Wrong side facing, knit. Rep. 1st row 6 times, inc. once at each end of needle in last row. 109 (117) sts. Using No. 9 needles, join in m.c. and proceed:

1st Row: K 2 m.c., * k 1 c.c., k 3 m.c., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 c.c., k 2 m.c.

2nd Row: P 1 m.c., * p 3 c.c., p 1 m.c., rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K 2 c.c., * k 1 m.c., k 3 c.c., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 m.c., k 2 c.c.

4th Row: P 2 m.c., * p 1 c.c., p 3 m.c., rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1 c.c., p 2 m.c.

5th Row: K 1 m.c., * k 3 c.c., k 1 m.c., rep. from * to end. **6th Row:** As 4th row. **7th Row:** As 3rd row. **8th Row:** As 2nd row. **9th Row:** As 1st row. **10th Row:** Using m.c., purl.

11th Row: K 1 c.c., * k 3 m.c., k 1 c.c., rep. from * to end. **12th and 14th Rows:** As 10th row. **13th Row:** As 1st row. **15th Row:** As 11th row. Break off c.c. **16th Row:** Purl. **17th Row:** Knit**.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work is 16in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan—1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 (3) sts., work to end of row ***. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 69 (71) sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., k 27 (28), turn. Cont. on these sts., dec. once at armhole edge in every alt. row six times, at same time cast off 2 sts. at neck edge in next row and every alt. row five times. 10 (11) sts. Cont. dec. at armhole edge only in every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. **Next Row:** P 2, turn, k 2 tog. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn to rem. sts., cast off 11 sts., work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Work on rem. sts. as other side.

BACK

Work as front to ***. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 55 (57) sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., k 18 (19), turn. Cont. on these sts., dec. once at armhole edge in every alt. row five times, at same time cast off 2 sts. at neck edge in next row and every alt. row four times. 4 (5) sts. Cont. dec. at armhole edge in every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. **Next Row:** P 2, turn, k 2 tog. End off.

Rejoin yarn to rem. sts., cast off 15 sts., work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 51 (55) sts. Work as given for Front to **. Cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of needle in 2nd row and every foll. 8th row until 65 (69) sts. on needle, then in every foll. 6th row until 81 (87) sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping until side edge is 17in. from beg., ending with purl row.

To Shape Raglan — 1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 (3) sts. and work to end. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 13 (7) sts. rem. **First Size Only:** Dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 7 sts. rem. **Second Size Only:** Work 1 row without shaping. **Both Sizes:** Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

COLLAR

Using set of 4 No. 9 needles and c.c., cast on 168 sts. **1st Round:** Purl. **2nd Round:** Knit. Rep. 1st and 2nd rounds twice, then 1st round once. Using set of 4 No. 8 needles, join in m.c., proceed: **1st Round:** * K 3 m.c., k 1 c.c., rep. from * to end of round.

2nd Round: * K 1 c.c., k 1 m.c., * k 3 c.c., k 1 m.c., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 c.c.

3rd Round: * K 3 c.c., k 1 m.c., rep. from * to end of round.

4th Round: As 1st round. **5th Round:** As 2nd round. **6th Round:** As 4th round. **7th Round:** As 3rd round. **8th Round:** As 2nd round. **9th Round:** As 1st round. **10th Round:** M.c., knit.

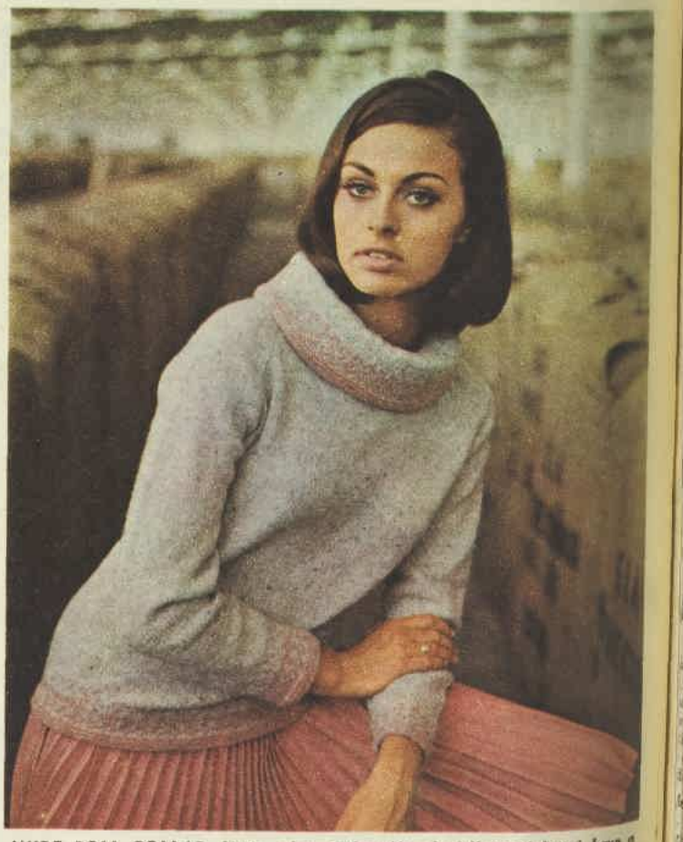
Using set of 4 No. 9 needles, proceed: **11th Round:** K 1 m.c., k 1 c.c., * k 3 m.c., k 1 c.c., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 m.c. **12th Round:** As 10th round.

13th Round: K 3 m.c., k 1 c.c., rep. from * to end. **14th Round:** As 10th round. **15th Round:** As 11th round. Break off c.c. Using m.c., work 9 rounds.

Using set of 4 No. 10 needles, proceed: **Next Round:** * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. last round ten times. Using set of 4 No. 9 needles, work 12 rounds in rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Using flat seam, sew collar in position (cast off edge to neck edge). Fold collar in half. Press all seams.



WIDE ROLL COLLAR, lower edge and cuffs of pullover (above) have a Fair Isle border. Pullover is knitted in a flecked yarn. Directions left.

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fancy trims

Crochet-trimmed sweater

Materials: 26 (28, 29, 31, 33) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair No. 5 needles; No. 10 crochet needle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22 (22½, 22½, 23, 23) in.; length of sleeve, 17 (17, 17½, 17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 19 sts. to 4in.

BACK

Cast on 85 (89, 95, 99, 103) sts. **1st Row:** P 2 (2, 3, 3, 3), * k 1, p 3, rep. from * to last 3 (3, 4, 4, 4) sts., k 1, p to end.

2nd Row: K 2 (2, 3, 3, 3), * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to last 3 (3, 4, 4, 4) sts., p 1, k to end. Rep. last 2 rows until work is 14½in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Right side facing, with rib correct, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows and next 2 (2, 3, 3, 3) alt. rows. 69 (73, 77, 81, 85) sts. Cont. in rib until armhole is 7½ (8, 8, 8½, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulders: R.s.f., with rib correct, cast off 6 (8, 8, 8, 10) sts., work until there are 16 (16, 18, 20, 20) sts. on right-hand needle, cast off 25 sts., work to end.

Next Row: Cast off 6 (8, 8, 8, 10) sts., work until there are 16 (16, 18, 20, 20) sts. on right-hand needle; turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: P 2 tog., work to end.

Next Row: Cast off 7 (7, 8, 9, 9) sts., work to end.

Next Row: P 2 tog., work to end. **Next Row:** Cast off rem. 7 (7, 8, 9, 9) sts. Work other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until armhole is 5 (5½, 5½, 6, 6) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: R.s.f., with rib correct, work 26 (28, 30, 32, 34) sts., cast off 17 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 24 (26, 28, 30, 32) sts., p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next row, then every alt. row until 20 (22, 24, 26, 28) sts. rem. Cont. in patt. until armhole is 7½ (8, 8, 8½, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Wrong side facing, cast off 6 (8, 8, 8, 10) sts. at beg. of next row and 7 (7, 8, 9, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Work other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Cast on 41 (43, 45, 45, 47) sts. **1st Row:** P 2 (1, 2, 2, 3), * k 1, p 3, rep. from * to last 3 (2, 3, 3, 4) sts., k 1, p 2 (1, 2, 2, 3).

2nd Row: K 2 (1, 2, 2, 3), * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to last 3 (2, 3, 3, 4) sts., p 1, k 2 (1, 2, 2, 3). Rep. last 2 rows twice. Cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row 1 (3, 3, 5, 5) times, then every 6th foll. row to 65 (69, 71, 75, 77) sts., working extra sts. in patt. as they occur. Cont. in patt. until sleeve is 17 (17, 17½, 17½, 17½) in. or length required.

To Shape Top: R.s.f., cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows, then every row until 23 (23, 25, 25, 23) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam shoulders and sides. Seam sleeves and set in armholes. Press all seams.

To Finish Off: Using crochet needle, r.s.f., work 1 d.c. to cuff edge, * miss approx. ½in., 5 tr. in next st., miss approx. ½in., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * all around cuff edge. Work edging on neck and lower edge; press on wrong side.

PLAIN ribbed "poor-boy" sweater (right) is trimmed on neck, sleeves, and lower edge with scallops.

CONTRASTING ribboned bands on cuffs and lower edge trim stocking-stitch sweater (above). Contrast band also binds the neck.

Ribbon-trimmed sweater

Materials: 12 (13, 14, 15, 16) balls main color (m.c.), 3 balls (all sizes) contrast color (c.c.) Woolworths St. Mark Nylo Crepe 5-ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 10 needles; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22 (22½, 22½, 23, 23) in.; length long sleeve, 17 (17, 17½, 17½, 18) in.; length short sleeve, 4½ (4½, 4½, 5, 5) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

BACK

With No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 120 (126, 134, 140, 146) sts. and work in st-st. for 10 rows beg. with k row. **Next Row:** P to mark hemline. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for 16 rows. Work stripe:

1st Row (right side facing): K 2 (2, 3, 3, 3) m.c., * 2 c.c., 4 m.c., rep. from * to last 4 (4, 5, 5, 5) sts., 2 c.c., 2 (2, 3, 3, 3) m.c.

2nd Row: P 2 (2, 3, 3, 3) m.c., * 2 c.c., 4 m.c., rep. from * to last 4 (4, 5, 5, 5) sts., 2 c.c., 2 (2, 3, 3, 3) m.c. **3rd Row:** As 1st row.

Next Row: P c.c. **Next Row:** K c.c. **Next Row:** P c.c. Change to m.c. and cont. in st-st. until work is 14½in. from hemline.

To Shape Armholes (r.s.f.): Cast off 4 (4, 5, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, then every alt. row 4 times. 92 (98, 104, 110, 114) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole is 4 (4½, 4½, 5, 5) in.

To Shape for Back Opening (r.s.f.): K 43 (46, 49, 52, 54) sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: Cast on 6 sts., k 6 cast on sts., and p to end. **Next Row:** Knit. **Next Row:** K 6, p to end. Rep. last 2 rows until armhole is 7½ (8, 8, 8½, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder (r.s.f.): Cast off 9 (10, 11, 13, 13) sts. at beg. of next row and 10 (11, 12, 12, 13) at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Leave rem. sts. on holder for neckband. Place 2 markers in border for buttons, allowing for 3rd button in neckband. Ret. to rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row (r.s.f.): Knit. **Next Row:** P to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last 2 rows, working this side to correspond with first side in reverse, with buttonholes to correspond with markers.

To Make a Buttonhole (r.s.f.): K 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k to end. **Next Row:** P to last 6 sts., k 6.

FRONT

Work as back until armhole is 4 (4½, 4½, 5, 5) in. Cont. in st-st. until armhole is 5 (5½, 5½, 6, 6) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck (r.s.f.): K 37 (40, 43, 45, 47), turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows, then every alt. row to 29 (32, 35, 37, 39) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole is 7½ (8, 8, 8½, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder (r.s.f.). Cast off 9 (10, 11, 13, 13) sts. at beg. of next row and 10 (11, 12, 12, 13) sts. at beg of next 2 alt. rows. Ret. to sts. on holder. Slip first 18 (18, 18, 20, 20) sts. to holder for neckband and work on rem. sts. as first side in reverse.

LONG SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 54 (54, 56, 56, 60) sts. and work in st-st. for 10 rows, beg. with k row.

Next Row: P to mark hemline. Change to No. 10 needles. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for 12 rows. Work stripe:

1st Row: K 2 (2, 3, 3, 2) m.c. * 2 c.c., 4 m.c., rep. from * to last 4 (4, 5, 5, 4) sts., 2 c.c., 2 (2, 3, 3, 2) m.c.

2nd Row: P 2 (2, 3, 3, 2) m.c., * 2 c.c., 4 m.c., rep. from * to last 4 (4, 5, 5, 4) sts., 2 c.c., 2 (2, 3, 3, 2) m.c.

3rd Row: As 1st row. Work 3 rows st-st. with c.c.

Change to m.c. and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row 3 (3, 5, 7, 9) times, then every 6th foll. row to 94 (98, 100, 106, 108) sts. Cont. in st-st. until sleeve is 17 (17, 17½, 17½, 18) in. from hemline.

To Shape Top (r.s.f.): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows, then every row until 26 (26, 28, 26, 28) sts. rem. Cast off.

SHORT SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles and c.c. cast on 78 (82, 82, 86, 90) sts. and work in st-st. for 10 rows, beg. with k row. **Next Row:** P to mark hemline. Change to No. 10 needles. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for 12 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd, 7th, and 11th rows. 84 (88, 88, 92, 96) sts. Work stripe.

1st Row: K 2 (4, 4, 3, 2) m.c., * 2 c.c., 4 m.c., rep. from * to last 4 (6, 6, 5, 4) sts., 2 c.c., 2 (4, 4, 3, 2) m.c.

2nd Row: P 2 (4, 4, 3, 2) m.c., * 2 c.c., 4 m.c., rep. from * to last 4 (6, 6, 5, 4) sts., 2 c.c., 2 (4, 4, 3, 2) m.c.

3rd Row: As 1st row, inc. 1 st. each end of row. Work contrast st-st. for 3 rows. Cont. in m.c., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row to 94 (98, 100, 106, 108) sts. Cont. in st-st. until sleeve is 4½ (4½, 4½, 5, 5) in. from hemline. With r.s.f., shape top as long sleeves.

NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. R.s.f., with No. 10 needles and c.c., k up 98 (102, 102, 108, 108) sts. evenly around neck incl. sts. on holders. **1st Row:** K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6. **2nd Row:** Knit. Rep. last 2 rows twice, making a buttonhole on left back equal distance from last buttonhole.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., k to last 6 sts., cast off 6 (marking hemline).

Next Row: Rejoin wool, k 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for 6 rows and cast off loosely.

BOW

With No. 11 needles and m.c. cast on 28 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 5 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam sides. Seam sleeves and set in armholes. Turn up hems at cuffs and lower edge at hemlines and sl-st. in place. Turn neckband in and sl-st. in position. Sew buttons on left back to correspond with buttonholes. Tie bow in knot and stitch to stripe on right-side front. Press all seams.

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N675

THE DREAM'S THE THING

By DEREK TAYLOR

They were full of the joy of youth as they discussed the future.

THEY came shyly, both of them, because even though David was my nephew we hardly knew each other. Pauline, his bride-to-be, clutched the little brown dog, and they sat facing us across the lounge.

Janet and I sat side by side on the settee and Janet was fiddling nervously with the wedding-present list they had brought. Our own two daughters had gone along to the youth club, so it was quieter than usual.

We talked about the weather and the coming wedding, and we were all nervous. The little brown dog struggled in Pauline's arms and tried to wriggle free.

"When we get into the new house," Pauline said, "David's going to build him a nice big kennel."

"How's the house coming along?" I asked, glad of something on which to suspend the conversation.

"It might be ready," David said. "These builders! It should have been finished weeks ago. There's so much to be done, too. But once we're in I can soon get cracking. We're going to do a lot ourselves to save the expense."

He was sitting forward, twisting his hands together, talking a lot because of his nervousness. And Pauline was watching him, her eyes full of pride and love.

"You'll certainly find plenty to do," I said. "I know we did when we moved in here. In fact, I seem to have been working on it ever since."

David's reply, full of confidence, shook me.

"Oh, I don't intend working on it for ever," he said. "We've estimated that if I make a really big effort it shouldn't take more than eighteen months to get the place ship-shape. Then we can sit back and enjoy it. I don't think you should be a slave to a house."

Before either Janet or I could think of a suitable answer David continued.

"There's so much you can tackle yourself these days," he went on. "I'm putting in the central heating myself."

"Oh, yes." I was staring, trying to recall what I knew of him. Brilliant at school, now a good position in an engineering firm. "That's quite a big job to tackle, isn't it?" I suggested. "What sort of central heating?"

"Electric," he said earnestly. "We've gone into it thoroughly, and it will suit us best. I want to streamline, you see. No tramping in and out with the coke hod two or three times a day and having to rake out the ashes."

He glanced at my radiator on the wall beside him and tried to make amends. "Not that I've anything against gas or coke or oil," he said. "It's just which you prefer, I suppose."

Janet clicked her knitting needles and looked up. "Martin was going to install our central heating himself," she said. "But there were so many other things."

David, carried away by the thoughts of his own schemes, appeared not to hear. "It shouldn't take me long," he said. "I want to build a garage, too, for when we get a decent car. We couldn't afford to let the builders do it."

"We sat up till past midnight the other night, sketching plans for it," put in Pauline eagerly, "and the garden. You should see the plans we've sketched for different layouts! We've done so many we don't know, now, which one to choose."

The dog, which had escaped, came up to me and I rubbed his snout. "You won't do the garden in five minutes," I said, grinning. "We haven't got ours as we want it even now, have we, dear?"

I glanced toward Janet to see she was smiling.

"Oh, I realise that," David said, refusing to be subdued. "But I've already ordered four dozen concrete slabs for paths. And when I've got those down I want about another four dozen to make a patio sort of thing — using that new, colored, unbreakable glass stuff. Know what I mean?"

I nodded, smiling to myself, for Janet and I had discussed just the same sort of project for ourselves. But the expense of summer holidays had come along and the patio had been shelved.

"You're certainly going to be busy," I grinned. "I could do with a little of your enthusiasm myself. I've come to the conclusion that I never shall catch up now, I'm afraid."

David was looking intense. "It's just a case of making up your mind, isn't it?" he said. "Deciding how you want things, and then doing them. And no chopping and changing. Once a job is done, that's how it stays."

"That's why we always make sure of going into things thoroughly before we start," Pauline said. "We want to get these jobs done and then forget about them."

"But these builders!" sighed David, shaking his head. "Sometimes I think I could do better myself. I'm sure I could if I put my mind to it . . ."

I stroked the dog and watched them, first one, then the other, just for a moment catching something of their youth and eagerness and confidence. Confidence in themselves and the future. They weren't boasting, though you could easily have mistaken it for such. But you only had to notice how nervous they were. It was simply being young, and in love, the golden sureness of youth.

I must have slipped out of the conversation, drifting back, trying to remember if Janet and I had been like that. We were, and I recalled now our own confident plans. How easy and straightforward it had all seemed!

They were refusing coffee when I came back to earth. David was getting to his feet. "No, no. It's all right, really. We want to get down to the house before dark." He grinned. "See if those slabs have been delivered. I might set to and lay half a dozen."

We were all standing now, smiling. Pauline was nervously watching the terrier, waiting for it to come within her reach so that she could pounce on it.

She scooped it up, and just at that moment the telephone rang.

While I answered it I heard Janet taking them off on a tour of the house. They came back into the hall just as I was replacing the receiver.

"Come and see us again sometime," invited Janet.

"Thank you," smiled Pauline over the top of the struggling brown dog. "And you will have to drop in and see us — when we move in."

As the car disappeared and Janet stood gazing after it I said: "Where did you take them, then, on a grand tour?"

She didn't answer immediately, and when at last she turned to me there was a dreamy look in her eyes as she spoke.

"Not really," she said. "I was going to. I was going to show them the room in the roof that never got completed because of the expense; and the place in the bedroom where we intended to have a built-in wardrobe; and Susan's bed, like an old four-poster because you haven't yet made it into a double bunk; and the hole in the garden that's going to be a pond one day . . ."

Her smile broadened, and I looked into eyes full of love and warmth and happiness.

I took her hands. "But you didn't, did you?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I wanted to. I wanted to tell them about plans that go wrong. About costs that soar, and about staggering bills and sudden illness. About parents who need looking after and about children who are born when you hadn't reckoned on them so soon — a thousand things, in fact."

Then her eyes took on that faraway look again. "But why disillusion them?" she asked herself. "At the stage they are at now, the dream's the thing."

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Malaysian dress goes modern

A NEW style of dress is emerging in modern Malaysia as women and girls introduce many Western ideas into their traditional wear.

The result is a charming, graceful line admirably suited to the shapely Malay figure.

These pictures show a traditional style and three new designs created by Mrs. Ray Cooper, 25, a former schoolteacher from Kuala Lumpur, now living in Adelaide.

Mrs. Cooper has 130 outfits hanging neatly in two wardrobes or carefully folded away in drawers at her home in Warradale, an Adelaide suburb. "I did not want to run out of Malaysian-style dresses," she said. "I don't feel very much at ease in Western clothes.

"In Malaysia's tropical climate, we need many changes, so we all have quite a few clothes. I have made most of mine over the past four years. I had the time because I taught in the afternoon session, which gave me mornings to myself."

Mrs. Cooper, called "Maz" (short for her first name, Mazidah), met her husband, Mr. Ray Cooper, when he was on vacation in Kuala Lumpur in 1960. They were married in 1965, but she could not come to Australia until last December when her five-year teaching contract with the Malaysian Government ended.

However, she was able to see her future husband for a few weeks every year when he spent his Christmas holidays in Kuala Lumpur.

She loves her life in this country, finds Australia "fascinating and beautiful," and enjoys the Australians' "tremendous sense of humor."

— *RITA DUNSTAN*

● *Traditional Malaysian kurong dress, modelled by Mrs. Ray Cooper, is worn to formal events such as weddings, but is also correct as casual wear.*

● *After-five dress adapts Western styling in the basque hipline, wide V-neck, and gathered, figure-fitting skirt with its knee-high split.*

● *Sarong and kebaya (blouse) in Malaysian songket material. Western touches are the neck bow and short, bell-shaped sleeves.*

● *Casual day dress of Malay batik in shades of blue and nutmeg with Western-style white collar and buttons. Pictures by Vic Grimmett.*

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THE JILTING OF GRANNY WEATHERALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

Instead of obeying, Cornelia knelt down and put her head on the pillow. She seemed to be talking but there was no sound. "Well, are you tongue-tied? Whose birthday is it? Are you going to give a party?"

Cornelia's mouth moved urgently in strange shapes. "Don't do that, you bother me, daughter."

"Oh, no, Mother. Oh, no . . ."

Nonsense. It was strange about children. They disputed your every word. "No what, Cornelia?"

"Here's Doctor Harry."

"I won't see that boy again. He just left five minutes ago."

"That was this morning, Mother. It's night, now. Here's the nurse."

"This is Doctor Harry, Mrs. Weatherall. I never saw you look so young and happy!"

"Ah, I'll never be young again — but I'd be happy if they'd let me lie in peace and get rested."

She thought she spoke up loudly, but no one answered. A warm weight on her forehead, a warm bracelet on her wrist, and a breeze went on whispering, trying to tell her something. A shuffle of leaves in the everlasting hand of God, He blew on them and they danced and rattled. "Mother, don't mind, we're going to give you a little hypodermic."

"Look here, daughter, how do ants get in this bed? I saw sugar ants yesterday." Did you send for Hapsy, too?

It was Hapsy she really wanted. She had to go a long way back through a great many rooms to find Hapsy standing with a baby on her arm. She seemed to herself to be Hapsy, also, and the baby on Hapsy's arm was Hapsy and himself and herself, all at once, and there was no surprise in the meeting.

Then Hapsy melted from within and turned flimsy as grey gauze and the baby was a gauzy shadow, and Hapsy came up close and said, "I thought you'd never come," and looked at her very searchingly and said, "You haven't changed a bit!" They leaned forward to kiss, when Cornelia began whispering from a long way off, "Oh, is there anything you want to tell me? Is there anything I can do for you?"

Yes, she had changed her mind after sixty years and she would like to see George. I want you to find George. Find him and be sure to tell him I forgot him. I want him to know I had my husband just the same and my children and my house like any other woman. A good house, too, and a good husband that I loved and fine children out of him. Better than I hoped for even. Tell him I was given back everything he took away and more. Oh, no, oh, there was something else besides the house and the man and the children. Oh, surely they were not all? What was it? Something not given back . . .

Her breath crowded down under her ribs and grew into a monstrous frightening shape with cutting edges; it bored up into her head, and the agony was unbelievable: Yes, John, get the Doctor now, no more talk, my time has come.

When this one was born it should be the last. The last. It should have been born first, for it was the one she had truly wanted. Everything came in good time. Nothing left out, left over. She was strong, in three days she would be as well as ever. Better. A woman needed milk in her to have her full health.

"Mother, do you hear me?"

"I've been telling you—"

"Mother, Father Connolly's here."

"I went to Holy Communion only last week. Tell him I'm not so sinful as all that."

"Father just wants to speak to you."

He could speak as much as he pleased. It was like him to drop in and inquire about her soul as if it were a teething baby, and then stay on for a cup of tea and a round of cards and gossip. He always had a funny story of some sort, usually about an Irishman who made his little mistakes and confessed them, and the point lay in some absurd thing he would blurt out in the confessional showing his struggles between naive piety and original sin.

Granny felt easy about her soul. Cornelia, where are your manners? Give Father Connolly a chair. She had her secret comfortable understanding with a few favorite saints who cleared a straight road to God for her. All as surely signed and sealed as the papers for the new Forty Acres. For ever . . . heirs and assigns for ever.

Since the day the wedding cake was not cut, but thrown out and wasted. The whole bottom dropped out of her world, and there she was blind and sweating with nothing under her feet, and the walls falling away. His hand had caught her under the breast and she had not fallen, there was the freshly polished floor with the green rug on it, just as before. He had cursed like a sailor's parrot and said, "I'll kill him for you." Don't lay a hand on him, for my sake leave something to heaven. "Now, Ellen, you must believe what I tell you . . ."

So there was nothing, nothing to worry about any more, except sometimes in the night one of the children screamed in a nightmare, and they both hustled out shaking and hunting for the matches and calling, "There, wait a minute, here we are!" John, get the doctor now, Hapsy's time has come. But there was Hapsy standing by the bed in a white cap. "Cornelia, tell Hapsy to take off her cap. I can't see her plain."

HER eyes opened very wide and the room stood out like a picture she had seen somewhere. Dark colors with the shadows rising toward the ceiling in long angles. The tall black dresser gleamed with nothing on it but John's picture, enlarged from a little one, with John's eyes very black when they should have been blue. You never saw him, so how do you know how he looked? But the man insisted the copy was perfect, it was very rich and handsome.

For a picture, yes, but it's not my husband. The table by the bed had a linen cover and a candle and a crucifix. The light was blue from Cornelia's silk lampshades. No sort of light at all, just frippery. You have to live forty years with kerosene

To page 94

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 80. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

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AT HOME . . . *with Margaret Sydney*

● Anyone in your household suffering from toothache at the moment? A reader who has been having a lot of fun with helpful hints in an 1895 "Cookery Book of Good and Tried Receipts" has sent me a reputed cure.

THIS is it: "Take a small piece of sheet zinc as large as sixpence and a piece of silver such as a shilling. Hold one on each side of the defective tooth, let them touch above (or below) it, and the electric current thus established will relieve the pain."

Sounds to me as though the effect must have been very much like the sensation you get when you accidentally bite a small piece of silver paper with a metal filling. But who knows, maybe it worked?

If your tooth is aching, your dentist has gone on holidays, and you'd like to go a bit further back than 1895, you could try clenching your teeth together and saying secretly to yourself, "O horssecombe and sickles that have so many teeth, come heale me now of my toothache." This one dates back to the 13th century.

Do you suppose people who believed in it thought that things with as many teeth as sickles and combs would simply have to know a cure for toothache, or else they would have been mad with pain all the time?

We should be very grateful for the discovery of aspirin and the other headache-curing drugs. According to the book where I found the toothache cure, the only certain cure for prolonged headache in those days was to "tie a halter about your head, wherewith one hathe beene hanged."

It must have been a little difficult and a little expensive to procure — not to say a little off-putting to use! I think I would have preferred a prolonged headache.

There was a cheap and easy cure for scorpion bite, however. All you had to do was: "Saie to an asse secretlie, and as it weer whispering in his eare; I am bitten with a Scorpion."

Life must have been full of hazards for innocent neighbors in the days when people believed that sickness of any sort in their animals was due to their having been bewitched by someone who wished their owner harm.

For instance, if your cow were ill, all you had to do to find out who had bewitched her was to put a pair of breeches over her head "and beate her out of the pasture with a good cudgell upon a Fridaie, and she will run right to the witches doore, and strike therat with hir hornes." Sounds like awfully bad luck for your neighbor, if the gate of your pasture opened on to the village street!

From tombstone-rubbings, a piece of family history

MORE letters have come in from people on the subject of unusual epitaphs, especially about the child's epitaph which reads "Here lies the grief of a fond mother and the blasted expectations of an indulgent father."

The one I mentioned came first from a headstone in a Victorian cemetery. Several readers have written to say that they have seen exactly the same inscription in the churchyard of Buckland Church, in Tasmania, and that they found it touching and wondered what story lay behind it.

One reader has supplied the answer to the one in . . . well, perhaps I won't say which one, even though it all happened over a hundred years ago. Father, according to this reader, was drunk, and insisted, in spite of all protests, on putting his nine-month-old son on a horse.

"Not surprisingly," she says, "the baby fell off and was killed," and adds, "I thought myself the adjective 'indulgent,' referring to the father, might have been changed to something much stronger!"

A Northern Territory reader has sent me this unusual pair of epitaphs, engraved on the one stone on Victoria River Downs Station. It reads:

Erected in memory of two of Queensland's best horse and cattle men.

William Julius Schultz. Accidentally killed while riding a quiet horse and striking his head against a tree through the horse shieing and the saddle rolling when riding with a loose girth.

Albert Frank Schultz. Died from appendicitis at Greenswamp, 70 miles from Tanamia, while out prospecting beyond Tanamia.

A South Australian passes on to other readers who are interested in old epitaphs this cheap and easy way of making records of them. She writes:

"My husband and I, after years of grave-hunting, have started on 'crayon rubbings,' using butchers' paper. A flat cardboard holder for the paper has a permanent home in our station-wagon.

"The idea of rubbings came about one day when we found tombstones carrying my maiden name. My father (who is 87, and the oldest working blacksmith in South Australia) had never known where his grandparents were buried.

"I felt this could be the place. We had no film left, and there was no town for miles. The only paper we had was wrapped around the meat, so we used that and rubbed with charcoal, and the inscription came out perfectly.

"My father was thrilled to see this rubbing, and on checking the old family bible for names, we discovered we had found the graves of my great-grandparents, who were early settlers in South Australia. This idea of rubbings for collectors is much cheaper than film."

And finally, from another reader, on a lighter note, comes the story of the old couple sitting by the fire: "You're quiet tonight. What are you thinking about?" the wife asked.

"Well, dear, I was just trying to think of a nice epitaph for your tombstone," her husband replied. "No need to worry about that," she said. "Just make it 'Wife of the above'."

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Mrs. H. WIFE

"Don't inhale, sir! We can't take the risk!"

THE JILTING OF GRANNY WEATHERALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

lamps to appreciate honest electricity. She felt very strong and she saw Doctor Harry with a rosy nimbus around him.

"You look like a saint, Doctor Harry, and I vow that's as near as you'll ever come to it."

"She's saying something."

"I heard you, Cornelia. What's all this carrying-on."

"Father Connolly's saying —"

Cornelia's voice staggered and bumped like a cart in a bad road. It rounded corners and turned back again and arrived nowhere. Granny stepped up in the cart very lightly and reached for the reins, but a man sat beside her and she knew him by his hands, driving the cart. She did not look in his face, for she knew without seeing, but looked instead down the road where the trees leaned over and bowed to each other and a thousand birds were singing a Mass.

She felt like singing, too, but she put her hand in the bosom of her dress and pulled out a rosary, and Father Connolly murmured Latin in a very solemn voice and tickled her feet. Will you stop that nonsense? I'm a married woman. What if he did run away and leave me to face the priest by myself? I found another a whole world better. I wouldn't have exchanged my husband for anybody except St. Michael himself, and you may tell him that for me with a thank you in the bargain.

Light flashed on her closed eyelids, and a deep roaring shook her. Cornelia, is that lightning? I hear thunder. There's going to be a storm. Close all the windows. Call the children in . . . "Mother, here we are, all of us." "Is that you, Hapsy?" "Oh, no, I'm Lydia. We drove as fast as we could." Their faces drifted above her, drifted away. The rosary fell out of her hands and Lydia put it back. Jimmy tried to help, their hands fumbled together, and Granny closed two fingers around Jimmy's thumb. Beads wouldn't do, it must be something alive.

She was so amazed her thoughts ran round and round. So, my dear Lord, this is my death and I wasn't even thinking about it. My children have come to see me die. But I can't, it's not time. Oh, I always hated surprises. I wanted to give Cornelia the amethyst set — but Hapsy's to wear it when she wants, and, Doctor Harry, do shut up. Nobody sent for you. Oh, my dear Lord, do wait a minute. I meant to do something about the Forty Acres, Jimmy doesn't need it and Lydia will later on, with that worthless husband of hers. I meant to finish the altar cloth and send six bottles of wine to Sister Borgia for her dyspepsia. I want to send six bottles of wine to Sister Borgia, Father Connolly, now don't let me forget.

Cornelia's voice made short turns and lilted over and crashed.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Oh, Mother, oh, Mother, oh, Mother . . ."

"I'm not going, Cornelia. I'm taken by surprise. I can't go."

You'll see Hapsy again. What about her? "I thought you'd never come." Granny made a long journey outward, looking for Hapsy. What if I don't find her. What then? Her heart sank down and down, there was no bottom to death, she couldn't come to the end of it. The blue light from Cornelia's lampshade drew into a tiny point in the centre of her brain, it flickered and winked like an eye, quietly it fluttered and dwindled.

Granny lay curled down within herself, amazed and watchful, staring at the point of light that was herself; her body was now only a deeper mass of shadow in an endless darkness and this darkness would curl around the light and swallow it up. God, give a sign!

For the second time there was no sign. Again no bridegroom and the priest in the house. She could not remember any other sorrow because this grief wiped them all away. Oh, no, there's nothing more cruel than this — I'll never forgive it. She stretched herself with a deep breath and blew out the light.

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6425. — Baby nightgown, ties at bottom and at wrists. This is part of a layette and in the same pattern are a long and short dress, bonnet, matinee jacket, bib, bootees, long and short slip. One size only. Price 50 cents includes postage.

2123. — Boy's long tailored pants with turned-back cuffs, shirt with standard collar open at neck. Dress shirt with button-down collar, tailored shorts, and short-sleeved sports shirt also in pattern. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50c includes postage.

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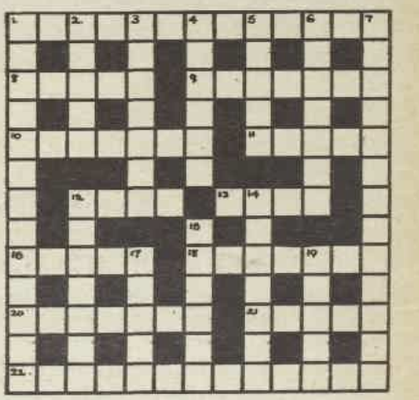
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE TWO-HOUR blackout is over and officials try to find what caused it. Scar is drugged when he tries to keep the pay-off money from the underworld. READ ON.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Burdensome possession (5, 8).
8. Periods of 365 or 366 days (5).
9. Curb a recurring line at the end of a stanza (7).
10. Curl with a small weight attached (7).
11. A hoard is nothing in a broken rest (5).
12. Declare to be true in a brave response (4).
13. She is twice a goddess (4).
16. A squeeze (5).
18. Birthplace of many famous violins (7).
20. Rejected (7).
21. Piece together again (5).
22. This English boy owes his existence to A. E. Housman (10, 3).

DOWN

1. Pictorial representation of Christ's progress to Calvary (3, 2, 3, 5).
2. A State of the U.S.A. (5).
3. Indispensible quality and has a pleasant smell (7).
4. Stock of provisions made by Dr. Lear (6).
5. Pants (5).
6. Female warriors (7).
7. Full of feeling (6-7).
12. Operator or pilot of aeroplane (7).
14. Her ears (anagr., 7).
15. Such verdict is not proven (6).
17. To walk heavily (5).
19. Refuse, mostly with a loaf (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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